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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Preface.

The Editions. Two Quarto editions of *The Merchant of Venice* were printed in the year 1600, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) *The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts,* 1600. This Quarto had been registered on July 22nd, 1598, with the *proviso* "that yt bee not printed by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoueuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord chamberlen." This edition is generally described as 'the first Quarto.' (ii.) *The most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyse of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon.* 1600. This, the second Quarto, had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 28th of October of the same year 'under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of master Robertes.' It seems therefore likely that 'I. R.' are the initials of the printer of the first Quarto, though the same type was not used for the two editions, which were evidently printed from different transcripts of the author's manuscript. Quarto 1 gives on the whole a

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more accurate text; in a few instances it is inferior to Quarto 2.

The second Quarto was carelessly reprinted in 1637, the only addition being a list of 'The Actors' Names'; in one instance it improved on the previous editions ('in measure *reine* thy joy,' III. ii. 112, instead of '*rain*'). A fourth Quarto, probably the third with a new title-page, appeared in 1652. Prof. Hales has suggested that the publication of this Quarto was connected with the proposed re-admission of the Jews into England, which was bitterly resented by a large portion of the nation; 'the re-exhibition of Shylock in 1652 could scarcely have tended to soften this general disposition.'

The text of the first Folio edition (1623) represents that of the second Quarto with a few variations, the most interesting being the change of 'the Scottish lord' into 'the other lord,' evidently in deference to the reigning king.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a 'low comedy' version, '*The Jew of Venice*,' by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, supplanted Shakespeare's play, and held the stage from the date of its appearance in 1701; Macklin's revival of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Drury Lane in 1741 dealt a death-blow to Lansdowne's monstrosity, and restored again to the stage

'The Jew
That Shakespeare drew.'

The Original Shylock. In the Funeral Elegy of the famous actor, Richard Burbadge, 'who died on Saturday in Lent, the 13th of March, 1618,' there is a valuable reference to Burbadge's impersonation of Shylock:—

"Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever; with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh;
What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

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(For the interpretation of the character by Macklin, Kean, Irving. and Booth, *cp.* Furness' *Variorum* edition, pp. 371-385.)*

Date of Composition. *The Merchant of Venice* is mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* 1598; in the same year Roberts entered it on the Books of the Stationers' Company. This is the earliest positive allusion to the play. A noteworthy imitation of the moonlight scene between Lorenzo and Jessica occurs in the play *Wily Beguiled,* probably written in 1596-7. In Henslowe's Diary, under the date 'August 25th, 1594,' mention is

From Carleton's 'Thankfull Remembrance, (1624).

made of *'The Venesyon Comodey'* (*i.e.* *'The Venetian Comedy'*) as a new play; one cannot, however, with any certainty identify Henslowe's comedy with *The Merchant of Venice,* though it seems likely that we have here a reference to a rough draft of the play as we know it,—a partial

* The most valuable of all the editions of the play (published by Lippencott, 1892), edited by Horace Howard Furness.

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revision of some older play used by Shakespeare, hastily re-written to satisfy popular feeling against Dr. Roderigo Lopez, the queen's Jewish physician, who was executed on the 7th of June, 1594, on the charge of being bribed by the King of Spain to poison the Queen (*cp. The Original of Shylock,* by S. L. Lee, *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1880; the article on '*Lopez*' in the *Dictionary of National Biography; 'the Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez,' The Historical Review,* July 1894). It is a significant fact that Lopez's chief rival was the pretender *Don Antonio.**

Finally, Shakespeare's debt to Silvayn's *Orator* has an important bearing on the date of the play; the English translation appeared in 1596; it is just possible, but unlikely, that Shakespeare had read the work in the original French. The play may perhaps safely be dated 'about 1596'; the evidence will allow of nothing more definite.

The Sources. In 1579 Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a writer of plays, published his "*School of Abuse,*" containing "a pleasant invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters and such-like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: setting up the flag of defiance to their mischievous exercise, etc., etc."; the book is a vigorous attack on the acted drama; yet he confesses that some of their plays are without rebuke; 'which are easily remem-

* Lopez was for a time attached to the household of Lord Leicester. James Burbadge, the father of Richard Burbadge, one of 'the Earl of Leicester's company of servants and players,' must have had many opportunities of seeing Lopez, when the doctor was attending the Earl at Kenilworth. It has been suggested that the traditional red beard of Shylock was actually derived from Burbadge's personal knowledge of Lopez. But it is now generally accepted on ample evidence that there were many Jews scattered throughout England in the Elizabethan period, though their formal re-admission was brought about by Cromwell. Queen Elizabeth seems to have had her very strong doubts as to Lopez's alleged guilt, but his enemies were evidently determined to get rid of him. The accounts of the trial are interesting reading, from many points of view.

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bered as quickly reckoned'; he proceeds to enumerate four plays; one of these *The Jew,* shown at the Bull, seems to have been the groundwork of Shakespeare's play, '*representing,*' as Gosson tells us, '*the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers.*' It is clear from these words that the blending of 'The Bond Story' and 'The Three Caskets' was already an accomplished fact in English dramatic literature as early as 1579. There is probably a reference to this old play in a letter of Spenser to Gabriel Harvey of the same year, 1579, in which he signs himself 'He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there'; and again perhaps the Jew Gerontus in *The Three Ladies of London* (printed in 1584), who tries to recover a loan of "three thousand ducats for three month" from an Italian merchant Mercatore, may have been derived from the same source. "Gernutus" was possibly the name of Shylock's prototye; he is the hero of an old ballad dealing with 'the bond story.' Its omission of all reference to Portia makes it probable that this ballad preceded Shakespeare's play, though the extant text belongs to the end of the sixteenth or to the beginning of the seventeenth century.*

There are many analogues in European and Oriental literature to the two stories which constitute the main plot of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the pound of flesh and the lady-judge is concerned, the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino is alone of direct importance as an ultimate source of the play (*cp.* Hazlitt's

*"*A new song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus a Jew, who lending to a Marchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his Flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed.* To the Tune of Black and Yellow" (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques,* etc.; the text will be found in most editions of the play). This ballad must be distinguished from Jordan's ballad of 1664 (*cp.* Furness' *Variorum* ed., p. 461), in which the author took strange liberties with Shakespeare's story.

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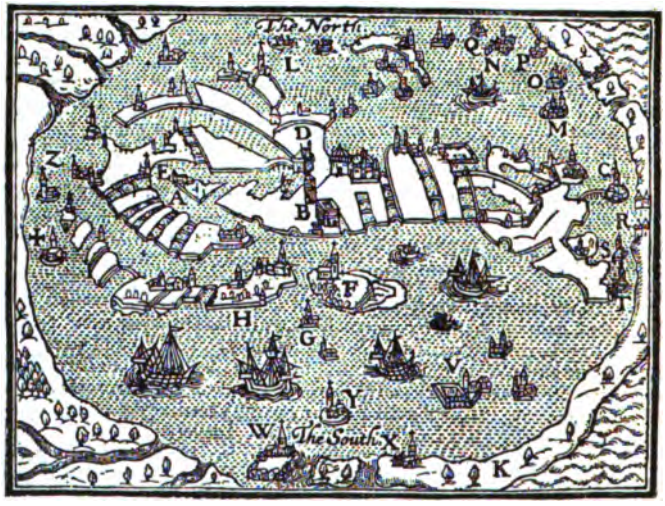
Shakspere's Library, Part I. Vol. i.) There can be no doubt that Shakespeare was indebted to this novel.

"*The Gesta Romanorum*"—Richard Robinson's English version entitled '*Records of Ancyent Historyes*' (1577)—contains the nearest approximation to the story of 'The Three Caskets' as treated in this play.*



Venice in 1617.
From Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*.

A, The Great Channell. *C*, Church of St. Peter.
B, Market Place of St. Mark. *E* Church of St. James neere the bridge Rialto.
K. Il Lido. *M*, The New Lazaretto.

Shylock's argument in the trial scene (Act IV. i. 89-102) bears a striking resemblance to 'Declamation 95' in Silvayn's *Orator* (referred to above), "*of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*"

* The various analogues of both stories are given in Furness' edition, pp. 287-331.

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The elopement of Jessica has been traced by Dunlop to the Fourteenth Tale of Massucio di Salerno, who, enamoured of the daughter of a rich Neapolitan miser, carries her off much in the same way as in the play. It is not improbable that the avaricious father in this tale, the daughter so carefully shut up, the elopement of the lovers managed by the intervention of a servant, the robbery of the father, and his grief at the discovery, which is represented as divided between the loss of his daughter and his ducats, *may* have suggested the third plot in Shakespeare's drama.

Finally, account must be taken of the influence exercised on Shakespeare by Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; the number of parallel passages in the two plays evidences this sufficiently; there is also similarity in the situation between father and daughter ('Oh, girl, oh, gold, oh, beauty, oh, my bliss'); Barabas and his slave should be compared with Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo; Marlowe's 'counter-argument ad Christianos,' as Ward puts it, anticipates Shakespeare's; yet withal "Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward the Second does to Richard the Second. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners *by the Royal Command,* when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet" (Charles Lamb).

Duration of Action. Various attempts have been made to calculate the action of the play; we know the whole is supposed to last three months, but ten weeks have already expired in Act III. i.; three months have passed between Bassanio's departure from Venice and his choice of the

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caskets; his stay at Belmont before the opening of Act III. ii. cannot have been long; Portia bids him 'pause a day or two. . . . I would detain you here some month or two.' So many events have, however, happened during the first two Acts that one gets the impression that many weeks have passed, and the three months are compressed into seven or eight days. Daniel (*Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespere's plays*) computes the time thus, though one cannot follow him in making Bassanio's sojourn at Belmont last as long as three months:—*Day* 1, Act I.; interval—say a week. *Day* 2, Act II. i.-vii.; interval one day. *Day* 3, Act II. viii.-ix.; interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond. *Day* 4, Act III. i.; interval—rather more than a fortnight. *Day* 5, Act III. ii.-iv. *Day* 6, Act III. v.; Act IV. *Days* 7 and 8, Act V.

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antonio, a merchant of Venice, has many dear friends who are beholden to him for his good qualities; but most of all he loves Bassanio, for whom he would make any sacrifice. Bassanio is in love with Portia, a wise and wealthy lady, but since he lacks worldly means wherewith to press his suit, he is constrained to borrow of his friend Antonio three thousand ducats ere he can visit her. Antonio's wealth is entirely represented, just then, by various ships at sea. However, he bethinks himself of a Jewish money-lender named Shylock, who lends him the money, under agreement that Antonio shall forfeit a pound of his flesh in default of payment on the day his bond falls due.

II. Although the Jew stipulates this forfeiture in seeming jest, he is nevertheless deeply in earnest, for he has long held a grudge against Antonio; and his rancour is strengthened at this juncture by the elopement of his only daughter, Jessica, with Lorenzo, another of Antonio's friends.

Before Portia's father died he made a curious provision in his will concerning her marriage, whereby her hand was to be given to the suitor who should choose that one of three caskets—respectively of gold, silver, and lead—containing her portrait. The choice of caskets baffles more than one.

III. Bassanio arrives at Portia's house, and, much to her delight, rightly chooses the leaden casket. They plight

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their troth. But Bassanio's joy is overcast by the receipt of a letter from Antonio, advising him of the loss of the merchant's cargoes by shipwreck; and that the Jew is insistent upon the letter of his bond. Bassanio hastens back to his friend's succour. Portia privately resolves to be at the trial of Antonio.

IV. Portia obtains from a kinsman the costume of a doctor of laws, investigates Antonio's case thoroughly, and appears at the trial before the Duke of Venice. In her disguise she is not recognized, even by her husband. She pleads the cause of Antonio with such eloquence and logic that Shylock not only loses his case, but also has his property confiscated for plotting against the life of a Venetian. The sentence against him is mitigated sufficiently to allow him to will his property to Jessica. Bassanio, overjoyed at his friend's victory, wishes to bestow upon the supposed lawyer the original sum of three thousand ducats as a fee. But Portia refuses it, and desires only a ring from Bassanio's finger. It was the ring she had given him when they exchanged vows, and he had sworn to keep it. He reluctantly gives it to the fair advocate.

V. Portia's maid, Nerissa—newly wedded to Gratiano, a friend of Bassanio—had accompanied Portia to the trial in the guise of a clerk. She also had won back from her husband her engagement ring. When he returns with Bassanio to Portia's home, Nerissa feigns a very pretty quarrel with him for giving away the ring. Portia, overhearing the quarrel, points out her own husband as a worthier example of faithfulness; and affects much choler when his ring also is not to be found. A general explanation untangles the amusing snarl of events, and brings joy to every heart—even to that of the honest Merchant of Venice, who hears of the safe arrival of three of his ships.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

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II.

Shylock.

The central figure of [*The Merchant of Venice*], in the eyes of modern readers and spectators, is of course Shylock, though there can be no doubt that he appeared to Shakespeare's contemporaries a comic personage, and, since he makes his final exit before the last act, by no means the protagonist. In the humaner view of a later age, Shylock appears as a half-pathetic creation, a scapegoat, a victim; to the Elizabethan public, with his rapacity and his miserliness, his usury, and his eagerness to dig for another the pit into which he himself falls, he seemed, not terrible, but ludicrous. They did not even take him seriously enough to feel any real uneasiness as to Antonio's fate, since they all knew beforehand the issue of the adventure. They laughed when he went to Bassanio's feast "in hate, to feed upon the prodigal Christian"; they laughed when, in the scene with Tubal, he suffered himself to be bandied about between exultation over Antonio's misfortunes and rage over the prodigality of his runaway daughter; and they found him odious when he exclaimed, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear!" He was, simply as a Jew, a despised creature; he belonged to the race which had crucified God himself; and he was doubly despised as an extortionate usurer. For the rest, the English public—like the Norwegian public so lately as the first half of this century—had no acquaintance with Jews except in books and on the stage. From 1290 until the middle of the seventeenth century the Jews were entirely excluded from England. Every prejudice against them was free to flourish unchecked.

Did Shakespeare in a certain measure share these religious prejudices, as he seems to have shared the patriotic prejudices against the Maid of Orleans, if, indeed,

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he is responsible for the part she plays in *Henry VI.*? We may be sure that he was very slightly affected by them, if at all. Had he made a more undisguised effort to place himself at Shylock's standpoint, the censorship, on the one hand, would have intervened, while, on the other hand, the public would have been bewildered and alienated. It is quite in the spirit of the age that Shylock should suffer the punishment which befalls him. To pay him out for his stiff-necked vengefulness, he is mulcted not only of the sum he lent Antonio, but of half his fortune, and is finally, like Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, compelled to change his religion. The latter detail gives something of a shock to the modern reader. But the respect for personal conviction, when it conflicted with orthodoxy, did not exist in Shakespeare's time. It was not very long since Jews had been forced to choose between kissing the crucifix and mounting the faggots; and in Strasburg, in 1349, nine hundred of them had in one day chosen the latter alternative. It is strange to reflect, too, that just at the time when, on the English stage, one Mediterranean Jew was poisoning his daughter, and another whetting his knife to cut his debtor's flesh, thousands of heroic and enthusiastic Hebrews in Spain and Portugal, who, after the expulsion of the 300,000 at the beginning of the century, had secretly remained faithful to Judaism, were suffering themselves to be tortured, flayed, and burnt alive by the Inquisition, rather than forswear the religion of their race. . . .

But what is most surprising, doubtless, is the instinct of genius with which Shakespeare has seized upon and reproduced racial characteristics, and emphasized what is peculiarly Jewish in Shylock's culture. While Marlowe, according to his custom, made his Barabas revel in mythological similes, Shakespeare indicates that Shylock's culture is founded entirely upon the Old Testament, and makes commerce his only point of contact with the civilisation of later times. All his parallels are drawn from the Patriarchs and the Prophets. With what

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unction he speaks when he justifies himself by the example of Jacob! His own race is always "our sacred nation," and he feels that "the curse has never fallen upon it" until his daughter fled with his treasures. Jewish, too, is Shylock's respect for, and obstinate insistence on, the letter of the law, his reliance upon statutory rights, which are, indeed, the only rights society allows him, and the partly instinctive, partly defiant restriction of his moral ideas to the principle of retribution. He is no wild animal; he is no heathen who simply gives the rein to his natural instincts; his hatred is not ungoverned; he restrains it within its legal rights, like a tiger in its cage. He is entirely lacking, indeed, in the freedom and serenity, the easy-going, light-hearted carelessness which characterises a ruling caste in its virtues and its vices, in its charities as in its prodigalities; but he has not a single twinge of conscience about anything that he does; his actions are in perfect harmony with his ideals.

Sundered from the regions, the social forms, the language, in which his spirit is at home, he has yet retained his Oriental character. Passion is the kernel of his nature. It is his passion that has enriched him; he is passionate in action, in calculation, in sensation, in hatred, in revenge, in everything. His vengefulness is many times greater than his rapacity. Avaricious though he be, money is nothing to him in comparison with revenge. It is not until he is exasperated by his daughter's robbery and flight that he takes such hard measures against Antonio, and refuses to accept three times the amount of the loan. His conception of honour may be unchivalrous enough, but, such as it is, his honour is not to be bought for money. His hatred of Antonio is far more intense than his love for his jewels; and it is this passionate hatred, not avarice, that makes him the monster he becomes.

From this Hebrew passionateness, which can be traced even in details of diction, arises, among other things,

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his loathing of sloth and idleness. To realise how essentially Jewish is this trait, we need only refer to the so-called Proverbs of Solomon. Shylock dismisses Launcelot with the words, " Drones hive not with me." Oriental, rather than specially Jewish, are the images in which he gives his passion utterance, approaching, as they so often do, to the parable form. (See, for example, his appeal to Jacob's cunning, or the speech in vindication of his claim, which begins, " You have among you many a purchased slave.") Specially Jewish, on the other hand, is the way in which this ardent passion throughout employs its images and parables in the service of a curiously sober rationalism, so that a sharp and biting logic, which retorts every accusation with interest, is always the controlling force. This sober logic, moreover, never lacks dramatic impetus. Shylock's course of thought perpetually takes the form of question and answer, a subordinate but characteristic trait which appears in the style of the Old Testament, and reappears to this day in representations of primitive Jews. One can feel through his words that there is a chanting quality in his voice; his movements are rapid, his gestures large. Externally and internally, to the inmost fibre of his being, he is a type of his race in its degradation.

Shylock disappears with the end of the fourth act in order that no discord may mar the harmony of the concluding scenes. By means of his fifth act, Shakespeare dissipates any preponderance of pain and gloom in the general impression of the play.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Portia.

In the elements which compose the character of Portia, Shakspeare anticipated, but without intention, the

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intellect of those modern women who can wield so gracefully many of the tools which have been hitherto monopolized by men. But the same genius which endowed her with a large and keen intelligence derived it from her sex, and, for the sake of it, he did not sacrifice one trait of her essential womanliness. This commands our attention very strongly; for it is the clew which we must start with.

She is still a woman to the core of her beauty-loving heart. Coming home from the great scene in Venice, where she baffles Shylock, and swamps with sudden justice the scales that were so eager for the bonded flesh, she loiters in the moonlight, marks the music which is floating from her palace to be caressed by the night and made sweeter than by day. Her listening ear is modulated by all the tenderness she feels and the love she expects; so she gives the music the color of a soul that has come home to wife and motherhood, till her thoughts put such a strain upon the vibrating strings that they grow too tense, and threaten to divulge her delicate secret. . . .

Portia has the strong sense to expect that the majority of her noble admirers will be taken by appearance. She is not quite sure, but has an instinct, that these gentlemen who are after her are also after her pretty property of Belmont, and will be likely to choose the metals responsive to this temper. Bassanio frankly acknowledges to a friend that he would like to repair his broken fortunes; but Shakspeare shows him to be a lover before he gives this mercenary hint; and he has reason to surmise that Portia loves him. This unspoken mutuality dignifies his quest; as if Shakspeare himself would not admit the charge that he is a fortune-hunter. And it is noticeable how little consequence we attach to Bassanio's character. We do not care to see him in any action, or to have him show a worthiness to be Portia's lover. He is but the lay-figure of her love: there is so much of her that there must be a great deal of him, and

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he may be spared the trouble of appearing at full length. And we never suspect her of belonging to that tribe of bright women who, either from instinct or calculation, marry good-natured, well-mannered numskulls, and never have reason to sue for a divorce. Shakspeare ennobles Bassanio when the divining soul sees through the leaden lid.

But what if one of the other suitors should also have a noble heart whose pulses feed discernment, one as fine and unconventional as herself! There is just hazard enough to affront her cherishing of the absent Bassanio. She does not relish the moment when her heart, richer than the princes know of, goes into the lottery. However, when her father made his will, it doubtless occurred to her that his choice of metals came from a life's experience of the calibre of the average man, and was meant affectionately to protect her till the true gentleman should come. As Nerissa says, "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof *who chooses his meaning* chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one whom you shall rightly love." Fortunate is the man who wins a wife because he chooses Heaven's meaning in a woman! Luckless the wife who is not chosen by some implied Heaven in a man! . . .

An ordinary woman might have enmeshed him in a cocoon of delicate coquetries: any woman dead in love, and a little less than strict to an oath, would have managed in some way to provoke that lead casket into twinkling a hint to him. But she is too honest for either. A woman with a soul as tender as it is firm, here she stands dismayed as Destiny is about to rattle its dice upon her heart: happiness, and a future worthy of her, all at stake. For though her mental resources might compete with any fate, she is all woman, made to be a wife, and without wifehood to feel herself at one essen-

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tial point impaired,—all the more defrauded because so well endowed. How she clings for support to the few moments that yet stand before his choice! She wishes there were more of them to stay her. . . .

Now Bassanio, who lives upon the rack, denies her plea for delay: "Let me to my fortune and the caskets." How profoundly she surmises that music might lull the watching Fate, so that he could pass to his Eurydice! She bids the music play:—

> "As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
> That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
> And summon him to marriage."

Bassanio must be attempered to his choice; the song's key must have an instinct for the proper casket's key. Unconsciously she breaks her oath; for what benign influence selected the song that is now sung? Some star, whose tenant was her father? Or was it Nerissa's doing, who determined to convey a hint to the lover? Or did Gratiano hit upon it, who had got from Nerissa a promise of her love if the choice went to suit her? A hint, indeed! It is the very breadth of broadness, and a lover is not dull. . . .

When Portia's heart unties the spasm of joy that tightened round it at Bassanio's choice, it beats again with the grave and sweet dignity that is as native to her as her playful wit. Her mind recognizes the serious change that must befall her fortune: in the first moment of it there comes a deep humility that makes her speech kneel at the feet of the man whom she will marry. For her great superiority is free from the taint of conceit, save "a noble and a true conceit of godlike amity." . . .

So Portia, who could, when it was needed, "turn two mincing steps into a manly stride," doffs the lawyer's robe, and, returning, is met by music and conducted to a palace that was not till then a home.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

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IV.

Antonio.

Viewing the persons severally, it seems that the piece ought by all means to be called The Jew of Venice. But upon looking further into the principles of dramatic combination, we may easily discover cause why it should rather be named as it is. For if the Jew be the most important person individually, the Merchant is so dramatically. Thus it is the laws of art, not of individual delineation, that entitle Antonio to the pre-eminence, because, however inferior in himself, he is the centre and mainspring of the entire action: without him the Jew, great as he is in himself, had no business there; whereas the converse, if true at all, is by no means true in so great a degree.

Not indeed that the Merchant is a small matter in himself; far from it: he is every way a most interesting and attractive personage; insomuch that even Shylock away, still there were timber enough in him for a good dramatic hero. A peculiar interest attaches to him from the state of mind in which we first see him. He is deeply sad, not knowing wherefore: a dim, mysterious presage of evil weighs down his spirits, as though he felt afar off the coming on of some great calamity; yet this strange unwonted gloom, sweetened with his habitual gentleness and good-nature, has the effect of showing how dearly he is held by such whose friendship is the fairest earthly purchase of virtue. This boding, presentimental state of mind lends a certain charm to his character, affecting us something as an instance of second-sight, and coalescing with the mind's innate aptitude to the faith that

> "powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick—in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
> No soul to dream of."

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And it is very considerable that upon spirits such as he even the smiles of fortune often have a strangely saddening effect; for in proportion as they are worthy of them they naturally feel that they are far otherwise, and the sense of so vast a discrepancy between their havings and deservings is apt to fill them with an indefinable oppressive dread of some reverse wherein present discrepancies shall be fully made up. So that wealth seldom dispenses such warnings save to its most virtuous possessors. And such is Antonio: a kind-hearted, sweet-mannered man; of a large and liberal spirit; affable, generous, and magnificent in his dispositions; patient of trial, indulgent to folly, free where he loves, and frank where he hates; in prosperity modest, in adversity cheerful; craving wealth for the uses of virtue, and as the organs and sinews of friendship, so that the more he is worth, the more he seems worthy—his character is one which we never weary of contemplating. The only blemish we perceive in him is his treatment of Shylock: in this, though we cannot but see that it is much more the fault of the times than of the man, we are forced to side against him; than which it were not easy to allege a stronger case of poetical justice. Yet even this we blame rather as an abuse of himself than of Shylock, and think the less of it as wronging the latter, because, notwithstanding he has such provocations, he avowedly grounds his hate mainly on those very things which make the strongest title to a good man's love.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Antonio's Friends.

The friendship between Antonio and his companions is such a picture as Shakespeare evidently delighted to draw. And so noble a sentiment is not apt to inhabit

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ignoble breasts. Bassanio, Gratiano, and Salarino are each admirable in their way, and give a charming variety to the scenes where they move. Bassanio, though something too lavish of purse, is a model of a gentleman; in whose character and behaviour all is order and propriety; with whom good manners are the proper outside and visibility of a fair mind, the natural foliage and drapery of inward refinement, and delicacy, and rectitude. Well-bred, he has that in him which, even had his breeding been ill, would have raised him above it, and made him a gentleman. Gratiano and Salarino are two as clever, sprightly, and voluble persons as any one need desire to be with, the chief difference between them being, that the former *lets* his tongue run on from good impulses, the other *makes* it do so for good ends. If not so wise as Bassanio, they are more witty, and as much surpass him in strength, as they fall short in beauty, of character. It is observable that of the two Gratiano is the more heedless and headstrong in thought and speech, with less subjection of the individual to the well-ordered forms of social decorum; so that, if he behave not quite so well as the others, he gives livelier proof that what good behaviour he has is his own; a growth from within, not an impression from without. It is rather remarkable that one so talkative and rattle-tongued should therewithal carry so much weight of meaning; and he often seems less sensible than he is, because of his trotting volubility. But he has no wish to be "reputed wise for saying nothing"; and he often makes a merit of talking nonsense when, as is often the case, nonsense is the best sort of sense; being willing to incur the charge of folly, provided he can thereby add to the health and entertainment of his friends.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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VI.

Jessica and Nerissa.

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of *The Merchant of Venice* so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly

> A most beautiful pagan—a most sweet Jew.

She cannot be called a sketch—or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glowing colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of Orientalism shed over her, worthy of her Eastern origin. In another play, and in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetically, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo—the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we all have by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her —more particularly her bashful self-reproach, when flying in the disguise of a page:—

> I am glad 'tis night, you do not look upon me,
> For I am much asham'd of my exchange;
> But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit;
> For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
> To see me thus transformed to a boy.

And the enthusiastic and generous testimony to the superior graces and accomplishments of Portia comes with a peculiar grace from her lips:—

> Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
> And on the wager lay two earthly women,
> And Portia one, there must be something else
> Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world
> Hath not her fellow.

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We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth:—

> I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear!—would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

VII.

Dramatic Workmanship of the Play.

In the exhibition of Shakespeare as an Artist, it is natural to begin with the raw material which he worked up into finished masterpieces. For illustration of this no play could be more suitable than *The Merchant of Venice*, in which two tales, already familiar in the story form, have been woven together into a single plot: the Story of the Cruel Jew, who entered into a bond with his enemy of which the forfeit was to be a pound of this enemy's own flesh, and the Story of the Heiress and the Caskets. . . .

The avoidance or reduction of difficulties in a story is an obvious element in any kind of artistic handling; it is of special importance in Drama in proportion as we are more sensitive to improbabilities in what is supposed to take place before our eyes than in what we

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merely hear of by narrative. This branch of art could not be better illustrated than in the Story of the Jew: never perhaps has an artist had to deal with materials so bristling with difficulties of the greatest magnitude, and never, it may be added, have they been met with greater ingenuity. The host of improbabilities gathering about such a detail as the pound of flesh must strike every mind. There is, however, preliminary to these, another difficulty of more general application: the difficulty of painting a character bad enough to be the hero of the story. It might be thought that to paint excess of badness is comparatively easy, as needing but a coarse brush. On the contrary, there are fewer severer tests of creative power than the treatment of monstrosity. To be told that there is villainy in the world and tacitly to accept the statement may be easy; it is another thing to be brought into close contact with the villains, to hear them converse, to watch their actions, and occasionally to be taken into their confidence. We realise in Drama through our sympathy and our experience: in real life we have not been accustomed to come across monsters and are unfamiliar with their behaviour; in proportion then as the badness of a character is exaggerated it is carried outside the sphere of our experience, the naturalness of the scene is interrupted and its human interest tends to decline. So, in the case of the story under consideration, the dramatist is confronted with this dilemma: he must make the character of Shylock absolutely bad, or the incident of the bond will appear unreal; he must not make the character extraordinarily bad, or there is danger of the whole scene appearing unreal. . . .

It is easy to see how the whole movement of the play rises naturally out of the union of the two stories. One of the main distinctions between the progress of events in real life or history and in Drama is that the movement of a drama falls into the form technically known as Complication and Resolution. A dramatist fastens

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our attention upon some train of events: then he sets himself to divert this train of events from its natural course by some interruption; this interruption is either removed, and the train of events returns to its natural course, or the interruption is carried on to some tragic culmination. In *The Merchant of Venice* our interest is at the beginning fixed on Antonio as rich, high-placed, the protector and benefactor of his friends. By the events following upon the incident of the bond we see what would seem the natural life of Antonio diverted into a totally different channel; in the end the whole course is restored, and Antonio becomes prosperous as before. Such interruption of a train of incidents is its Complication, and the term Complication suggests a happy Resolution to follow. Complication and Resolution are essential to dramatic movement, as discords and their "resolution" into concords constitute the essence of music. The Complication and Resolution in the story of the Jew serve for the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole; and my immediate point is that these elements of movement in the one story spring directly out of its connection with the other. But for Bassanio's need of money and his blunder in applying to Shylock the bond would never have been entered into, and the change in Antonio's fortunes would never have come about: thus the cause for all the Complication of the play (technically, the Complicating Force) is the happy lover of the Caskets Story. Similarly Portia is the means by which Antonio's fortunes are restored to their natural flow: in other words, the source of the Resolution (or Resolving Force) is the maiden of the Caskets Story. The two leading personages of the one tale are the sources respectively of the Complication and Resolution in the other tale, which carry the Complication and Resolution of the drama as a whole. Thus simply does the movement of the whole play flow from the union of the two stories.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

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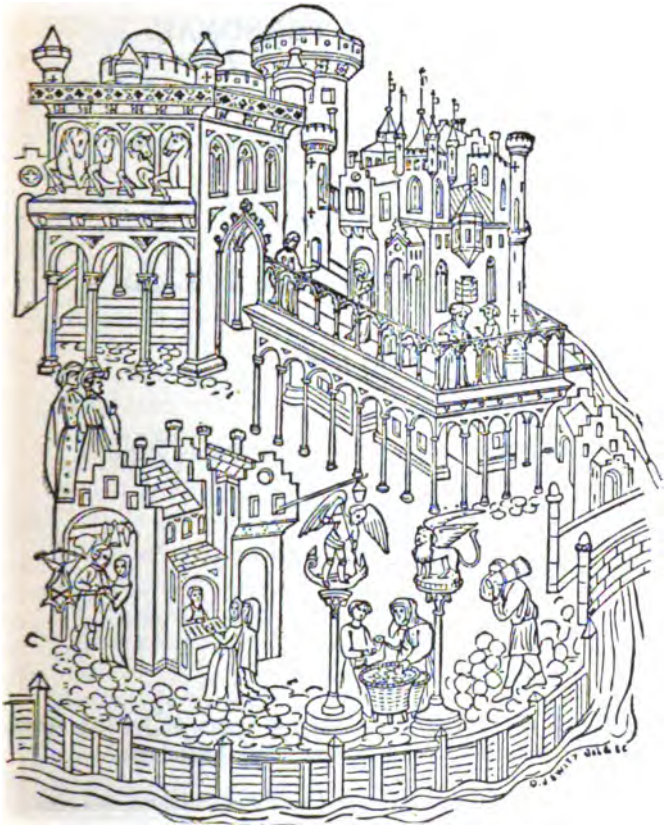

The earliest authentic representation of Venice known to exist.
From the *Romance of Alexander* in the Bodleian Library (XIVth Cent.).

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

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The Merchant of Venice.

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

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Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

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Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry, 60
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*
Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

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Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come; 80
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time: 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile:
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear. 110

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Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them: and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same 120
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal, 130
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions. 140

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

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I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, 150
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done, 160
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks 170
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strond,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

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O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: thereforth go forth; 180
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer. 10

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were

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good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold de- 20 cree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, 30 at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, accord- 40 ing to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can

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shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two! 50

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him. 60

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 70

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show?

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How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every 80 where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 90

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, 100 set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I 'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more

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suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 110

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat? 120

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. 130

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a

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devil, I had rather he should shrive me than 140
wive me.
Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another
knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months; well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.
Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 10
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, 20
squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-

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rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio? 30

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. 40

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, 50
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

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Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths. 60

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see; but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it. 70

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, 80

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In the end of Autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. 90

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek; 100
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum,
Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate—

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. 110
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

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And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say 120
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, 130
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit 140
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

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Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken 150
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are, 160
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not. 170

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond;

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And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay; 180
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;

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Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 40
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

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Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

Scene II.

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or, 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous 10 fiend bids me pack: 'Via!' says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' 20 says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well';

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'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well': to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his

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father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership. 60

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father? 70

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot 80 be hid long; a man's son may; but, at the length, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

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Laun. Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure 90 Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him. 100

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present 110 to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

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Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.* 120

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here 's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the 130 Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,— 140

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

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Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment 150
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have 160 ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, 170 she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

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My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*
Gra. Signior Bassanio,— 180
Bass. Gratiano!
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain 190
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say 'amen';
Use all the observance of civility, 200
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

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Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest: 210
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A room in Shylock's house.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.
Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beau- 10
tiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.
Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

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I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, 20
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The same. A street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall 10
seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to
sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately. 20

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Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house; 30
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!

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Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will? 10

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 30
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear

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I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this; 40
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

Shy. What says the fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste 50
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

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To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again 10
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter. 20

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who 's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 31

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

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Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. 50
[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

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Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who 's there? 60
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano; where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

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'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeared of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30
As much as I deserve! Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let 's see once more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint: 40
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

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One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross 50
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I 'll read the writing.
[*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*

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Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl! 21
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

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Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught: 30
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time; 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee: draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead. 20
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

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What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity. 40
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 51
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,

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Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better? 60

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, 70
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I 'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose, 80
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

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Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath, 90
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him,
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?
Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think

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they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours 10 believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,— O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his 20 losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal. 30

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

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Salar. That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 40

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy: let him look to his bond. 50

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what 's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you 60

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tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 70

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 80

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar. and Servant.*

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the 90

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search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,— 100

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats. 110

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I 'll plague him: I 'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. 120

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

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Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal,
fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight be-
fore. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit;
for, were he out of Venice, I can make what
merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet 130
me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our
synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20

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Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life 30
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess,' and 'love,'
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them: 40
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

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To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60
Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell; 70
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow

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Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 110

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O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven 121
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here 's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune. 130

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive. 140

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Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone 150
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised; 160
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, 170
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;

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Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 190
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission. 200
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I sweat again,

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And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. 210

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra. We 'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio? 220

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me. past all saying nay, 230
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;

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And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass. Ere I ope this letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: what 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio? 240
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything 250
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed, 261

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I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India? 270
And not one vessel scape the dreaful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salar. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the Duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants, 280
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not, 290
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

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Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond; 300
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime 310
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstand- 320 ing, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

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Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request. 10
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I 'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I 'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I 'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20

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He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Those griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

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Por. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return: 30
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

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Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; 50
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit, 60
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love, 70

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Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good: and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

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Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian. 20

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners. 30

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot. 40

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Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner. 50

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them 60 cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place, 70
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

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Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven. 80
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; 90
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Jes. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer

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A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; 21
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd

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To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection, 50
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer,
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing 60
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

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Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew: 70
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what 's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, 80
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave, 90
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

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Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it. 100
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? 121

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can,

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No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: 140
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*Reads*] Your Grace shall understand that at 150
the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in
the instant that your messenger came, in loving
visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome;
his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with
the cause in controversy between the Jew and

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Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many
books together: he is furnished with my opin-
ion; which, bettered with his own learning,—
the greatness whereof I cannot enough com-
mend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to 160
fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I be-
seech you, let his lack of years be no impedi-
ment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for
I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose
trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bel-
lario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference 171
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not? 180

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

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Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 190
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; 200
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, 210
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear

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That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 220
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; 230
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

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To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge! 250
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that? 260
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

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Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
And if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 280
I 'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: 290
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it. 300

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

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Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 311
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft! 320
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn 330
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

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Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! 340
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts 350
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life 360
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

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Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's; 370
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court 380
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. 390

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,

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And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. 400

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof, 410
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

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Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
[*To Ant.*
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:
[*To Bass.*
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle! 430
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd. 440

Bass. Good sir, the ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal 450
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandëment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

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Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore, 10
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;

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But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud*] Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

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And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

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Lor. Who calls 40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 60
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

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Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, 81
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

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Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice, 110
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

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Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Lor. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' 150
Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

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You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God 's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170
Never to part with it; and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it.
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,

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I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;

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I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I 'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone, 231
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I 'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so, let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong; 240
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

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Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 250
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; 260
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 270
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident

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I chanced on this letter
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not? 280
Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee. 290
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories.
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory 300
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I 'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

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Glossary.

Abode, delay; II. vi. 21.
Abridged; "to be a.," *i.e.* "at being a."; I. i. 127.
Address'd me, prepared myself; II. ix. 19.
Advice, reflection; IV. ii. 6.
Advised, cautious, heedful; I. i. 143.
Advisedly, intentionally; V. i. 253.
Affection, feeling; II. viii. 48.
Approve, prove, confirm; III. ii. 79.
Argosies, merchant-ships (originally the large and richly freighted ships of *Ragusa*); I. i. 9.
Attempt, tempt; IV. i. 421.
Attended, attended to, marked; V. i. 103.

Baned, poisoned; IV. i. 46.
Bare, bare-headed; II. ix. 44.
Bated, reduced; III. iii. 32.
Beholding, beholden; I. iii. 105.
Best-regarded, best-looking, handsomest; II. i. 10.
Blent, blended; III. ii. 182.
Blest, used with a superlative force, and perhaps a contracted form of "blessed'st"; II. i. 46.
Bonnet, head-gear; I. ii. 80.
Bottom, hold of a vessel; I. i. 42.
Break up, break open; II. iv. 10.
Breathing, verbal; V. i. 141.
Burial, burial-place; I. i. 29.
By, at hand, near by; IV. i. 257.

Cater-cousins, remote relations. good friends; "are scarce c.," *i.e.* "are not great friends"; II. ii. 134.
Cerecloth (Quarto 1, serecloth; Folios 1, 2, searecloath), a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; II. vii. 51.
Ceremony, sacred object; V. i. 206.
Charge; "on your charge," at your expense; IV. i. 257.
Cheer, countenance; III. ii. 313.
Childhood; "c. proof" (used adjectively); I. i. 145.
Choose, "let it alone!" I. ii. 50.
Circumstance, circumlocution; I. i. 155.
Civil doctor, doctor of civil law; V. i. 210.
Civility, civilisation; II. ii. 200.
Close, secret; II. vi. 47.
Commends, commendations; II. ix. 90.
Complexion, nature; III. i. 32.

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Compromised (Folio 1, compremyz'd; Quartos 1, 2, compremyzd; Folios 2, 3, comprimyz'd), come to a mutual agreement; I. iii. 78.
Confound, destroy; III. ii. 277.
Confusions; Launcelot's blunder for "conclusions"; II. ii. 38.
Constant, self-possessed; III. ii. 248.
Contain, retain; V. i. 201.
Continent, that which contains anything; III. ii. 130.
Contrary, wrong; I. ii. 101.
Contrive, conspire; IV. i. 352.
Cope, requite; IV. i. 412.
Counterfeit, likeness; III. ii. 115.
County, count; I. ii. 48.
Cousin, kinsman; III. iv. 50.
Cover, wear hats; II. ix. 44.
Cureless (the reading of the Quartos; the Folios read "endless"), beyond cure; IV. i. 142.

Danger, absolute power (to harm); IV. i. 180.
Death = death's head; II. vii. 63.
Death's head with a bone in his mouth; I. ii. 55; *cp.* the accompanying seal to a deed of conveyance dated 1613.

Deface, cancel, destroy; III. ii. 300.
Difference, dispute; IV. i. 171.
Disabled, crippled; I. i. 124.
Disabling, undervaluing; II. vii. 30.
Discover, reveal; II. vii. 1.
Doit, a small coin; I. iii. 140.
Drive, commute; IV. i. 372.
Ducats; the value of the Venetian silver ducat (see cut) was about that of the American dollar; I. iii. 1.

From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt

Eanlings, lambs just born; I. iii. 79.
Entertain, maintain; I. i. 90.
Equal, equivalent; I. iii. 149.
Estate, state; III. ii. 237.
Excess, interest; I. iii. 62.
Excrement, hair; "valour's ex.," *i.e.* "a brave man's beard"; III. ii. 87.
Eye; "within the eye of honour"; *i.e.* "within the sight of h."; "within the scope of honour's vision"; I. i. 138.

Fairness, beauty; III. ii. 94.
Faithless, unbelieving; II. iv. 37.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 88.
Falls, falls out; III. ii. 203.

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Fancy, love; III. ii. 63, 68.
Fear'd, frightened; II. i. 9.
Fearful, filling one with fear; I. iii. 175.
Fife; "wry-necked f.," a small flute, called *flute à bec,* the upper part or mouthpiece resembling the beak of a bird, hence the epithet "wry-necked"; according to others "fife" here means the musician, *cp.* "A fife is a wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument" (Barnaby Riche's *Aphorisms,* 1616); II. v. 30.

From a sculpture upon a XIIIth Cent. building at Rheims.

Fill-horse (Quarto 2 and Folios 'pil-horse'; Theobald, 'thill-horse'), shaft-horse; II. ii. 96.
Find forth, find out, seek; I. i. 144.
Flood, waters, seas; I. i. 10; IV. i. 72.
Fond, foolish; II. ix. 27.
Foot, spurn with the foot; I. iii. 118.
Foot, path; II. iv. 35.
Footing, footfall; V. i. 24.
For, of; III. iv. 10.
Fraught, freighted; II. viii. 30.
Fretten, fretted; IV. i. 77.
Fulsome, rank; I. iii. 86.

Gaberdine, a large loose cloak of coarse stuff; I. iii. 113.
Gaged, pledged; I. i. 131.
Gaping pig, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth; IV. i. 47.
Garnish, apparel; II. vi. 45.
Gear; "for this g.," *i.e.* for this matter, business; "a colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import"; I. i. 110; II. ii. 171.
Gelt, mutilated; V. i. 144.
Gratify, reward; IV. i. 406.
Gross; "to term in gross," to sum up; III. ii. 159.
Guard, guardianship; I. iii. 175.
Guarded, ornamented; II. ii. 159.
Guiled, full of guile, treacherous; III. ii. 97.

Habit, behaviour; II. ii. 195.
Heavens; "for the heavens," for heaven's sake; II. ii. 12.
Heaviness, sadness; "his embraced h."; the sadness which he hugs; II. viii. 52.
High-day, holiday, high-flown, extravagant; II. ix. 98.
Hip; "catch upon the h."; a term taken from wrestling, meaning "to have an advantage over"; I. iii. 46.
Hood, "Hood-mine eyes thus with my hat"; II. ii. 198.

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From the MS. (*temp.* Elizabeth) Sloane 3794.

Hovel-post, the support of the roof of an out-house; II. ii. 69.

Husbandry, government, stewardship; III. iv. 25.

Imagined, all imaginable; III. iv. 52.

Imposition, an imposed task; III. iv. 33; a binding arrangement; I. ii. 111.

Incarnal; Launcelot's blunder for "incarnate"; II. ii. 29.

Inexecrable, beyond execration (perhaps a misprint for "inexorable," the reading of the third and fourth Folios); IV. i. 128.

Insculp'd, carved in relief; II. vii. 57.

Jacks, used as a term of contempt; III. iv. 77.

Jump with, agree with; II. ix. 32.

Kept, lived; III. iii. 19.

Knapped, broke into small pieces (or "nibbled"); III. i. 10 (see Notes).

Level, aim; I. ii. 41.

Liberal, free; II. ii. 190.

Lichas, the servant of Deianira, who brought Hercules the poisoned robe (*cp.* Ovid, *Met.* ix. 155); II. i. 32.

Livings, estates; III. ii. 157.

Low, humble; I. iii. 43.

Manage, management; III. iv. 25.

Melancholy bait, bait of melancholy; I. i. 101.

Mere, certain, unqualified; III. ii. 263.

Mind; "have in mind," bear in mind; I. i. 71.

Mind of love, loving mind; II. viii. 42.

Moe, more; I. i. 108.

Mutual, general, common; V. i. 77.

Narrow seas, English channel; III. i. 4.

Naughty, wicked; III. ii. 18.

Nazarite, Nazarene; I. iii. 34.

Neat, ox; I. i. 112.

Nestor, the oldest of heroes, taken as the type of gravity; I. i. 56.

Nominated, stated; I. iii. 149.

Now . . . now, one moment . . . at the next; I. i. 35-6.

Obliged, pledged; II. vi. 7.

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Occasion; "quarrelling with o.," *i.e.* "*at* odds with the matter in question, turning it into ridicule without reason." III. v. 60.
O'er-look'd, bewitched; III. ii. 15.
Of, on; II. ii. 99; with, II. iv. 23.
Offends't, vexest; IV. i. 140.
Old (used intensitively), abundant, great; IV. ii. 15.
Opinion of, reputation for; I. i. 91.
Ostent, demeanour;; II. ii. 201.
Other, others; I. i. 54.
Out-dwells, out-stays; II. vi. 3.
Out of doubt, without doubt; I. i. 21; I. i. 156.
Over-name, run their names over; I. ii. 39.
Over-weather'd, weather-beaten; II. vi. 18.

Pageants, shows; I. i. 11.
Pain, pains; II. ii. 190.
Parts, duties, functions; IV. i. 92.
Passion, outcry; II. viii. 12.
Patch, fool, simpleton, jester; II. v. 46.
Patines; the "patine" is the plate used in the Eucharist; "*patines of bright gold*" seems to mean "the orbs of heaven," *i.e.* either (1) the planets, or (2) the stars; possibly, however, the reference is to "the broken clouds, like flaky disks of curdled gold which slowly drift across the heavens"; V. i. 59.
Peize, to weigh, keep in suspense, delay; III. ii. 22.
Pent-house, a porch with a sloping roof; II. vi. 1.
Pied, spotted; I. iii. 79.
Port, importance; III. ii. 282.
Possess'd, acquainted, informed; I. iii. 64.
Post, "with his horn full of good news," postman; V. i. 47.

From a tract entitled *A Speedy Post. with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n. d.

Posy, a motto inscribed on the inner side of a ring; V. i. 148.

From a Specimen found at Arreton, Isle of Wight.

Power, authority; IV. i. 104.
Preferr'd, recommended; II. ii. 150.
Presently, immediately; I. i. 184.
Prest, prepared; I. i. 161.

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Prevented, anticipated; I. i. 61.
Proper, handsome; I. ii. 76.
Publican, an allusion perhaps to the parable of the Pharisee and the publican (St. Luke xviii. 10-14); I. iii. 41.

Quaintly, gracefully; II. iv. 6.
Question, are disputing, arguing; IV. i. 70.
Quit, remit; IV. i. 381.

Raised, roused; II. viii. 4.
Reason'd, had a conversation; II. viii. 27.
Regreets, greetings; II. ix. 89.
Remorse, compassion; IV. i. 20.
Repent, regret; IV. i. 278, 279.
Reproach; Launcelot's blunder for "approach"; II. v. 20.
Respect, proper attention (or perhaps "respect to circumstances"); V. i. 99.
Respect upon; "you have too much r. u.," *i.e.* "you look too much upon"; I. i. 74.
Respective, mindful; V. i. 156.
Rest; "set up my rest," made up my mind (a phrase probably derived from the game of Primero; *resto* meant to bet or wager, which appears to have been made by the players only); II. ii. 105.
Rialto; "The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and merchants do meet twice a day. . . . . This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with brick as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London."—Coryat's *Crudities* (1611).
Rib, enclose; II. vii. 51.
Ripe, urgent; I. iii. 63.
Riping, ripening; II. viii. 40.
Road, port, harbour; V. i. 288.

Sad, grave; II. ii. 201.
Sand-blind, half-blind; II. ii. 37.
Scant, moderate; III. ii. 112.
Scanted, restrained, limited; II. i. 17.
Scarfed, decorated, beflagged; II. vi. 15.
Scrubbed, small, ill-favoured, scrubby; V. i. 162.
Self, self-same; I. i. 149.
Sense; "in all sense," with good reason; V. i. 136.
Sensible, evident to the senses, substantial, II. ix. 89; sensitive, II. viii. 48.
Should, would; I. ii. 98, 99.
Shows, outward appearance; II. vii. 20.
Shrewd, bad, evil; III. ii. 244.
Shrive me, be my father-confessor; I. ii. 140.
Sibylla; a reference probably to the Cumæan Sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a prom-

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ise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand (*cp* Ovid, *Met.* xv.); I. ii. 13.

Single; "your single bond," probably "a bond with your own signature, without the names of sureties"; I. iii. 145.

Slubber, "to slur over"; II. viii. 39.

Smug, neat; III. i. 47.

So, provided that; III. ii. 196.

Sola, sola; "Launcelot is imitating the horn of the courier or post"; V. i. 39.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 125.

Sonties; "by God's s.," *i.e.* "by God's dear saints"; sonties = "saunties" a diminutive form; II. ii. 46.

Soon at, about; II. iii. 5.

Sore, sorely; V. i. 307.

Sort, dispose; V. i. 132.

Sort, lottery; I. ii. 110.

Spend, waste; I. i. 154.

Squandered, scattered; I. iii. 21.

Stead, help; I. iii. 7.

Still, continually; I. i. 17; I. i. 137.

Straight, straightway; II. ix. 1.

Strange; "exceeding strange," quite strangers; I. i. 67.

Strond, strand; I. i. 172.

Substance, (?) weight; IV. i. 328.

Suited, apparelled; I. ii. 78.

Supposed, spurious, false; III. ii. 94.

Supposition, the subject of conjecture; I. iii. 16.

Table (see Notes); II. ii. 162.

Think, bethink; IV. i. 70.

Thrift, success, good fortune; I. i. 176; profits; I. iii. 50.

Time, "springtime of life, youth, manhood"; I. i. 130.

Torch-bearer; II. iv. 5 (*cp.* the following illustration).

From 'La tryumphante...entree faicte sur le . . . advenement de . . . prince. Charles des Hespaignes (*i.e.* Emperor Charles V.) . . . en sa ville de Bruges' (1515).

Tranect (so the Quartos and Folios), probably an error for Fr. *traject* (It. *traghetto*), "a ferrie" (so glossed by Cotgrave); it is, however noteworthy that in Italian *tranare* means to draw or drag. "Twenty miles from Padua, on the River Brenta, there is a dam or sluice to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marshes of Venice. Here the passage-boat is drawn out of the river, and

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lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice this distance is five miles. Perhaps some novel-writer of Shakespeare's time might have called this dam by the name of 'tranect'" (Malone); III. iv. 53.

Tricksy, tricky; III. v. 74.

Tripolis, Tripoli, the most eastern of the Barbary States, the market between Europe and Central Africa; I. iii. 17.

Trust, credit; I. i. 186.

Tucket, flourish on a trumpet; V. i. 121.

Undervalued, inferior; I. i. 166.

Unfurnish'd, unmatched with the other, destitute of its fellow; III. ii. 126.

Untread, retrace; II. vi. 10.

Usance, usury, interest; I. iii. 45.

Use; "in use," *i.e.* (probably) "in trust" (*i.e.* in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo); IV. i. 383.

Vailing, bending; I. i. 28.

Varnish'd, painted; II. v. 33.

Vasty, vast; II. vii. 41.

Very, true, real; III. ii. 224.

Virtue, efficacy; V. i. 199.

Waft, wafted; V. i. 11.

Wealth, welfare; V. i. 249.

Weather, storms; II. ix. 29.

Where, whereas; IV. i. 22.

While, time; II. i. 31.

Wilful stillness, dogged silence; 90.

Younker, young man, youth; II. vi. 14.

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Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

THE name '*Shylock*' may have been derived by Shakespeare from a pamphlet called '*Caleb Shillocke his prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction*'; the Pepysian ballad on this subject belongs to the year 1607; to the same year belongs a prose piece printed at the end of a rare tract called '*A Jewes Prophecie, or Newes from Rome of two mighty armies, etc.*' Its ultimate origin is unknown; it may have been an Italian name *Scialocca*. According to Hunter, *Scialac* was the name of a Maronite of Mount Libanus, who was living in 1614. It has recently been maintained, with some probability, that the name was perhaps suggested by "*Shelah*" in the genealogical lists given in *Genesis*, chapter xi.; (*cp*. Tubal, Jessica, evidently chosen because of their Biblical associations).

I. i. 27. '*dock'd*'; Rowe's emendation for 'docks,' the reading of the Quartos and Folios.

I. i. 113. '*Is that any thing new?*' The old editions read '*Is that any thing now*'; changed to '*new*' by Johnson. Rowe first suggested the interrogation.

I. ii. 82. "*the Scottish lord*'; in the first Folio 'Scottish' is changed to 'other.'

I. ii. 87. 'Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather, constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English' (Warburton).

I. ii. 132. '*The four strangers*'; allusion has been made to six strangers. An interesting oversight on the Poet's part.

I. iii. 64. '*Is he yet possess'd How much ye would*,' so read the second and third Quartos; the Folios read '*he would*'; the first Quarto, '*are you resolv'd how much he would have*'; this is one of the important points in which the second Quarto is superior to the first.

I. iii. 71. *Cp* Genesis xxx.

I. iii. 74. '*the third*,' *i.e.* 'reckoning Abraham himself as the first.'

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I. iii. 134. '*A breed for barren metal,*' the reading of the Quartos; Folios, '*a breed of*'; '*for*' must be equivalent to 'in exchange for'; '*breed*' = 'interest money bred from the principal' (*cp.* Gr. τοκος).

II. i. The old stage direction ran as follows:—'*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers, accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa and their traine.*'

II. i. 25. '*the Sophy,*' *cp.* "*Sofi,* and *Sofito,* an ancient word signifying a wise man, learned and skillful in Magike Naturale. It is grown to be the common name of the Emperour of Persia" (Abraham Tartwell's translation of Minadoi's *History of the Wars between the Turks and the Persians*).

The 'Sefi of Persia' is mentioned in the German play *Der Jude von Venedig.*

II. i. 35. '*page*'; Theobald's emendation for 'rage,' the reading of all the old editions.

II. ii. 1. '*will serve me*'; Halliwell, 'the particle *not* . . . seems essential to the sense of what follows.'

II. ii. 93. Gobbo's '*you,*' as a mark of respect, changes to '*thou,*' after the recognition.

II. ii. 162-4. According to Staunton, the *table line,* or *line of*

Table.
From a XVth Cent. MS. in the possession of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps.

Line of Life.
From Dr. Trotter's *Fortune Book,* 1708.

fortune, is the line running from the forefinger, below the other three fingers, to the side of the hand. The *natural line* is the line

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which curves in a different direction, through the middle of the palm; and the *line of life* is the circular line surrounding the ball of the thumb. The space between the two former lines is technically known as *the table*. "Long and deep lines from the Mount of Venus (the ball of the thumb) towards the line of life, signifieth so many wives. . . . These lines visible and deep, so many wives the party shall have" (Saunder's *Chiromancie*, quoted by Halliwell).

II. iii. 12. '*did*'; the Quartos and first Folio read '*doe*'; the reading '*did*' was given in the second Folio; if this is adopted, '*get*' = 'beget.'

II. v. 25. '*Black-Monday*,' *i.e.* Easter Monday, so called, because of a storm which occurred on April 14, 1360, being Easter Monday, when Edward III. was lying with his army before Paris, and when many of his men-at-arms died of cold (Stowe).

II. v. 36. '*Jacob's staff*'; *cp.* Gen. xxxii. 10, and Heb. xi. 21. '*A Jacob's staff*' was generally used in the sense of 'a pilgrim's staff,' because St. James (or Jacob) was the patron saint of pilgrims.

II. v. 43. '*a Jewess' eye*'; the Quartos and Folios read '*a Jewes eye*,' probably pronounced '*Jewês*'; 'worth a Jew's eye' was a proverbial phrase: 'that worth was the price which the Jews paid for immunity from mutilation and death.' The reading '*Jewess*' seems very doubtful.

II. vi. 51. '*by my hood*'; this phrase is found nowhere else in Shakespeare; according to Malone, Gratiano is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was affixed.

II. vii. 41. '*The Hyrcanian deserts*'; Shakespeare three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania, 'the name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian,' where, according to Pliny, tigers were bred.

II. vii. 53. '*undervalued*'; "in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 11 to 1; in the forty-third year of her reign it was in the proportion of 10 to 1" (Clarendon).

II. vii. 69. '*tombs do*'; Johnson's emendation for the old reading '*timber do*.'

II. vii. 75. Halliwell notes that this line is a paraphrastical inversion of the common old proverb: 'Farewell, frost,' which was used in the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.

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III. i. 10. '*knapped ginger*'; perhaps '*to knap ginger*' is to 'nibble ginger'; old women were fond of this condiment: Cotgrave invariably gives '*knap*' as a synonym of '*gnaw*' or '*nibble*.'

III. i. 71. '*humility*,' rightly explained by Schmidt as 'kindness, benevolence, humanity.'

III. i. 122. The special value of the 'turquoise' was its supposed virtue in indicating the health of the wearer: it was said to brighten or fade as its wearer was well or ill, and to give warning of approaching danger.

III. ii 54. '*more love*'; because Hercules rescued Hesione not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon.

III. ii. 99. '*Veiling an Indian beauty*'; it has been pointed out that Montaigne in his Essay on 'Beauty' says: "The Indians describe it black and swarthy, with blabbered thick lips, with a broad and flat nose." If Shakespeare gives us a reminiscence of this, he must have read Montaigne in French, as Florio's translation was not published until 1603.

III. ii. 102. '*Hard food for Midas*,' who prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold, and soon regretted his prayer.

III. ii. 106. '*paleness*'; as Bassanio uses 'pale' of silver a few lines before, Theobald, on Warburton's suggestion, proposed to read '*plainness*'; but '*pale*' is a regular epithet of lead, and there seems no reason for changing the reading here.

III. ii. 112. '*rain*,' so Folios 1, 2 and Quarto 2; the reading of the third and fourth Quartos '*rein*' is generally preferred; Quarto 1 '*range*.'

III. iv. 63. '*accoutred*,' so Folios and later Quartos; Quarto 1 '*apparreld*,' in some respects the preferable reading.

III. v. 79, 80. '*And if on earth he do not mean it, then In reasons*'; the second Quarto '*it, it*'; the Folios '*it, it is*.'

Various emendations have been suggested for '*mean*,' but no change is necessary, though no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been advanced. I am inclined to think that, with Prof. Skeat's kind assistance, the difficulty may be now removed; '*mean it*' = *mean*, like 'foot it,' 'trip it'; and *mean* = moan (*cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. i. 330). The sense of the line is clearly, if he don't cry now, he can't expect to sing hereafter.

IV. i. 36. '*our holy Sabbath*'; so the first Quarto; the second reads '*Sabaoth*'; it is just possible that Shakespeare might have been misled by the expression, 'Lord God of Sabaoth,' which occurs in the New Testament. 'Sabbath' and 'Sabaoth' (*i.e.*

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'hosts,' in the phrase 'Lord of hosts') were confused even by Sir Walter Scott, when in *Ivanhoe*, ch. x., he refers to "the gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." Similarly Spenser (F. Q. vii.2)—

> *'But thenceforth all shall rest eternally*
> *With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.'*

Dr. Johnson treated the two words as identical in the first edition of his Dictionary.

IV. i. 49. *'the bagpipe sings i' the nose.'* See illustrations to *l.* 56.

IV. i. 50. *'affection, Mistress of passion'*; the Quartos and Folios read *'affection. Masters of passion.'* The reading now generally adopted was first suggested by Thirlby; *'Maistres'* or *'mastres,'* the old spelling of *'mistress,'* evidently produced the error. 'Affection,' when contrasted with 'passion,' seems to denote 'emotions produced through the senses by external objects.'

IV. i. 56. *'a woollen bagpipe'*; the reading of all the old editions; 'wawling,' 'swollen,' 'bollen,' have been variously sug-

A bagpiper of XIVth Cent.
From an illumination in the Luterell Psalter.

A bagpiper of XVIIth Cent.
From a black-letter ballad.

gested; *'woollen'* probably refers to the covering of the wind-bag.

IV. i. 184. *Cp.* 'Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought,' *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20.

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IV. i. 255. *'Are there balance'*; *'balance'* was frequently treated as a plural by Elizabethan writers, though this is the only instance in Shakespeare.

IV. i. 451. *'commandement,'* so Quartos and Folios: clearly to be pronounced as quadrisyllable, Cambridge edition *'commandment.'*

V. i. 4. *'Troilus'*; the image is from Chauncer's *Troilus and Cresseide*; "Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke" (Bk. v. 666).

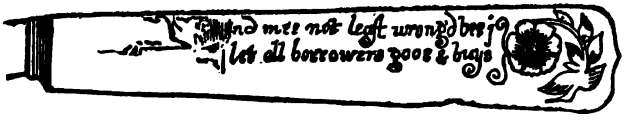
V. i. 7-14. *Thisbe,* etc.; Hunter (*New Illustrations,* I. 309) ingeniously suggests that the old Folio of Chaucer was lying open before Shakespeare when he wrote this dialogue, and that there he found Thisbe, Dido, and Medea, as well as Troilus. It is certainly striking that Thisbe, Dido, and Medea follow each other in the *'Legend of Good Women.'* Shakespeare has seemingly transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's *Legend* concerning Ariadne (*'And to the stronde barefote faste she went'* —*'And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde'*). Chaucer's *Medea* directed Shakespeare's mind to Ovid, *Metam.* vii.

V. i. 15. *'Jessica'*; Medea, who stole away from her father, Æetes, with the golden fleece, suggests Jessica's own story to Lorenzo.

V. i. 61, etc. "The corresponding passage in Plato is in his tenth book *De Republica,* where he speaks of the harmony of the Spheres, and represents a syren sitting on each of the eight orbs, and singing to each in its proper tone, while they are thus guided through the heavens, and consent in a diapason of perfect harmony, the Fates themselves chanting to this celestial music" (Du Bois, *The Wreath,* p. 60. quoted by Furness). The Platonic doctrine is, however, blended with reminiscences of Job xxxviii. 7, "The morning stars sang together."

V. i. 65. *'close it in'*; Quarto 1 and Folios read *'in it,'* which some editors have taken as equivalent to *'close-in it.'*

V. i. 149. *'Like cutler's poetry Upon a knife.' Cp.* accompanying illustration.



From an inscribed knife of the XVIIth Cent. Discovered at Norwich.

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V. i. 193. A similar repetition of the word '*love*' at the end of ten consecutive lines is found in '*The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange*' (1607); *cp. Edward III.*, Act II. Sc. i., where '*the sun*' ends eight consecutive lines.

'*Two-headed Janus.*' (I. i. 50.)
From an antique engraved in Montfaucon.

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Enter Antonio, etc.*] In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in this first Scene; and as no list of the persons is there given, we are not a little puzzled how to put them. In the Folio the first stage direction is, *Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.* In the dialogue, however, the abbreviation for *Salanio* presently becomes *Sola.*, which is soon changed to *Sol.*, and then comes the stage direction, *Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.* And the names are spelt the same way in several other stage directions; and after the first Scene the abbreviated prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that some editors hold that there is abundant authority for reading *Solanio* instead of Salanio, as it is in most modern editions. As to the distribution of the first few speeches, we have to go partly by conjecture, the names being so perplexed as to afford no sure guidance. The last two speeches before the entrance of Bassanio, which are usually assigned to *Salanio,* several editors transfer to *Salarino,* not only because he is the more lively and talkative person, but as according best with the general course of the dialogue and with his avowed wish to make Antonio merry, and especially because the Quartos favor that arrangement.

9. *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship Argo, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden

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fleece. Readers of Milton will of course remember the passage describing Satan's voyage through chaos:—

"Harder beset
And more endanger'd than when *Argo* pass'd
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks."

28. To *vail* is to *lower,* to *let fall.* The Venetian merchants, it would seem, were much used to name their ships for Andrea Doria, the great Genoese admiral.

97. *when, I am very sure*:—All the old copies read *when* here; and as in such cases the Poet often leaves the subject of a verb understood, the changing of *when* into *who,* though common, is hardly admissible. The following lines apparently refer to the judgement pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this foul reproach.

102. *Fool gudgeon* appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught.

110. *Gear,* from the Anglo-Saxon *gearwe,* and originally meaning any thing *prepared* or made ready, was formerly used for any matter or business in hand. Thus, in an old ballad, entitled *The Merry Puck, or Robin Goodfellow*:—

"Now Robin Goodfellow, being plac'd with a tailor, as you heare,
He grew a workman in short space, so well he ply'd his *geare.*"

161. *Prest,* meaning *prompt, ready,* is from an old French word. Thus in *The Faerie Queene,* iv. 8. 41:—

"Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was *prest,*
With dreadful weapon aymed at his head."

Scene II.

8, 9. *Superfluity,* that is, one who has riches and indulges in high living, sooner *acquires* white hairs, becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it?

43. *a colt*:—A play on *colt,* also used for a wild young fellow; whence the phrase used for an old man too juvenile, that he still

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retains his *colt's tooth*. The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship.

48. *County Palatine*:—This may be an allusion to the *Count* Albertus Alasco, a Polish Palatine, who was in London in 1583.

52. *the weeping philosopher*:—Heraclitus of Ephesus, so called in contrast to Democritus, "the laughing philosopher."

72 *et seq.* "A satire on the ignorance of young English travellers in Shakespeare's time." So says Warburton; whereupon Knight justly remarks that "authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakespeare knew 'neither Latin, French, nor Italian.'"

89, 90. The Duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made a Knight of the Garter, in Shakespeare's time. Perhaps, in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth.

139. *condition*:—*Temper, disposition.* So in *Othello*: "And then of so gentle a *condition*!" Likewise, in Tyndale's Works: "Let every man have his wyfe, and thinke her the fayrest and the best *conditioned*, and every woman her husband so too."

Scene III.

21. *Squandered* is not to be taken in a bad sense here; it means simply *scattered, dispersed.* Thus, in Howell's *Letters*: "The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being *squander'd* up and down amongst the Alps." And, again, he speaks of the Jews as a people "*squander'd* all the earth over."

45. *usance*:—"It is almost incredible what gain the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jews, both privately and in common. For in every city the Jews keep open shops of usury, taking gages of ordinary for fifteen in the hundred by the yeare; and if at the year's end the gage be not redeemed, it is forfeit, or at least done away to a great disadvantage; by reason whereof the Jews are out of measure wealthy in those parts."—Thomas's *History of Italy*, 1561.

51. *Which he calls interest*:—*Usance, usury,* and *interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatsoever rate, was commonly esteemed,

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is shown in Lord Bacon's essay *Of Usury,* where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread'; that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize*; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like." The words in Italic show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism.

85. *the deed of kind*:—*Kind* in Shakespeare's time was often used for *nature.* Thus in Fairfax's *Tasso,* xiv. 42, 48:—

> "But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
> The hidden power I know and virtue great,
> And all that *kind* hath hid from mortal sight."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And fair adorn'd was every part
> With riches grown by *kind,* not fram'd by art."

107. In this Scene we have already had "*on* the Rialto," and "*upon* the Rialto." Concerning the place meant Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: "Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called, and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto,* as we say Westminster bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it when he says:—

> 'Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me.'"

Mr. Knight says the "name is derived from *rivæ alta,* high shore, and its being larger, and somewhat more elevated than the others, accounts for its being first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there, and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement."

175. *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

6. *let us make incision,* etc.:—To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls his frightened servant a *lily liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers white as milk*; and an effeminate man is termed a *milksop.*

Scene II.

12. *for the heavens*:—A petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit, and which Shakespeare was sometimes very fond of.

57. *Your worship's friend, and Launcelot*:—So in *Love's Labour's Lost,* Costard says: "Your servant and Costard." It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior beseeches him to talk of *young* Master Launcelot. The sense here is commonly defeated by making the speech interrogative. The reader will of course see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of Master.

105. *I have set up my rest*:—That is, determined. In *Romeo and Juliet,* IV. v., Shakespeare has again quibbled upon *rest.* "The County Paris hath *set up his rest,* that you shall *rest* but little."

112, 113. *run as far,* etc.:—To understand the appropriateness of these words, we must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.

139. *a dish of doves*:—There has been no little speculation among the later critics whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. C. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it. His argument runs thus: "Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the

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father of a servant." To the same purpose this ingenious writer quotes other passages, as inferring such a knowledge of the country as could hardly have been gained from books. Of course it does not follow but that the Poet may have gained it by conversing with other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow actor, visited Italy.

161. *et seq. Well, if any man,* etc.:—Mr. Tyrwhitt thus explains this passage: "Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table,* breaks out into the following reflection: 'Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table! which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune'—that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise *but* offer to swear upon a book *that* I shall have good fortune. He omits the conclusion of the sentence." Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. Relics of this superstition have floated down to our day, and it is not uncommon to see people trying to study out their fortune from the palms of their hands. Launcelot Gobbo, however, was more highly favoured than they; in 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled *Brief Introductions, both natural, pleasant, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manual divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes.* "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. His huge complacency, as he spells out his fortune, is in laughable keeping with his general skill at finding causes to think well of himself.

198, 199. *hood mine eyes,* etc.:—It was the custom to wear the hat during the time of dinner.

Scene V.

24, 25. *it was not for nothing,* etc.:—*Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous.

30. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's *Aphorisms,* 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician,* for he always looks away from his instrument."

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Scene VI.

5. Johnson thought that lovers, who are sometimes called *turtles* or *doves* in poetry, were meant by Venus's *pigeons*. The allusion, however, seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot was drawn.

51. A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*.

Scene VII.

56, 57. *an angel . . . insculp'd upon*:—This is the angel referred to by Falstaff in his interview with the Chief Justice: "Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light." It appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein Englishman*. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which hath as well been used before the Norman Conquest, as since." Readers of Wordsworth will be apt to remember, in this connection, a fine passage in one of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*:—

> "A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
> Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
> Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
> Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves:
> ANGLI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
> His wing, who could seem lovelier to man's eye
> Than they appear to holy Gregory;
> Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
> For Them and for their Land."

Scene VIII.

39. *Slubber not business*:—To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire*: "Slightly *slub-*

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bering it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose." Likewise, in Song 21 of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:—

"Not such as basely soothe the humour of the time,
And *slubberingly* patch up some slight and shallow rhyme."

Scene IX.

78. *Wroth* is used in some of the old writers for *suffering*. So in Chapman's 22d Iliad: "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour." But indeed the original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, anything that makes one *writhe*; and the text but exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.

85. *my lord?*—A humorous reply to the Servant's "Where is *my lady?*" So in *Richard II.*, V. v., a groom says to the King, "Hail, royal *prince!*" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer!*" And 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv., the Hostess says to Prince Henry, "O Jesu! *my lord,* the Prince!" and he replies, "How now, *my lady,* the hostess!"

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

122. *my turquoise*:—The *Turquoise* is a well known precious stone. In old times its value was much enhanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened its hue as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. This is alluded to by Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*: "And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring, look well or ill with him." Other virtues were also imputed to it. Thomas Nicols, in his translation of Anselm de Boot's *Lapidary,* says this stone "is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife." This quality may have moved Leah to present it to Shylock.

Scene II.

15. To be *o'erlook'd* or *eye-bitten,* was a term for being *bewitched* by an *evil eye.* It is used again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* V. v.

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44. *a swan-like end*:—Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death. There is something so touching in this ancient superstition, that one feels loth to be undeceived.

87. *Excrement*, from *excresco*, is used for everything which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i.

95, 96. *the dowry . . . sepulchre*:—The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. And his sixty-eighth Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:—

> "Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
> When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
> Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
> Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
> Before the golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
> To live a second life on second head;
> Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

97. *Guiled* for *guiling*, that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa*. In Act I. Sc. iii. of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*. See, also, *Measure for Measure*, III. i.

115. *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness* or portrait. So in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother "the *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

126. *unfurnish'd*:—That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:—

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will 't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

The hint for this passage appears to have been taken from Greene's *History of Faire Bellora*, afterwards published under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves*: "If Apelles had been tasked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lampes would have so dazzled his quick-seeing sences, that, quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he

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had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished.*"

Scene III.

26 *et seq. The Duke cannot deny,* etc.:—For the due understanding of this passage, it should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers would be putting the latter at a disadvantage and so would clearly impeach the justice of the state. We give the passage as proposed by Capell and approved by Knight. In this reading *for* means the same as *because of*—a sense in which it is often used by the Poet:—

> "The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice: if it be denied,
> 'Twill much impeach the justice of the state."

Scene IV.

7. *lover*:—Used very often by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend.* The Poet's Sonnets are full of examples in point.

52. *with imagined speed*:—That is, with the celerity of imagination. So in the Chorus preceding the third Act of *Henry V.*: "Thus with *imagined* wing our swift scene flies."

72. *I could not do withal*:—A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it.* So in the *Morte d'Arthur*: "None of them will say well of you, nor none of them will doe battle for you, and that shall be great slaunder for you in this court. Alas! said the queen, *I cannot doe withall.*" And in Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer,* Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music, which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal*; I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too." And in Palsgrave's *Table of Verbes,* quoted by Dyce: "I can not *do withall.* a thyng lyeth not in me, or I am not in faulte that a thyng is done."

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Scene V.

3. *I fear you*:—That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So in *Richard III.*, I. i.:—

> "The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
> And his physicians *fear* him mightily."

46-49. *How every fool*, etc.:—A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns, and verbal tricks in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.

68 *et seq. The fool hath planted*, etc.:—Probably an allusion to the habit of wit-snapping, the constant straining to speak out of the common way, which then filled the highest places of learning and of the state. One could scarce come at the matter, it was so finely flourished in the speaking. But such an epidemic was easier to censure than to avoid. Launcelot is a good satire upon the practice, though the satire rebounds upon the Poet himself.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

10. *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*; a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible *ought* to know.

29. *royal merchant*:—This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham was dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi.

42 *et seq. I'll not answer that*, etc.:—The Jew, being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the inquirer.

43. In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* often is now, to excuse or justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason or experience could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an

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individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation. And the thing is well illustrated in one of Rowland's *Epigrams*:—

> "Aske *Humors*, why a fether he doth weare?
> *It is his humour*, by the Lord, heele sweare."

47. *a gaping pig*:—A pig prepared for the table is most probably meant, for in that state is the epithet *gaping* most applicable to this animal. So in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*: "And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*." And in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman if they see *a pig come to the table*."

49 *et seq. And others, when the bagpipe*, etc.:—This passage has occasioned a vast deal of controversy. In the old copies it is printed thus:—

> "And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
> Cannot contain their urine for affection.
> *Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," etc.

Where the discrepancy of *Masters* and *sways* is obvious enough. There had been a very general agreement in the reading we have given, until Collier broke in upon it. Against his, and in favor of the received lection, Dyce remarks: "The preceding part of the passage clearly shows that there must be a pause at *urine*; and also that *for affection* must be connected with the next line. Shylock states three circumstances; first, that some men dislike a gaping pig; secondly, that some are mad if they see a cat; thirdly, that some, at the sound of the bagpipe, cannot contain their urine: and he then accounts for these three peculiarities on a general principle."

126. *envy*:—Malice, as before in line 10 of this Scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. iv.:—

> "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
> Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
> To stab at half an hour of my life."

180. Richardson says: "In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages, commissi pœna*. Thus,

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'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*; that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also, '*In danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And in R. Brunne, 'All was in the erle's *dangere*.' And again, 'He was never wedded to woman's *danger*'; that is, woman's dangerous power." Shakespeare has a like use of the word in his *Venus and Adonis*: "Come not within his *danger* by your will."

200-202. "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says Sir William Blackstone; forgetting that the Lord's Prayer was in itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. "So far," says Grotius, "was the Lord Himself of the Christian Church from all affectation of unnecessary novelty." So in Ecclesiasticus, xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."

296. *Barrabas*:—Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

399. *ten more*:—To make up a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

412. *cope*:—The only instance, that Hudson remembers to have met with, of the word *cope* being used in the sense of *reward* or requite. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's play *The Fox*, iii. 5:—

> "Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
> Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
> He would have sold his part of Paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*."

Scene II.

15. *old swearing*:—*Old* was a common intensive in the colloquial language of Shakespeare's time. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, V. ii.: "Yonder's *old* coil [confusion] at home."

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

1. There is such an air of reality and of first-hand knowledge about this bewitching scene, as certainly lends some support to the notion of the Poet's having visited Italy; it being scarce credible that any one should have put so much of an Italian moonlight evening into a description, upon the strength of what he had seen in England. But what is quite remarkable, the vividness of the scene is helped on by the very thing that would seem most likely to hinder it. The running of "in such a night" into such a variety of classic allusion and imagery, and gradually drawing it round into the late and finally into the present experiences of the speakers, gives to the whole the freshness and originality of an actual occurrence; the remembrance of what they have read being quickened by the inspiration of what lies before them.

30-32. *she doth stray about,* etc.:—One of the finest touches in the delineation of Portia is this associating of a solicitude for wedded happiness with the charity and humility of a religious and prayerful spirit. The binding of our life up with another's naturally sends us to him who may indeed be *our* Father, but not *mine.* A writer in the Pictorial edition remarks that "these holy crosses, still as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying 'for happy wedlock hours,' or whatever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines." The old English feeling on this score is thus shown in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:—

> "But there are *crosses,* wife: here's one in Waltham,
> Another at the Abbey, and the third
> At Ceston; and 'tis ominous to pass
> Any of these without a Pater-noster."

63-65. *Such harmony,* etc.:—A passage somewhat resembling that in the text occurs in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*: "Touch-

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ing musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony." The book containing this came out in 1597; so that there could not well be any obligation either way between Hooker and Shakespeare. Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres," an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression. Perhaps the very sublimity of this notion has furthered the turning of it into a jest; yet there seems to be a strange virtue in it, that it cannot die; and thoughtful minds, though apt to smile at it, are still more apt to grow big with the conception. Thus Milton, in his *Arcades,* speaks of

> "the celestial sirens' harmony
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
> To lull the daughters of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

And in Coleridge's *Remorse,* III. i., are lines not unworthy of a place beside these, wherein he speaks

> "Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard;
> Fitliest unheard! For, O, ye numberless
> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?"

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And, finally, Wordsworth, in his magnificent lyric *On the Power of Sound,* thus refers to the same great theme:—

> "By one pervading spirit
> Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
> As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
> Initiation in that mystery old.
> The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
> As they themselves appear to be,
> Innumerable voices fill
> With everlasting harmony;
> The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
> Their feet among the billows, know
> That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
> Thy pinions, universal Air,
> Ever waving to and fro,
> Are delegates of harmony, and bear
> Strains that support the Seasons in their round."

124-126. *This night methinks,* etc.:—A writer in the *Pictorial Shakspere* thus remarks upon this passage: "The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for 'the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap'—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation."

141. *this breathing courtesy*:—This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*; that is, of words.

201. *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain.* So in Bacon's *Essays*: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

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Questions on

The Merchant of Venice.

1. Do you classify this play as comedy, tragedy, or romance?
2. When was it written?
3. What materials from earlier literature were employed? Compare this play with Marlowe's *Jew of Malta.*
4. What difficulties are there in establishing the duration of the action?

ACT FIRST.

5. What is foreshadowed in the mood of sadness in Antonio with which the play opens?
6. How is the social importance of Antonio shown in the dialogue of his friends? What is implied as to his dramatic importance in this play?
7. How does Antonio answer their suggestions that either dangers to property or thoughts of love disturb him?
8. Characterize Antonio's speech to Salanio and Salarino upon their departure.
9. What impression does Gratiano make by his first speech? Does Bassanio's estimate of him seem just?
10. How does Antonio suggest Touchstone? What request of him does Bassanio make, and how does Antonio answer the request?
11. Give Bassanio's story. What principal character is mentioned for the first time?
12. How do Portia's first words repeat Antonio's? In both cases, is there indicated a settled trait of character, or is there here expressed simply a foreboding?
13. What do we learn of the spiritual plight of Portia? How is the power of *choice discussed*?
14. Indicate something of her temperament as displayed in the the power of *choice* discussed?
15. How is Bassanio mentioned?
16. What trait of character is first depicted in Shylock?
17. What is Shylock's personal attitude towards Antonio?

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18. Comment on the charges against Antonio that we find in Shylock's arraignment of him.

19. What is the dramatic significance of Antonio's speech in Sc. iii., beginning line 130?

20. State the conclusion of the bargain with Shylock.

21. Does Antonio show any suspicion of the Jew's motive? Account for the motive that made Bassanio draw back from the bond.

22. There are three centres of interest established by the first Act, that of the story of Antonio, the story of the Jew (though these two are closely interwoven from the start), and the love affair of Bassanio and Portia. Are the causes for the action laid out, and the results foreshadowed?

ACT SECOND.

23. Explain the reasons for the alternations of the scene between Venice and Belmont in the second Act.

24. What is the dramatic purpose of the scene between the Prince of Morocco and Portia?

25. What is the episodic value of Sc. ii. as concerns Launcelot and Old Gobbo? Compare the foolery of Launcelot with that of his prototype Launce (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

26. By leaving the service of Shylock for that of Bassanio, what function does Launcelot play in the development of the plot?

27. What engagement does Gratiano enter into with Bassanio?

28. What is Jessica's feeling towards her father? How does Shakespeare furnish justification for this feeling?

29. How is Launcelot the agent whereby the complication is assisted in two particulars?

30. For what is Lorenzo's speech at the close of Sc. iv. a preparation?

31. How does Shylock show his malignity in accepting Bassanio's invitation to supper?

32. What touch to the friendship of Antonio and Bassanio does the end of Sc. vi. furnish?

33. How does the Prince of Morocco choose, and what type of mind is seen in him? What fitness to his case is there in the inscription he finds?

34. Why is the scene of Shylock's passion reported by Salanio not enacted before the spectators?

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35. The scene above mentioned, taken together with Salarino's report of the parting of Bassanio and Antonio, makes Sc. viii. of what dramatic significance?

36. What was enjoined upon every one who made a hazard of his fortunes with the caskets?

37. What type of mind is depicted in the Prince of Arragon?

ACT THIRD.

38. Show how a cumulative effect is produced by revealing the losses of Antonio.

39. How is there, in parity with this, a revelation of his amiable qualities?

40. What is the dramatic effect of the entrance of Shylock in Sc. i.?

41. How is he affected by the flight of his daughter?

42. Had Shylock any knowledge of Antonio's losses as evidenced by his reply to Salarino? Is it a general defense of his right to his bond, irrespective of any knowledge that it was forfeit, that he delivers?

43. Show what essential traits Tubal and Shylock possess in common, and how they differ in superficial ones.

44. Summarize the passions displayed by Shylock in this scene with Tubal. What traits are human and pathetic?

45. What is Portia's emotional state while Bassanio is making the choice of the caskets?

46. Explain the meaning of *fancy* in the song.

47. While Bassanio is examining the caskets, what is his comment?

48. Describe how Portia expresses the ecstasy of love.

49. How is the ring introduced? For what is it a preparation? What is Bassanio's declaration concerning it?

50. What is the dramatic effect of the plighting of Gratiano and Nerissa?

51. What effects are secured and what turn is given to the action by the entrance of Salerio with the letter?

52. Indicate the episodic value of Sc. iii.

53. How are friendship and love brought into consideration in Sc. iv.? What preparation for succeeding action is here presented?

54. Compare Portia's and Jessica's comments on their masquerading as men.

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55. Do you derive any impression of Shakespeare's own view of small wit and punning, such as frequently appear in his plays?

56. If he held them in slight regard, why did he indulge in them so much?

ACT FOURTH.

57. What words of Antonio uttered at the beginning of the trial scene bear out his attribution of *ancient Roman honour*?

58. What appeal for mercy does the Duke make to Shylock?

59. By what oath does Shylock show the inflexibility of his purpose?

60. Is there possibly more than Shylock's personal animosity against Antonio that the Jew gives vent to in his reply to the Duke?

61. How does Antonio, like Hamlet, desire after his death to be remembered by his friend?

62. What was the philosophy of Pythagoras?

63. Before the entrance of Portia, what balancing of the claims of mercy and justice has the Scene presented?

64. How is climax attained in Portia's speech on the *quality of mercy*?

65. Besides further exposition of character, what dramatic effect is attained by Portia's delay in coming to the point of foiling Shylock?

66. How is the dignity and inflexibility of law preserved against appeal for individual clemency, even with the support of a strong case?

67. How does the current of thought for a moment drift into the channels cut by the various correlative actions?

68. Who finally diverts the current?

69. Was the trial conducted in accordance with Roman or English law?

70. Indicate the exact point of climax in the play.

71. Was not the resort by which Antonio was saved really a quibble? Would it be supported in any actual court of law?

72. Show how its use against Shylock makes an effective example of dramatic contrast.

73. What are the final struggles of the Jew before he surrenders all?

74. In the revival of the old law to meet the case of Shylock, what supporting argument of his own, upon which he chiefly relied, is brought into vivid contrast?

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Questions

75. How are horror and aversion changed to pity for the plight of the Jew?

76. In Shakespeare's time Shylock was regarded a comic personage, and his discomfiture was met with derisive laughter. How has this changed in our day? Was it for the groundlings that Shakespeare added that questionable touch which condemns Shylock to become a Christian?

77. Why does the play not end with the disappearance of Shylock? Show the effectiveness of the idyllic character of the fifth Act.

ACT FIFTH.

78. What tribute does Shakespeare pay to the power of music?

79. How is a good deed compared to the beams of a candle?

80. What inherent suitability to the spirit of the play has the musical interlude?

81. How is Antonio connected with the occasion and with the healing of the lovers' quarrel about the rings? How does the spirit of comedy come in to repair the sufferings of Antonio?

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82. What is the main action of this play? In what character does the chief interest of the play reside?

83. How do you account for the apparent dramatic disproportion? Does the perception of this follow from the evolution of finer æsthetic regard?

84. Is the complexity of emotion displayed in Shylock equaled by that in Portia?

85. Does not the highly artificial situation in which Portia is placed relative to the selection of her husband impress one less strongly than the story of Shylock, owing to the fact that the mind refuses to accept the chance of a mischoice?

86. Give a summary of the traits of Antonio. How did he live in the opinions of his friends?

87. Does Shakespeare seem to exhibit the caprices of fortune, or demands of poetic justice, in the misfortunes that visit Antonio?

88. Is Gratiano as witty as Mercutio?

89. Is there anything in the high pitch of passion to which the story of Shylock is carried inconsistent with the spirit of comedy?

90. Does this play require a considerable amount of comic relief? Show in what ways this is effected.

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THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *The Tempest*, and occupies pp. 20-38; no evidence exists for an earlier edition. A list of the Dramatis Personæ, "The Names of all the Actors," is given at the end of the play. The text is on the whole free from corruptions; the most remarkable errors occur in II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129; where 'Padua' and 'Verona' are given instead of 'Milan.' These inaccuracies are probably due to Shakespeare's MS.; the poet had evidently not revised this play as carefully as his other early efforts.

Several critics are inclined to attribute the final scene to another hand; it bears evident signs of hasty composition, and Valentine's renunciation comes as a shock to one's sensibilities. It must however be borne in mind that the theme of Friendship *versus* Love was not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; perhaps the best example is to be found in the plot of Lyly's 'Campaspe,' where Alexander magnanimously resigns the lady to Apelles. Shakespeare in his Sonnets XL., XLI., XLII., makes himself enact the part of Valentine to his Protean friend:—

> "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
> What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
> No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
> All mine was thine before thou hadst this more."

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Date of Composition. The only allusion to the play previous to its insertion in the First Folio is in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Meres places it first among the six comedies mentioned. Its date cannot be definitely fixed. The following general considerations place it among the earliest of Shakespeare's productions, *i.e. circa* 1590-1592:—the symmetrical arrangement of the characters; the unnaturalness of some of its incidents, especially the abrupt *dénouement*; the finely finished regularity of the blank verse, suggestive of lyrical rather than of dramatic poetry, and recalling the thoughts and phraseology of the sonnets (I. i. 45-50 and Sonnets LXX., XCV.; IV. iv. 161 and Sonnet CXXVII.); the alternate rhymes; the burlesque doggerel; the quibbles; and the fondness for alliteration. Many 'notes' in the play seem to prelude *Romeo and Juliet*, and the influence of the story, as though the Poet were already meditating a drama on the theme, is one of the striking characteristics of the play.

Sources of the Play. The greater part of the play seems ultimately derived from the *Story of the Shepherdess Filismena* in the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and novelist, 1520-1562). Bartholomew Yonge's translation of the work, though published in 1598, was finished some sixteen years before (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, vol. I. part i.). There were other translations of the whole or part of the romance by Thomas Wilson (1595-6) and by "Edward Paston, Esquire" (mentioned by Yonge).

Probably Shakespeare was not directly indebted to Montemayor; as early as 1584-5 a play was acted at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night," entitled *The History of Felix and Philiomena*; where Felix is certainly the "Don Felix" of the *Diana*, and "Philiomena" is a scribal error for "Filismena." Shakespeare's play may very well have been based on this earlier production.

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A similar theme, with a tragic *dénouement*, is to be found in the *Comœdia von Julio und Hippolyta*, a play acted by the English actors in Germany, preserved only in a German paraphrase (*cp. Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten in Deuschland*, ed. J. Tittmann; also, Zupitza, "*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*," xxiii.).

Bandello's Novel of *Appolonius and Sylla*, which was translated by Riche (1581), may have suggested certain incidents (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. I. part i.); Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book I. ch. vi.)—itself greatly indebted to Montemayor's *Diana*, Sidney's favourite book —may possibly be the original of Valentine's consenting to lead the robber-band, and the speech at the beginning of the scene (V. iv.) in praise of Solitude may also have been suggested by a passage in the same book.

The Form of the Play. In order to understand the *form* of '*The Two Gentlemen*'—probably the first of Shakespeare's plays dealing with love-intrigue—the reader must remember that it links itself to the pre-Shakespearian romantic dramas based on Italian love-stories; but these earlier dramas are rare. The best example of the kind extant is without doubt a very scarce production, registered in the books of the Stationers' Company 1584 (and printed soon after), entitled "*Fidele and Fortune: the Receipts in Love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italian Gentlemen, translated into English*" by A. M., *i.e.* probably Anthony Munday). This crude effort may certainly be regarded as one of the most valuable of the prototypes of the Shakespearian romantic plays; it has hitherto been strangely neglected (*cp.* Extracts, printed by Halliwell in his "Illustrations to the Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries"*). One is inclined to think that Shakespeare is indebted for something more than the title of his first love-play to "*The Two*

* Halliwell printed certain scenes in order to illustrate the witchcraft in *Macbeth*; it is remarkable that he did not notice the real value of the play.

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Italian Gentlemen." In this connection it is perhaps noteworthy that Meres, as early as 1598, and Kirkman, as late as 1661, mention Shakespeare's play as '*The Gentlemen of Verona.*' This was perhaps customary in order to distinguish it from Munday's translated drama.

Forward-Links. The play contains many hints of incidents and characters more admirably developed in later plays; *e.g.* the scenes between Julia and her maid Lucetta at Verona anticipate the similar talk between Portia and Nerissa at Belmont; Julia's disguise makes her the first of Shakespeare's best-beloved heroines, Portia, Jessica, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen; Valentine's lament (Act III. sc. i. ll. 170-187), with its burden of "banished," is heard again as Romeo's death-knell; the meeting of Eglamour and Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell suggests the meeting-place of the two star-crossed lovers at Friar Laurence's.

Launcelot Gobbo owes much to his namesake Launce, and something also to Speed, whose description of the various signs whereby one may know a lover finds development in the character of Benedick.

Duration of Time. The Time covered is seven days on the stage, with intervals between scenes and acts:—Day 1: Act 1. sc. i. and ii.; interval of a month or perhaps sixteen months (*cp.* iv. 1-21). Day 2: Act I. sc. iii. and Act II. sc. i. Day 3: Act II. sc. ii. and iii.; interval, Proteus's journey to Milan. Day 4: Act II. sc. iv. and v.; interval of a few days. Day 5: Act II. sc. vi. and vii., Act III. and Act IV. sc. i.; interval, including Julia's Journey to Milan. Day 6: Act IV. sc. ii. Day 7: Act IV. sc. iii. and iv. and Act V. (*cp.* Daniel, *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1877-79).

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Valentine and Proteus, two gentlemen of Verona, are intimate friends accustomed to telling their hearts' secrets freely, the one to the other. Valentine goes to the court of Milan to gain worldly experience and honour. Proteus, for love of a Veronese maiden named Julia, would fain stay at home; but his father, ignorant of the love affair, and desirous that his son shall see something of the world, sends him to join Valentine at Milan.

II. Silvia, the daughter of the Duke of Milan, has many suitors. No sooner does Valentine see her than he becomes one of the number; but he is more fortunate than the rest, for Silvia favours him. The Duke, however, has chosen another for his daughter's husband. Valentine and Silvia plan to elope. At this juncture Proteus arrives from Verona, after having exchanged vows there with Julia. Valentine introduces Proteus to Silvia, confides to him the secret of their proposed clandestine marriage, and asks his assistance. Proteus promises it, but inwardly resolves to play his friend false, and try to win Silvia for himself. His neglected love, Julia, hearing no tidings of him, decides to don boy's garments, and go to Milan in search of him.

III. Proteus foils his friend's schemes by informing the Duke of the lovers' projected flight. The Duke banishes Valentine from his realm. Thurio, the suitor

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chosen by the Duke, does not prosper in his wooing, and therefore asks Proteus to aid him.

IV. The banished Valentine flees to a forest near Milan, where he falls into the hands of outlaws, who, pleased by his address, make him their chief.

In Milan, Proteus plays false with Thurio just as he had done with Valentine. Under guise of fostering Thurio's suit he pleads his own cause to Silvia, who scorns him. Julia arrives dressed as a page, and secures employment with Proteus, who does not recognize her. She soon has opportunity to discover her lover's perfidy, since he sends her to Silvia with a ring that was Julia's own love-token to him.

V. Silvia escapes to the forest in search of Valentine, but is seized by some of the outlaws of her lover's band. Before they can bring her to his presence, she is rescued by Proteus, who, however, tries to take advantage of the occasion and compel her to yield to his love. Valentine overhears his false friend and liberates Silvia, at the same time reproaching Proteus so sternly that the latter is stricken with remorse, and humbly begs forgiveness. The generous Valentine accords it. The identity of Julia is discovered, and she is united with her repentant lover.

Meantime the Duke, who had gone also to the forest in search of Silvia, is captured by others of Valentine's outlaws. Valentine releases him; and the Duke pardons all the band, permits them to resume the rights of citizenship, and consents to the nuptials of Silvia and Valentine.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Proteus.

There is the principal agent, Proteus; a man who "suns himself" in the esteem and confidence of all his acquaintance, is the early and bosom-friend of Valentine,

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is trusted (and to all appearance deservedly so) by his mistress, Julia. He leaves her with the sincerest vows of constancy; and the moment he beholds the mistress of his friend, he not only becomes enamoured of her, but, with a wantonness of treachery, turns low, scoundrel informer to her father of their projected elopement. This not being enough to fill the measure of his villany, at the instance of that father he actually consents to become the calumniator of his unoffending friend to his friend's mistress, and afterwards to woo her for the pantaloon lover, Thurio; an office which he nevertheless endeavours to convert to his own advantage. He next sends his own mistress's love-pledge, and by herself (disguised, however, as his page) to her rival; and, immediately after, attempts the greatest crime that man can perpetrate towards woman—against that same woman, too, whom he has vainly endeavoured to seduce from his friend; and when, in the sequel, he reads his repentance in *four* lines, he is at once accepted in *two* lines by the man he had so injured—who, with unique and amusing simplicity, says: "Then I am paid, and once again I do receive thee honest." But, to crown all, his mistress, Julia, congratulates herself upon having redeemed such a lover! All these confoundings of the probabilities of event may be excused in a story of high romance; but where there is any profession of human passion, we must look to have some regard to the concomitant mystery of human nature in the abstract. Now, Proteus is, confessedly, a solid scoundrel; and, what is worse, he is a *mean* scoundrel.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

III.

Valentine.

The character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong

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impulses of both these lovers are as much opposed as it is possible to the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him:—

> "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that."

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. We have little doubt of the corruption, or, at any rate, of the unfinished nature, of the passage in which he is made to give up Silvia to his false friend—for that would be entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love, and an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of "hearty sorrow," and that he should do so upon principle:—

> "Who by repentance is not satisfied
> Is nor of heaven nor earth."

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspere's plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil-doers. . . .

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine is well appreciated by the Duke—"Thou art a gentleman." In this praise are included all the virtues which Shakspere desired to represent in the character of Valentine; the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke

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adds, "and well derived." "Thou art a gentleman" in "thy spirit"—a gentleman in "thy unrivalled merit"; and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors. This line, in one of Shakspere's earliest plays, is a key to some of his personal feelings. He was himself a true gentleman, though the child of humble parents. His exquisite delineations of the female character establish the surpassing refinement and purity of his mind in relation to women; and thus, if there were no other evidence of the son of the wool-stapler of Stratford being a "gentleman," this one prime feature of the character would be his most pre-eminently. Well then might he, looking to himself, assert the principle that rank and ancestry are additions to the character of the gentleman, but not indispensable component parts. "Thou art a gentleman, and well derived."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

IV.

Julia.

Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage;

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though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Silvia.

Silvia, "hard beset" with lovers in her father's court, though she gives proof not to be excepted against that she loves Valentine, betrays not the less a tinge of the temper of her wooer Proteus. It must be said without disguise, that it was not absolutely necessary for her to give her picture to Proteus while she was upbraiding him with falsehood to his friend and to a former love; and if the act was not falsehood on her part towards Valentine, it was dangerous coquetry towards Proteus, and goes far to account for the interpretation he evidently put upon her coyness, when he had added the service of rescue from the robbers to former fervent protestations. Her bitter upbraidings are phenomena that Homer and Paris Alexander knew, and Proteus may therefore not unnaturally have thought, to be far less sincere than they may sometimes have sounded; and Valentine himself who unseen was looking on and listening at the scene, may have had his own apprehensions too, and interfered, it may be, to rescue Silvia scarcely more from Proteus than from herself. Thus may be, but only thus can be accounted for, the remainder of the scene; thus the more than Christian eagerness of pardon with which Valentine overwhelms the abashed Proteus, and the alacrity of his renunciation of all previous rights in the blushing damsel

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who has no word of recognition or gratitude to greet him with, but is tongue-tied to the end.

> "And that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Speed and Launce.

While Speed impresses us chiefly by his astonishing volubility, the true English humour makes its entrance upon the Shakespearian stage when Launce appears, dragging his dog by a string.

Note the torrent of eloquence in this speech of Speed's, enumerating the symptoms from which he concludes that his master is in love:—

> "First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master."

All these similes of Speed's are apt and accurate; it is only the way in which he piles them up that makes us laugh. But when Launce opens his mouth, unbridled whimsicality at once takes the upper hand. He comes upon the scene with his dog:—

> "Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. . . . I think Crab, my

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dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so."

Here we have nothing but joyous nonsense, and yet nonsense of a highly dramatic nature. That is to say, here reigns that youthful exuberance of spirit which laughs with a childlike grace, even where it condescends to the petty and low; exuberance as of one who glories in the very fact of existence, and rejoices to feel life pulsing and seething in his veins; exuberance such as belongs of right, in some degree, to every well-constituted man in the light-hearted days of his youth—how much more, then, to one who possesses the double youth of years and genius among a people which is itself young, and more than young: liberated, emancipated, enfranchised, like a colt which has broken its tether and scampers at large through the luxuriant pastures.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

What shall we say to Launce and his dog? Is it probable that even such a fool as Launce should have put his feet into the stocks for the puddings which his dog had stolen, or poked his head through the pillory for the murder of geese which the same dog had killed?—yet

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the ungrateful cur never denies one item of the facts with which Launce so tenderly reproaches him. Nay, what is more wonderful, this enormous outrage on the probable excites our common risibility. What an unconscionable empire over our fanciful faith is assumed by those comic geniuses! They despise the very word probability. Only think of Smollett making us laugh at the unlikely speech of Pipes, spoken to Commodore Trunnion down a chimney—"Commodore Trunnion, get up and be spliced, or lie still and be damned!" And think also of Swift amusing us with contrasted descriptions of men six inches and sixty feet high—how very improbable!

At the same time, something may be urged on the opposite side of the question. A fastidious sense of the improbable would be sometimes a nuisance in comic fiction. One sees dramatic critics often trying the probabilities of incidents in a play, as if they were testing the evidence of facts at the Old-Bailey. Now, unquestionably, at that august court, when it is a question whether a culprit shall be spared, or whipped and transported for life, probabilities should be sifted with a merciful leaning towards the side of doubt. But the theatre is not the Old-Bailey, and as we go to the former place for amusement, we open our hearts to whatever may most amuse us; nor do we thank the critic who, by his Old-Bailey-like pleadings, would disenchant our belief. The imagination is a liberal creditor of its faith as to incidents, when the poet can either touch our affections, or tickle our ridicule.

Nay, we must not overlook an important truth in this subject. The poet or the fictionist—and every great fictionist is a true poet—gives us an image of life at large, and not of the narrow and stinted probabilities of everyday life. But real life teems with events which, unless we knew them to have actually happened, would seem to be next to impossibilities. So that if you chain down the poet from representing everything that may seem in dry

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reasoning to be improbable, you will make his fiction cease to be a probable picture of Nature.

CAMPBELL.

VII.

The Play as a Whole.

Love, in its double form of sexual love and friendship, is evidently the basis of the whole, the leading centre of the action. To represent this foundation in its uncertainty and instability—in other words, to describe it within the comic view of life, in contradiction with its true nature, is manifestly the purport and tendency of the play; this is, however, too seriously and strongly emphasized, and thus the representation loses in comic power. Love is here, accordingly, represented in the most diversified forms, but invariably weak and frail, foolish and perverse. The centre is formed by the passion of Proteus for Julia, his double faithlessness and his equally sudden conversion; a look from Silvia, her mere appearance, makes him forget the one for whom he has just been sighing, and for whose absence tears are still lingering in his eyes; a look from her makes him a traitor to his best and oldest friend, and also makes him deceive the Duke and the latter's favourite, Thurio. In fact, he is the impersonation of the faithlessness of love. In contrast to him we have Julia; she is exhibited at first in the capricious self-will of a girl in love, but coy, who will not accept her lover's letter, and yet chides her maid that the latter has not forced her to read it; she tears it to pieces before she has opened it, but afterwards gathers up the fragments in order to try and spell out the contents. Suddenly, however, this coyness is quite forgotten, nay, turns into its opposite, for, casting aside all girlish shyness, she dresses herself in man's attire and sets out after her faithless lover, acts as his messenger in carrying love-letters to Silvia, and finally,

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after enduring all this mortification, again throws herself into his arms. A greater amount of constancy is exhibited in the other couple, Valentine and Silvia; they remain true to one another in spite of all obstacles, sufferings and adversities, and yet Valentine is capable of giving up his beloved—for whose sake he has done and suffered so much, and whom he intended to carry off from her father's house—in favour of his treacherous and only half-repentant friend, although the latter, on account of Silvia's aversion to him, could in no way be a gainer by his sacrifice. Thurio, lastly, is a lover of the commonest type, a wealthy blockhead, more interested in the father as a duke than in the daughter, and who resembles his more gifted rivals only in so far as he likewise does not know his own mind—continuing to make love *although* he is rejected with scorn and contempt, and in the end retiring *because* he is rejected with scorn and contempt. This fickle, inconstant and contradictory form of love is worthily associated with the Duke's peculiar paternal affection for his daughter; here also we have a high degree of delusion and inconsistency. After having at first purposed to force his daughter's inclinations in favour of a repulsive old noodle, he at last consents to give her to a robber chieftain whom—as an honourable knight—he had rejected. But the delicious folly reaches its climax in the person of the inimitable Launce, one of those thoroughly comic characters whose true nature Shakespeare alone can describe. Launce, who for weeping and wailing can scarcely leave his father's house, whose tears would fill the river were it dry, and whose sighs, "were the wind down," would drive on the boat that is carrying him away from his home—it is he who allows himself to be cudgelled for the sake of his "cruel-hearted cur," to be set in the stocks and placed in the pillory, and nevertheless rejoices at the punishment inflicted upon his friend Speed for a fault into which he himself had intentionally led him. In fact, he is the most amusing im-

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personation both of sentimental folly and foolish sentimentality, and of the self-will and blindness of love.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* rhyme has fallen seemingly into abeyance, and there are no passages of such elegiac beauty as in the former [*Comedy of Errors*], of such exalted eloquence as in the latter [*Love's Labour's Lost*] of these plays; there is an even sweetness, a simple equality of grace in thought and language which keeps the whole poem in tune, written as it is in a subdued key of unambitious harmony. In perfect unity and keeping the composition of this beautiful sketch may perhaps be said to mark a stage of advance, a new point of work attained, a faint but sensible change of manner, signalised by increased firmness of hand and clearness of outline. Slight and swift in execution as it is, few and simple as are the chords here struck of character and emotion, every shade of drawing and every note of sound is at one with the whole scheme of form and music. Here too is the first dawn of that higher and more tender humour which was never given in such perfection to any man as ultimately to Shakespeare; one touch of the by-play of Launce and his immortal dog is worth all the bright fantastic interludes of Boyet and Adriano, Costard and Holofernes; worth even half the sallies of Mercutio, and half the dancing doggerel or broad-witted prose of either Dromio. But in the final poem which concludes and crowns the first epoch of Shakespeare's work, the special graces and peculiar glories of each that went before are gathered together as in one garland "of every hue and every scent." The young genius of the master of all our poets finds its consummation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The blank verse is as full, sweet, and strong as the best of Biron's or Romeo's; the rhymed

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verse as clear, pure, and true as the simplest and truest melody of *Venus and Adonis* or the *Comedy of Errors.* But here each kind of excellence is equal throughout; there are no purple patches on a gown of serge, but one seamless and imperial robe of a single dye. Of the lyric or the prosaic part, the counterchange of loves and laughters, of fancy fine as air and imagination as high as heaven, what need can there be for any one to shame himself by the helpless attempt to say some word not utterly unworthy? Let it suffice us to accept this poem as the landmark of our first stage, and pause to look back from it on what lies behind us of partial or perfect work.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

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The
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
HOST, *where Julia lodges.*
OUTLAWS, *with Valentine.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.*

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The
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. 10
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu?
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee. 20

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Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth 30
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50

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But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master? 70
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.
Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. 80

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Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.
Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep. 90
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'
Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?
Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour. 100
Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.
Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.
Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you.
Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.
Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.
Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 110
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

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Pro. But what said she?
Speed. [*First nodding*] Ay.
Pro. Nod—Ay—why, that's noddy.
Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Ay.'
Pro. And that set together is noddy.
Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.
Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter. 120
Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.
Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?
Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.
Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.
Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.
Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?
Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the 130 matter may be both at once delivered.
Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?
Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?
Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but 140 stones; for she's as hard as steel.
Pro. What said she? nothing?
Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.'

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To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have
testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth
carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll
commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger: 151
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; 10
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

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Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all. 30
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! 41
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

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Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter: 50
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly? 70
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.

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Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. 80
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie: 100
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

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Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock, 121
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia':—that I 'll tear away.—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

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Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a monēth's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [*Exeunt.* 140

Scene III.

The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities. 10
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20

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Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, 30
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! 50

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Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish? 60
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go: 70
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse

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Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, 90
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook. 10
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

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Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

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Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.
Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured. 50
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.
Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty. 60
Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.
Val. How long hath she been deformed?
Speed. Ever since you loved her.
Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered! 70
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to

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garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes. 80

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have. 90

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him. 100

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

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Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains? 110
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ; 120
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam, what then? 130
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

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O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself? 140

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you 150 write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse. 160

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.

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All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon
Love can feed on the air, I am one that am 170
nourished by my victuals, and would fain have
meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved,
be moved. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*

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What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one 10 tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe

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is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and 20 this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, 30 I kiss her, why, there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer. 40

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in

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losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth? 50

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee. 60

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10

Val. Haply I do.

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Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20
Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. 30
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of

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words, and, I think, no other treasure to give
your followers, for it appears, by their bare
liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my
father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health: 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father. 60

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe; 70
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind

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With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile: 80
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them, 90
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour. 101
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

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Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I 'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Ser.*] Come, Sir Thurio.
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you. 120
Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me 130

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With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you. 150

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss, 160

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And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 170
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight, 180
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? 190

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Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinēs praise
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; 200
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 210
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man

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is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia? 10

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them? 20

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one. 30

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

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Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover? 40

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, 50 and not worth the name of Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA
Act 2, Scene 5

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O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;

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For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross 40
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20

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Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good my lord, 50
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

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Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece,
madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? 60
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love, 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong, 80
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,

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To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.* 90

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Milan. Ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, 10
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift

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Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, 20
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down; 40
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this. 49

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

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Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought 61
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child, 70
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this? 80

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Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

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Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length. 130
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What 's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly, 142
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!

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My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.'
What 's here? 150
'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence: 160
Thank me for this more than for all the favours,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment? 170
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

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What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive,
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What seest thou? 190
Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? 200
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

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Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine. 210
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,

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With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-
gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260

[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not

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pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves 270 for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the catelog of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk'; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 280

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot 290 thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

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Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.' 300
Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'
Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.
Speed. 'Item: She can spin.' 310
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.
Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'
Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.
Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.' 320
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.
Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'
Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'
Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

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Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue. 330

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 340

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 350

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I 'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that

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covers the wit is more than the wit, for the 360
greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate. 370

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust him- 380
self into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

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That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace 20
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

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Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:

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But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We 'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man. 10
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there? 20
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,

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If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it 's an honourable
kind of thievery. 40
Val. Peace, villain!
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,

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That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: 60
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

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Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you 30

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where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her? 40
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling; 50
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

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Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings? 60
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing? 70
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts. 80
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

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Song: Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her"

The Two Gentlemen of Verona *Act* IV *Scene* 2

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Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant. 90

Sil. What 's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request, 100
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed 110
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave; and call hers thence;

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Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, 120
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes, 130
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. 140

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

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I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour.
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, 30
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me 40
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

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Scene IV.

The same.

Enter Launce with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals 10 her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't; you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark— 20 a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out,' says the third: 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You

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do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

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Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: 60 and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business, 70
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives. 80

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:

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She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal 90
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me; 100
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself. 110
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

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Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture. 120
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again. 130
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure. 140
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?

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Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. 150

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood, 170
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!

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I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine 190
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself, 200
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies. 10
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.

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Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black. 10
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke. 30

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?

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Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one

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Have learned me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.
First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset: he cannot 'scape. 11
First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was! 10
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

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Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?

Enter Protcus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth, 20
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,

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When women cannot love where they 're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me. 49
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, 60
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,

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'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest,
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased. 80
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia! 100

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

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And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man 110
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine. 120

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

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Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch: 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars 160

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With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear 170
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*

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Glossary.

Account of, appreciates; II. i. 61.

Advice; "more advice," *i.e.* "further knowledge"; II. iv. 207; consideration; III. i. 73.

Agood, in good earnest; IV. iv. 170.

Aim, conjecture; III. i. 28.

Aimed at, guessed; III. i. 45.

Ale, ale-house (with perhaps an allusion to church-ale, or rural festival); II. v. 61.

Allycholly, corrupted from "melancholy"; IV. ii. 27.

Apparent, manifest; III. i. 116.

Applaud, approve; I. iii. 48.

Approved, proved by experience; V. iv. 43.

From the drawing of the Funeral of Abbot Islip, in Westminster Abbey, 1522 (*Cp.* 'Vetusta Monumenta').

Auburn, flaxen; IV. iv. 194.

Awful, filled with reverence for authority; IV. i. 46.

Bare, mere (with a quibble on the other sense of naked); III. i. 272.

Base, in the game of "prisoner's base" "to bid the base" was to challenge to a contest of speed; I. ii. 97.

Beadsman, one who prays on behalf of another; I. i. 18.

Befortune, betide; IV. iii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iv. 178.

Beshrew, evil befal; I. i. 126.

Bestow, deport (one's self); III. i. 87.

Boots; "to give one the boots" = "to make a laughing-stock of one," with a quibbling allusion to the torture

From Millæus's Praxis criminis persequendi (Paris, 1541).

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known as "the boots"; I. i. 27.
Boots, profits, avails; I. i. 28.
Bottom, to wind thread; III. ii. 53.
Break, broach a matter; III. i. 59.
Broken, fallen out; II. v. 19.
Broker, matchmaker, go-between; I. ii. 41.
Burden, undersong (with a quibble on the ordinary sense of the word); I. ii. 85.

Canker, canker-worm; I. i. 43.
Cate-log (Launce's blunder for "catalogue"); III. i. 273.
Censure, pass judgement; I. ii. 19.
Character'd, written; II. vii. 4.
Circumstance, circumstantial deduction; I. i. 36; I. i. 84; the position in which one has placed one's self, conduct; I. i. 37; detail, particulars, III. ii. 36.
Cite, incite; II. iv. 85.
Close, union; V. iv. 117.
Clerkly, scholarly; II. i. 106.
Codpiece, "a part of the male attire, indelicately conspicuous in the poet's time"; II. vii. 53.
Coil, fuss, ado; I. ii. 99.
Commit, sin; V. iv. 77.
Compass, obtain; IV. ii. 91.
Competitor, confederate; II. vi. 35.
Conceit, opinion; III. ii. 17.
Conceitless, devoid of understanding; IV. ii. 95.
Condition, quality; III. i. 273.
Consort, a company; IV. i. 64; a company of musicians playing together; III. ii. 84.
Conversed, associated; II. iv. 63.
Crews, bands; IV. i. 74.
Curst, shrewish; III. i. 339.

Dazzled (trisyllabic); II. iv. 210.
Deign, condescend to accept; I. i. 152.
Descant; "counterpoint, or the adding one or more parts to a theme, which was called 'the plain song'"; I. ii. 94.
Diet; "takes diet"="is under a strict regimen"; II. i. 24.
Dispose, disposal; II. vii. 86.
Doublet, inner garment of a man, sometimes worn without the jerkin, with which at times it was confounded; II. iv. 20.
Dump, slow, melancholy tune; III. ii. 85 (see end of Notes).

Earnest, pledge, token of future bestowal (with a quibble on "earnest" as opposed to "jest"); III. i. 163.
Else, elsewhere; IV. ii. 124.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 138.
Entertain, take into service; II. iv. 104; IV. iv. 68.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 69.
Extreme (accented on the first syllable); II. vii. 22.

Farthingale, hoop petticoat; II. vii. 51.
Feature, shape, form; II. iv. 73.

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Figure, a turn of rhetoric; II. i. 146.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. ii. 30.
Fond, foolish; I. i. 52.
For (= for fear of); I. ii. 136.
For why, because; III. i. 99.
Forlorn (accented on first syllable); I. ii. 124.

Gossips, sponsors at baptism (used quibblingly); III. i. 269.
Greed, agreed; II. iv. 183.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 142.
Grievances, causes of grief; IV. iii. 37.

From a black-letter ballad formerly in the Heber collection.

Hangman (as a term of reproach), rascally; IV. iv. 60.
Homely, plain, unrefined; I. i. 2.
Hose, "a round hose"; II. vii. 55; 'to garter his hose'; II. i. 77.
However, in any case; I. i. 34.

Impeachment, reproach, discredit; I. iii. 15.
Impose, injunction; IV. iii. 8.
Include, conclude; V. iv. 160.
Infinite, infinity; II. vii. 70.
Inherit, win; III. ii. 87.
Inly, inward; II. vii. 18.
Integrity, sincerity; III. ii. 77.

Interpret, act the interpreter (to the figure in a puppet show); II. i. 101.

Jade (used quibblingly); III. i. 277.
Jerkin, jacket or short coat, usually worn over the doublet; II. iv. 19.
Jolt-head, blockhead; III. i. 290.

Keep, restrain; IV. iv. 11.
Kind, kindred; II. iii. 2.
Knots (true-love); II. vii. 46.

From a Monument in Ashford Church, Kent.

Laced, see "mutton."
Learn, teach; II. vi. 13.
Learn'd, taught; V. iii. 4.
Lease, "out by lease," *i.e.* "let to others, and not under one's own control"; the point of the line turns on the equivocal interpretation of "possessions" in the sense of "mental endowments;" V. ii. 29.

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Leave, cease, III. i. 182; part with, IV. iv. 79.
Lets, hinders; III. i. 113.
Liberal, wanton; III. i. 355.
Lics, lodges; IV. ii. 137.
"*Light o' love,*" a popular old tune, referred to also in *Much Ado,* III. iv. 44; I. ii. 83.
Likes, pleases; IV. ii. 55.
Lime, bird-lime; III. ii. 68.

Manage, to wield; III. i. 247.
Mean, tenor; I. ii. 95.
Means, "to make means," *i.e.* "to contrive measures and opportunities" (to win her); V. iv. 137.
Measure, "within the measure," *i.e.* "within reach"; V. iv. 127.
Merops, Phaëthon was reproached, though falsely, with being the son, not of Apollo, but of Merops; III. i. 153.
Minion, a spoiled favourite; I. ii. 88, 92.
Moneth's mind (fol. "month"; "moneth," archaic form preserved in phrase "moneth's mind"), originally meant the monthly anniversary of a person's death; hence "remembrance," and finally "yearning"; I. ii. 137 (*cp.* Notes).
Mood, rage; IV. i. 51.
Motion, puppet-show; II. i. 94.
Mouth, "a sweet mouth," *i.e.* "a sweet tooth;" III. i. 323.

From the MS. of the Romance of Alexander (Bodl. Lib.).

Muse, wonder; I. iii. 64.
Mutton, a sheep; I. i. 98; "laced mutton" seems to have been a cant term for a loose woman, but probably used here in the sense of "a fine piece of woman's flesh," "a finely trimmed woman"; I. i. 99.

From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Nicholas (*Saint*), the patron saint of scholars; III. i. 296.

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Nick, reckoning (alluding to the "nicks" or "notches" on a wooden tally); IV. ii. 75.

Possessions, interpreted equivocally in the sense of "mental endowments;" V. ii. 25.

Post, messenger; I. i. 153.

An Exchequer Tally of the XIV. Cent.

Noddy (quibblingly for "nod-ay"), simpleton; I. i. 117.

On (play upon "on" and "one"), II. i. 1.

On, of; IV. ii. 72.

One, "one knave," *i.e.* "a single, not a double knave" (referring perhaps to Proteus' falsehood to both friend and mistress); III. i. 263.

Omitting, neglecting; II. iv. 65.

Onset, beginning; III. ii. 94.

O'erlook'd, perused; I. ii. 50.

Owe, own; V. ii. 28.

Pageants, dramatic entertainments; IV. iv. 164.

Pardon, excuse your absence; III. ii. 98.

Parle, talk; I. ii. 5.

Passenger, passer-by; IV. i. 1.

Passioning, passionately grieving; IV. iv. 172.

Peevish, wayward; III. i. 68; V. ii. 49.

Persévers (accented on second syllable); III. ii. 28.

Practising, plotting; IV. i. 48.

Presently, forthwith; II. iv. 86.

Pretence, design; III. i. 47.

Pretended, proposed; II. vi. 37.

Principality, an angel of the highest rank, next to divinity; II. iv. 152.

Print; "in print" = "to the letter, accurately"; II. i. 166.

Proper, well-shaped; IV. i. 10.

Publisher, one who brings to light; III. i. 47.

Puling, "like a beggar at Hallowmas"; it was a custom on All Saints Day for the poor to go from parish to parish *a-souling, i.e.* "begging and puling for soul-cakes"; II. i. 25.

Quaintly, cleverly; II. i. 120; III. i. 117.

Quality, profession; IV. i. 58.

Quips, sharp jests; IV. ii. 12.

Quote (pronounced "cote"; hence the quibble); II. iv. 18.

Ravel, become entangled; III. ii. 52.

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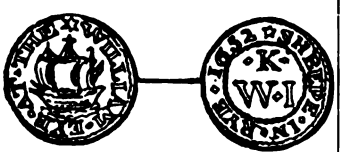
Reasoning, talking; II. i. 139.
Receive, acknowledge; V. iv. 78.
Recking, caring for; IV. iii. 40.
Record, sing; V. iv. 6.
Remorseful, compassionate; IV. iii. 13.
Repeal, recall; V. iv. 143.
Resembleth (quadrisyllabic, "resemb(e)leth"); I. iii. 84.
Respect, regard, care for; III. i. 89; V. iv. 20.
Respective, worthy of respect; IV. iv. 200.
Road, port, harbour; I. i. 53; II. iv. 187.
Root (of the heart); V. iv. 103.

Sad, serious; I. iii. 1.
Servant, a term of gallantry, from a lady to her admirer; II. i. 99, 106.
Set, set to music; interpreted playfully by Julia in the sense of "to estimate"; I. ii. 81.
Set, seated (used quibblingly); II. i. 85.
Several, separate; I. ii. 108.
Shapeless, purposeless; I. i. 8.
Sheep (used quibblingly with "ship," the two words being pronounced nearly the same); I. i. 73.



From a token issued by William Eye at the *Sheepe,* in Rye, 1652.

Shot, a tavern-reckoning (used quibblingly); II. v. 9.
Silly, helpless; IV. i. 72.
Sluggardized, made lazy; I. i. 7.
So, so be it, well and good; II. i. 129.
Soho, the cry of hunters on starting a hare; III. i. 189.

From a seal (XIV. Cent.) discovered in Sussex.

Sort, select; III. ii. 92.
Speed, succeed; IV. iv. 112.
Squirrel (applied to a small dog); IV. iv. 59.
Statue, image; IV. iv. 206.
Stead, be of use to; II. i. 111.
Still, ever; V. iv. 43.
Still on end, perpetually; IV. iv. 67.
Stock (used quibblingly); III. i. 305; 306.
Stomach, used quibblingly in sense of "temper" and of "hunger"; (observe also the play upon "meat" and "maid," pronounced nearly alike); I. ii. 68.
Strange; "she makes it strange" = "she pretends to be shocked"; I. ii. 102.
Sudden, quick, sharp; IV. ii. 12.
Suggested, tempted; III. i. 34.
Sweet-suggesting, sweetly tempting: II. vi. 7.
Swinged, whipped; II. i. 82.

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Table, tablet; II. vii. 3.
Tender, compassionate; IV. iv. 145.
Tender, dear; V. iv. 37.
Testerned, presented with a tester, or sixpence; I. i. 145.
Turn, prove inconstant; II. ii. 4.
Unadvised, inadvertently; IV. iv. 127.
Up and down, altogether, exactly; II. iii. 32.

Tester (Shilling) of Henry VIII.; later the name was given to Sixpences. From a specimen in the British Museum.

Throughly, thoroughly; I. ii. 115.
Timeless, untimely; III. i. 21.
Tire, head-dress; IV. iv. 190.
To; "to Milan" = "by letters addressed to Milan"; I. i. 57: in comparison with; II. iv. 138, 139.
Tongues, languages; IV. i. 33.
Trenched, carved; III. ii. 7.
Triumphs, festive pageants; V. iv. 161.
Very, true; III. ii. 41.
Weeds, garments; II. vii. 42.
Where, whereas; III. i. 74.
Wink, shut the eyes; V. ii. 14.
With, by; II. i. 31.
Without (used quibblingly); II. i. 34-38.
Wood, mad; II, iii. 30 (see Notes).

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Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. '*The names of all the actors*' are given at the end of the play in the Folios; the form 'Protheus' is invariably used for 'Proteus,' 'Anthonio' for 'Antonio,' and 'Panthion' for 'Panthino.'

I. i. 19. '*On a love-book pray for my success*'; an allusion to the Roman Catholic custom of placing the beads on the prayer-book, and of counting the beads with the prayers. 'The love-book' is in this case to take the place of the prayer-book; some have supposed that Shakespeare is here referring to Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' which, however, though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1593, was not printed till 1598, after which date many references occur to it in contemporary literature; Shakespeare directly quotes from it in *As You Like It*, IV. i. 100.

I. ii. 53. '*What fool is she*'; the first three Folios read 'what 'fool is she,' indicating the omission of the indefinite article, a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom.

I. ii. 137. '*I see you have a moneth's mind to them*'; Schmidt in his 'Shakespeare Lexicon' explains the phrase 'month's mind' as 'a woman's longing,' as though the expression had its origin in the longing for particular articles of food shown by women, but this interpretation seems to have no authority. Johnson rightly remarks on this passage:—'A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of expression.' The Cambridge ed. following Fol. reads 'month's mind,' but the metre clearly requires the contemporary archaic form.

I. iii. 27. 'Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan. Several of the first German Emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being at that time their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions.'—STEEVENS.

II. i. 37. '*none else would*'; *i.e.* 'no one else would perceive them.'

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II. i. 78. '*to put on your hose*'; various suggestions have been made for the emendation of these words:—'to beyond your nose,' 'to put spectacles on your nose,' 'to put on your shoes,' 'to button your hose.' It is not certain that a rhyming couplet was intended. Probably 'unable to see to put on one's hose' was a proverbial expression meaning 'unable to tell which leg to put into one's hose first,' *i.e.* 'not to have one's wits about one.'

II. i. 166. '*for in print I found it.*' Probably these lines are quoted from some old ballad or play, though their source has not yet been found. One cannot help thinking that Shakespeare is quoting from some play of the 'Two Italian Gentleman' type; the reprinted extracts contain passages strongly reminding one of these lines.

II. iii. 30. '*a good woman*'; the Folios read 'a would-woman'; Theobald first changed 'would' into 'wood' (*i.e.* mad); others 'an ould (*i.e.* old) woman.'

II. iv. 116. The Folios give this line to 'Thurio'; if the reading be right, he must have quitted the stage during the scene, probably immediately before the entrance of Proteus, after line 99.

II. iv. 130. '*Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me*'; Johnson proposed to read 'those' for 'whose,' as if the 'imperious thoughts' are Valentine's and not 'Love's.'

II. iv. 196. '*Is it mine eye or Valentinës praise*'; the Camb. ed., following the first Folio, reads, 'Is it mine, or Valentine's praise'; the later Folios, 'Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise?' Theobald's suggestion, 'mine eye' has been generally adopted; 'if this were unsatisfactory,' the Camb. editors remark, 'another guess might be hazarded:—

Is it mine unstaid mind or Valentine's praise.'

In the latter case 'Valentine's' must be read as a dissyllable; in the former as a quadrisyllable; it is not necessary to read, as has been proposed, 'Valentino's' or 'Valentinus'.' Two other ingenious emendations are noteworthy:—'her mien,' 'mine eyne' ('thine eyne' occurs as a rhyme in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 138).

II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129. The Cambridge editors have retained the reading of the Folios in these lines, 'Padua' in the first passage, and 'Verona' in the second and third, 'because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's or transcriber's error. These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shake-

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speare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid;' the scene is in each case undoubtedly Milan (perhaps 'Milano,' *metri causa*).

III. i. 273. '*Condition*'; so the first three Folios; the fourth Folio reads 'conditions,' adopted in many editions; 'condition' is generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of 'temper,' 'quality.'

III. i. 311. '*World on Wheels,*' a proverbial expression well illustrated by the accompanying drawing:—

From Taylor the Water-Poet's tract 'The World runnes on Wheels . . .' (1623).

[The cut represents the 'chayn'd ensared world' (turned upside down) being drawn to destruction by the flesh and the devil.]

III. ii. 77. Malone suggests that some such line as the following has been lost after 'integrity:'—'as her obdurate heart may penetrate,' but the meaning is perhaps rightly explained by Steevens:—'such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines.'

IV. i. 36. '*Robin Hood's fat friar,*' *i.e.* Friar Tuck. This allusion to 'Robin Hood's friar' by the Italian outlaw is somewhat unexpected; in the later play of *As You Like It* there is also an allusion to 'Robin Hood,' but Shakespeare is careful to add 'of England' ('they live like the old Robin Hood of England,' I. i. 122).

IV. i. 49. '*An heir, and near allied*'; the Folios read 'niece,' for which Theobald suggested 'near,' a reading generally accepted; possibly, but doubtfully, 'niece' may after all be correct, being used occasionally by Elizabethan writers to signify almost any relationship.

IV. iv. 60. '*Hangman boys*'; the Folios read 'hangmans boys'; the reading in the text was given by Singer from a MS. note in a copy of the second Folio in his possession.

IV. iv. 79. The first Folio misprints, 'not leave her token.'

IV. iv. 157.

> "*But since she did neglect her looking-glass,*
> *And threw her sun-expelling mask away;*'

cf. the accompanying illustration.

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Looking-glass and Mask.
From a copperplate by Peter de Lode.

V. iv. 2. Probably a better reading than the Folio is that generally adopted, due to Collier's MS.:—

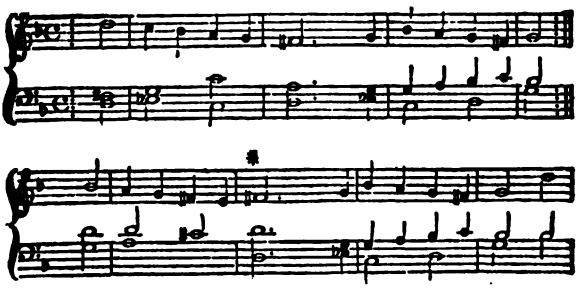
'these shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.'

V. iv. 47-50. '*Rend thy faith . . . perjury, to love me. Thou . . .*' The lines seem clear as they stand; a suggestion by Mr. Daniel is perhaps worthy of mention:—'rain . . . perjury. To love me Thou,' *or* 'hail . . . Discandied into perjury. To love me Thou . . .'

V. iv. 71. A difficult line to scan; Johnson proposed 'O time most curst'; others omit 'most' or 'O'; perhaps we have here an Alexandrine, 'O' counting as a monosyllabic foot; the second syllable of 'deepest' being an extra syllable before the pause:—

The pri'|vate wou'nd| is de'epest; || O'-| time mo'st| accur'st,|

Part of 'My Lady Carey's Dumpe,' *circa* 1600 (to illustrate III. ii. 85).



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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

2. Milton has a like play upon words in his *Comus*:—

> "It is for *homely* features to keep home;
> They had their name thence."

8. *Idleness* is called *shapeless,* as preventing the shaping of the character and manners.

18. A *beadsman,* as the word is here used, is one who is pledged to pray on behalf of another. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman,* now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* is Anglo-Saxon for *prayer,* and for the small wooden balls used in numbering prayers, a string of which is called a *rosary.* Such the origin of the name, if not of the thing, "a string of beads."

114. *that's noddy*:—The poor quibble is more apparent in the original, where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle, *ay,* is printed *I. Noddy* was a game at cards: applied to a person, the word meant *fool*; Noddy being the name of what is commonly called the Jack.

138-141. *being so hard,* etc.:—The meaning apparently is, "Since

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she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you whose mind I bore, when you yourself address her." Malone points out the antithesis between *brought* and *telling*.

145. *testerned*:—"You have given me a *testern*." *Testern*, now called tester, was the name of a coin of sixpence value, so named from having a *teste*, that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was originally valued at eighteen pence.

150. *Being destined*, etc.:—"It is worthy of remark," says Clarke, "that Speed's flippancy exceeds the licensed pertness of a jester, and degenerates into impertinence when speaking with Proteus; thus subtly conveying the dramatist's intention in the character itself. Had Proteus not been the mean, unworthy man he is, as gentleman and lover, Speed had not dared to twit him so broadly with his niggardly and reluctant recompense, or to speak in such free terms of the lady Proteus addresses."

Scene II.

19. *Censure*, in Shakespeare's time, was commonly used in the sense of judging, passing judgement, giving one's judgement or opinion. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*, II. i. 36, 37: "How blest am I in my just *censure*, in my true opinion!"

30. *Fire* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples. This and other words, as your, hour, power, etc., were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time as one or two syllables, as their verse required.

94, 95. *descant*:—The simple air in music was called the *plain song*, or *ground*; the *descant* was probably what is now called *variations*; the *mean* was the part between treble and tenor. This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, what was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time."

97. *I bid the base*:—Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base*, or *prison-base*, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.

126. *Sith*:—Since.

136. *for catching cold*:—That is, lest they should catch cold; anciently a common form of expression.

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Scene III.

8-10. *Some to the wars,* etc.:—This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were everywhere the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honour and mental accomplishment "kissed each other;" what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as has rolled down to us in the works of Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon!

27. *the emperor*:—"Some of the first German emperors," says Steevens, "were crowned kings of Italy at Milan before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the Poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that and all the other great cities in Italy were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became, but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure."

30 *et seq.* Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period, when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practise, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances;" as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters, but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors, the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by her Majesty in the tiltyard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the tiltyard at Kenilworth.

44. *break with him*:—This use of *break* for *broach* or open (the matter to him) is one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed. *To break with a person,* now wears a very different meaning.

84-87. *O, how this spring,* etc.:—Note with what accuracy and

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vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than with man, his mind not having yet climbed the height of this latter argument. The fine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature may well send one's thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:—

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

2. *one*:—*On* and *one* were sometimes pronounced alike, and also written so; this is but a quibble based on such identity of pronunciation.

24. *takes diet*:—To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

26. *Hallowmas*:—The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in some places went from parish to parish *a-souling*, as they called it; that is, *begging* and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dictionary* explains *puling*), for soul-cakes, and singing what they called the souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

73. *going ungartered*:—This is mentioned by Rosalind (*As You Like It*, III. iii.) as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your *hose* should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," etc.

85. *Set* for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon.

94. As *motion* signified a *puppet-show*, whereat the showman was called the *interpreter*, Speed means, "What a fine puppet-

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show shall we have now! Here is the principal puppet to whom my master will act as showman."

99. *Sir Valentine and servant*:—"Here," says Sir J. Hawkins, "Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again her *gentle servant*. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakespeare wrote." Henry James Pye, in his *Comments on the Commentators*, observes that, "in the *Noble Gentlemen* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." Knight, however, believes "that Shakespeare here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress he says that he has written for her a letter—'some lines to one she loves'—unto a 'secret nameless friend'; and what is still stronger evidence that the word 'servant' had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

> 'Sweet lady, entertain him
> To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;'

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

> 'Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.'

"Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

> 'Had come along with me, but that his mistress
> Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.'

"It appears, therefore, that we must receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harnessed knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tiltyard as their 'mistress,' and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a 'servant' dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty."

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Scene II.

[*Verona.*] About fifteen months elapse between the first Scene and this. For in that, the ship waits for Valentine to embark for Milan, while on the next day after the occurrences in this, Proteus also leaves Verona for the same city, where he arrives in the middle of Act II., and where the subsequent events of that Act and of Act III. occupy but a few days; and as in the first Scene of Act IV. Valentine tells the Outlaws that he sojourned in Milan "some sixteen months," nearly all of that period must have passed before the departure of Proteus from Verona. The division of this comedy into acts might be improved; but we have no right to remove this evidence of Shakespeare's inexperience when he wrote it, even if we admit that he was much solicitous at any period about the probabilities of time.

5 *et seq. Keep this remembrance,* etc.:—The ceremonial of betrothing, for which a ritual was formerly provided, is thus set down by the Priest in *Twelfth Night,* V. i.:—

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings," etc.

Scene III.

17. *this left shoe*:—This shows that in the Poet's time each foot had its several shoe; which fashion, once laid aside, has grown into general use again almost within the recollection of the present generation.

24-26. *I am the dog,* etc.:—Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him.

30. *like a wood woman*:—*Wood* is an old word for *frantic* or *mad*: so that the speaker means that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son. Perhaps the sense would be clearer, if we read, "O, that *the shoe* could speak now," etc.

55, 56. The first, *tide,* refers to the river: the last, *tied,* to the dog. In the original *tide* and *tied* are both spelt the same way, *tide,* which renders the quibble more obvious.

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Scene IV.

20. *My jerkin is a doublet*:—"The *jerkin*, or jacket," observes Knight, "was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A 'doblet jaquet' and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a 'doblet hose and jaquet' of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII. In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory."

73. *He is complete in feature*:—*Feature*, originally meaning *form, making*, was applied by Shakespeare and his contemporaries to the whole person. Thus in Heywood's *Helen to Paris*, 1609:—

> "Three goddesses stripp'd naked to your eye,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I scarce believe those high immortal creatures
> Would to your eye expose their naked *features*."

So also Spenser: "Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

138. *There is no woe to*, etc.:—That is, no misery in comparison with that inflicted by love; a form of speech formerly not unusual. Thus an old ballad: "There is no comfort in the world *to* women that are kind."

209. *'Tis but her picture*:—Dr. Johnson criticized the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the *picture* of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. But the blunder was the critic's, not Shakespeare's. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself.

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Scene V.

38, 39. *how sayest thou*:—That is, "What say'st thou to this circumstance?" So in *Macbeth*, III. iv.: "How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?"

Scene VI.

35. *Competitor*, here meaning confederate, associate, or partner, is likewise used in *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. i.:—

> "That thou, my brother, my *competitor*
> In top of all design, my *mate* in empire,
> *Friend* and *companion* in the front of war."

Scene VII.

3. *table*:—That is, table-book, or book of tablets. They were carried in the pockets and used for noting down memoranda. Thus the well-known lines in *Hamlet*, I. v.:—

> "from the *table* of my memory
> I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records."

And again:—

> "My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

9, 10. *A true-devoted pilgrim*, etc.:—An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts, often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of those shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest.

51. *your farthingale*:—The *farthingale*, according to Fairholt, as quoted by White, was originally a broad roll, which made the person full about the hips. It came to be applied to the gown so widened.

70. *Infinite* is here used for *infinity*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii., we find "the *infinite* of thought;" and Chaucer has "Although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time."

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85. *my longing journey*:—"The journey that I *long* to be making;" or, it may mean, "the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it."

88. *in lieu thereof*:—That is, in *consideration* thereof, or in return for. This use of *lieu* is not uncommon in the old writers. So in Hooker's *Eccle. Pol.*, I. xi. 5: "But be it that God of his great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man's endeavours to bestow the same." And in Spenser's dedication of his *Four Hymns*: "Beseeching you to accept this my humble service, *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

185. *to fly*:—That is, *by flying*, or *in flying*.

191. *hair*:—Launce is still quibbling: he is running down the *hare* he started when he first entered.

296. *Saint Nicholas be thy speed!*—Saint Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of Saint Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In 1 *Henry IV.* *thieves* are called Saint Nicholas's clerks; whether from the similarity of the names *Nicholas* and *Old Nick*, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary does not fully appear.

305, 306. *stock*:—Launce's play on this word is explained by Hudson as follows: "The last *stock* means *stocking*; the other, *dower*, or stock of *goods*, probably."

345. *liberal*:—That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Liberal was frequently used as meaning *licentious*.

358. *The cover of the salt*:—"The ancient English salt-cellar," says Malone, "was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover, to keep the salt clean. There was but one salt-cellar on the dinner-table,

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which was placed near the top of the table; and those who sat below the salt were, for the most part, of an inferior condition to those who sat above it."

Scene II.

53. *bottom it*:—"As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's *Garden*, 1557:—

> "A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
> My letters are become,
> Which, oft with winding off and on,
> Are wasted whole and some."

87. *inherit her*:—To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for to *gain possession of*, without any notion of inheritance. Milton, in *Comus*, has "*disinherit* Chaos," meaning only to *dispossess* it.

92. To sort, *to choose out*.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

33. *Have you the tongues?*—That is, do you speak foreign languages?

36. *Robin Hood's fat friar*:—Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew; that ancient specimen of clerical baldness and plumpness and jollity, who figures so largely in old ballads and in *Ivanhoe*. Recall what Drayton says:—

> "Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade."

46. *awful men*:—Men *full of awe*, or reverence for just authority, the duties of life, and the laws of society. See Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*:—

> "And kings sat still with *awful* eye,
> As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

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Scene II.

12. *sudden quips*:—*Quips*, meaning bitter retorts, or sharp sarcasms, thus occurs in *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. 241-243: "Shall *quips* and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?"

75. *out of all nick*:—That is, beyond all *reckoning*. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in *A Woman Never Vexed*, 1532: "I have carried these tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*." The time is not very remote when such tallies were finally disused in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick*.

83. *Saint Gregory's well*:—This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but usually, no doubt, with different feelings. The town in which is Saint Winifred's well, in North Wales, is called Holywell. The well is still inclosed by the Gothic temple erected by the mother of Henry VII.

135. *halidom*:—Nares says that this word is properly derived from *holy* and *dom*, like kingdom, making the oath mean something like by my *faith*. Some complete it thus: "By my faith as a Christian."

140. *most heaviest*:—The double superlative, as well as the double comparative, was often used in Shakespeare's time.

Scene III.

21. *thou vow'dst pure chastity*:—It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands, and sometimes, perhaps, of those only betrothed, as Sir Eglamour probably was.

Scene IV.

10. *trencher*:—A wooden platter. That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher* need not seem strange, since in Shakespeare's day this utensil was used by persons of the highest

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rank. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. are entries pointing to the service of trenchers on the king's table.

158. *sun-expelling mask*:—Alluding, probably, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

170. *agood*:—This word, meaning *in good earnest, heartily,* though used by Shakespeare only in this place, is met with occasionally in contemporary and earlier writers. So in Drayton's *Dowsabell,* 1593:—

> "But then the shepherd pip'd *a-good,*
> That all his sheep forsook their food
> To hear his melody."

196. *periwig*:—False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time, probably on account of a general desire to have hair like Queen Elizabeth's. The fashion is thus referred to in *The Merchant of Venice,* III. ii.:—

> "So are those crisped snaky golden locks
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

197. *grey as glass*:—The *grey* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue* eyes of ours. Glass was not colourless then, as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as grey as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.

198. *her forehead's low,* etc.:—"*Forehead,*" says White, "was formerly used, as it now too often is, for *brow*; and to the beauty of a broad, low brow (which may exist with a high fore-head, as we see in the finest antique statues) the folk of Shakespeare's day seem to have been blind. Perhaps in this too they paid their court to the bald-browed Virgin Queen. There are fashions even in beauty."

206. *statue*:—The words *statue* and *picture* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral, says: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin there was a general sighing." And in Massinger's *City*

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Madam, Frugal wishes his daughters to "take leave of their late suitors' *statues*"; and Luke answers, "*There they hang.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

7. *But love,* etc.:—In the Folios this speech is given to Proteus, and the next speech of Julia to Thurio. Boswell corrected the first, and Rowe the other.

Scene IV.

6. *record*:—Commonly used as meaning to *sing*. So in Drayton's *Eclogues*:—

> "Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
> Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."

Cotgrave and others speak of the birds recording, that is, warbling.

83. *All that was mine,* etc.:—This is a strange passage. Many commentators have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. Here is a remark upon it in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from the Plays of Shakespeare*: "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," no doubt more correctly says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism': but the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the Poet; and in stories popular during his youth he may have found similar instances of romantic generosity." White's remark is: "Much of little worth has been written upon this singular passage. But it appears to be uncorrupted, and it has a plain meaning. Comment

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upon it, therefore, seems to be the function, not of the editor of Shakespeare's works, but of the philosophical critic upon his poetry and dramatic art. It is proper to remark, however, that Valentine displays a similar overstrained generosity when, on the arrival of Proteus (II. iv.) he twice earnestly entreats Silvia to receive his friend as her lover, on equal terms with him—as his 'fellow-servant' to her."

94. *cry you mercy*:—That is, ask your pardon.

101-103. *gave aim*, etc.:—Allusion to archery. That which *gave aim* was the *mark* at which the archer shot. The *root* means the *pin*, to *cleave* which was to hit the centre of the mark.

106, 107. *if shame live*, etc.:—That is, if it be any shame to wear a disguise in such a cause.

129. *Verona shall not hold thee*:—"To Valentine's apprehension," says White, "the whole party were on their way from Milan to Verona, as he was when the Outlaws stayed him; and therefore his threat to Thurio that he shall never reach his destination. Theobald, not perceiving this, and seeing only that 'Thurio is a Milanese, and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona,' in his perplexity reads '*Milan* shall not *be*hold thee.' This is cutting the knot, with a vengeance. But the difficulty and the solution have, with too little thought, been accepted by succeeding editors. Mr. Singer even adds that 'the Scene, too, is between the confines of Milan and Mantua,' as support for the rejection of any allusion to Verona. This, however, is not the case, as appears from the fact that Silvia takes flight before sunset in Sc. i. of this Act, is pursued immediately, as we see by the Duke's speech in Sc. ii., is seized by the Outlaws in the next scene, and is rescued in the next. The events evidently pass with great rapidity; and the same safety from pursuit which Sir Eglamour promised Silvia in the forest 'not three leagues' from Milan, had been previously found there by the Outlaws.

152. *men that I have kept withal*:—That is, that I have been living with. Shakespeare often uses *kept* for *lived* or *dwelt*.

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Questions on

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. What is the probable date of the composition of this play? When was the play first published?
2. From what sources was the play derived?
3. What is the time covered in the play?

ACT FIRST.

4. With what situation does it open?
5. What has Valentine to say of stay-at-homes? Is it a truth of general application?
6. How does Proteus report himself as a lover? What is said to be the object of Valentine's hunt?
7. What excess of manner over matter does this Scene contain that marks the play as early work? Mention some of the verbal conceits.
8. What does Speed report of Julia, to whom he was sent to deliver Proteus's letter? How do we know that he did not see Julia? What two dramatic effects are secured by this mistake?
9. What epithets does Julia apply to the suitors she presents for Lucetta's approval? Is there any covert implication that Proteus is preferred?
10. May Lucetta be regarded as the prototype of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*?
11. What traits of character does Julia display? Does she possess charm?
12. Does Shakespeare show more art than nature in the first two Scenes?
13. What comment on the activities of the Elizabethan era do you see in Sc. iii.?
14. Did Julia send a reply to Proteus's letter? What part does the letter play in the action?
15. Is there adequate motive assigned for the precipitate de-

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parture of Proteus? Compare Antonio with Capulet (*Romeo and Juliet*), Frederick (*As You Like It*).

16. What feeling had Proteus about going away and leaving Julia?

ACT SECOND.

17. What does Sc. i. develop of Valentine's new love? What humorous comments on the state of a lover does Speed make?

18. How does Shakespeare balance passion and drollery in this scene?

19. How does Silvia convict Valentine of self-consciousness?

20. What is Speed's comment after Silvia's exit? How does it apply to Valentine?

21. How does Speed enlarge upon the conceit with which Silvia quits the scene?

22. What does Sc. ii. deal with? What token does Julia give to Proteus? What evidences does this scene contain that Proteus is an insincere lover? Compare him with Valentine.

23. What mental kinship does Launce share with the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*?

24. What part in the action does Sir Thurio play? What occasion does he take to pick a quarrel with Valentine? What is the result of their battle of wits?

25. What exaggeration of friendly praise of Proteus does Valentine indulge in? How does the Duke answer this?

26. How does Valentine's rhapsody on love (Sc. iv.) differ from Romeo's rhapsody beneath Juliet's balcony?

27. Proteus says to Valentine, *when I was sick, you gave me bitter pills; and I must minister the like to you.* Infer the flavor of the bitter pill from the natures of the two men.

28. What plan for his marriage does Valentine confide to Proteus?

29. Analyze the state of mind displayed by Proteus in the soliloquy with which Sc. iv. closes.

30. What is your estimate of his reasons for turning false to love and friendship?

31. Explain the dramatic effect of Sc. v.

32. Does Proteus prove himself an egoist in his soliloquy in Sc. vi.? Compare him with Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne. Is he capable of any real love?

33. What traitorous plan does he reveal?

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34. Where is Sc. vii. laid? What journey and in what disguise is Julia about to take?
35. What fears for her reputation does she express?
36. What reassurance does Lucetta offer?
37. Is Lucetta a wise counsellor?

ACT THIRD.

38. How does Proteus excuse his falsity to his friend in informing the Duke?
39. What precautionary measures had the Duke taken against Valentine's rashness?
40. What preparation for the scene between the Duke and Valentine does Proteus furnish?
41. What double motive (i. 44 *et seq.*) do you find in Proteus's words?
42. What effect of contrast between Valentine and Proteus (line 63) is secured in what Valentine says to the Duke of Thurio?
43. By what trick does the Duke uncover the purposes of Valentine? Does Valentine become too easy a prey?
44. Of what does the Duke accuse him?
45. Where is the climax of the drama?
46. What dramatic effect is produced (line 189 *et seq.*) by making Launce the centre of interest for the moment?
47. Compare the love-despair of Valentine with that of Romeo. Which is treated more imaginatively?
48. In what other respect is the plight of Valentine similar to that of Romeo?
49. How do Proteus and Valentine separate?
50. Who first detects villainy in Proteus?
51. What is the dramatic effect of this dialogue between Speed and Launce? What justifies its length?
52. Summarize this Scene and note the rise and fall of emotion. Where is the highest pitch? What saves the Scene from anti-climax?
53. Is Proteus superior to the Duke in intellect? What means does he take with the Duke to get his own plans adopted? Illustrate by Sc. ii.
54. What is the metrical form of Proteus's speech, beginning with line 73?

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ACT FOURTH

55. What reason does Valentine give the Outlaws for his banishment?

56. How is his untruth made absurd by the first Outlaw who accounts for his own banishment?

57. On account of what qualities is Valentine made chief of the Outlaws?

58. What part of this Scene has a forward glance?

59. Is Proteus (Sc. ii.) troubled by genuine rebuke of conscience or chagrin that Silvia has not accepted his suit?

60. How is the faithlessness of Proteus made known to Julia? Is there any moment of the play when Shakespeare's art is more perfect?

61. What do you understand to be the change in the music to which the Host refers?

62. How is Proteus received by Silvia? How does he further entangle himself by falsehoods?

63. What boon is finally granted by Silvia?

64. What ironic touch does the Host supply?

65. What points of resemblance do you see between Sir Eglamour and Prospero of *The Tempest*?

66. Is there an element of satire in the episode (Sc. iv.) of Launce and his dog? Explain its implication.

67. In what later play of Shakespeare is the situation of this Scene repeated?

68. Does Julia carry out her purpose to plead coldly in Proteus's behalf?

ACT FIFTH.

69. Give your opinion of the humorous interludes spoken by Julia in Sc. ii. What later play repeats this situation?

70. Is the defection of Sir Eglamour consistent with the view of him given in the preceding Act?

71. What is the temper of Valentine's reflections in Sc. iv.? What later drama do they anticipate?

72. Describe the resolution of the drama.

73. After Silvia had been rescued from the Outlaws, do you see any weakening of her protest against the wooing of Proteus?

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74. Account for the willingness of Valentine to surrender Silvia to Proteus.

75. By the tightening of cords that involve Proteus up to the last is there any conclusion, consistent with comedy, other than the one Shakespeare uses? Where then is the structural defect of the play?

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76. Compare this play with the two earlier comedies, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Comedy of Errors,* and note the similarities and differences in metrical form.

77. What evidences of the growth of the Poet's art do you discover?

78. Is Shakespeare here more intent in perfecting his art than in developing character? Compare a play like this with the early volume of Tennyson.

79. Mention other plays containing situations similar to some in this play. What does this comparison show regarding Shakespeare's power of inventing incident?

80. Compare Valentine with Romeo; Julia with Viola and Imogen.

81. Is there any more humorous clown in Shakespeare than Launce?

82. What allusion to nature do you find in this play?

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ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Preface.

The First Editions. *All's Well that Ends Well* appeared for the first time in the First Folio. It is certain that no earlier edition existed; the play was mentioned in the Stationers' Register under Nov. 8th, 1623, among the plays not previously entered. The text of the first edition is corrupt in many places, and gives the impression of having been carelessly printed from an imperfectly revised copy. There is no record of the performance of *All's Well that Ends Well* during Shakespeare's lifetime; the earliest theatrical notices belong to the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Date of Composition. The remarkable incongruity of style characteristic of *All's Well that Ends Well*—the striking contrast of mature and early work—can only be accounted for by regarding the play as a recast of an earlier version of the comedy. Rhyming lines, the sonnet-like letters, the lyrical dialogues and speeches, remind the reader of such a play as *Love's Labour's Lost.* The following passages have not inaptly been described as 'boulders from the old strata embedded in the later deposits':—Act I. i. 226-239; I. iii. 133-141; II. i. 132-213; II. iii. 73-105, 127-146; III. iv. 4-17; IV. iii. 237-245; V. iii. 60-72, 322-337.

It seems very probable, almost certain, that the play is a revision of '*Love's Labours Wonne,*' mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598). *Love's Labours Wonne*' has been variously identified by scholars with

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Much Ado about Nothing, Taming of the Shrew, The Tempest. A strong case can, however, be made for the present play, and there is perhaps an allusion to the old title in Helena's words (V. iii. 311-312) :—

> *'This is done;*
> *Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?'*

The play was probably originally a companion play to *Love's Labour's Lost,* and was written about the years 1590-92. It may well have belonged to the group of early comedies. The story, divested of its tragic intensity, may perhaps link it to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the original Helena may have been a twin-sister to the 'Helena' of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The diction and metre throughout may have resembled the passages to which attention has already been called.

There is no very definite evidence for the date of the revision of the play. The links which connect it with *Hamlet* are unmistakeable; the Countess's advice to Bertram anticipates Polonius's advice to Laertes; Helena's strength of will and clearness of purpose make her a sort of counterpart to Hamlet, as she herself says:—

> *'Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,*
> *Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky*
> *Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull*
> *Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull'*
> (I. i. 236-9).

Furthermore, the name 'Corambus' (IV. ii. 185) recalls the 'Corambis' of the First Quarto of *Hamlet*: similarly the name 'Escalus' is the name of the Governor in *Measure for Measure.* In the latter play, indeed, we have almost the same situation as in *Alll's Well,*—the honest intrigue of a betrothed to win an irresponsive lover. Finally, the undoing of the braggart Parolles recalls Falstaff's exposure in *Henry IV.*, and Malvolio's humiliation in *Twelfth Night.* All things considered, the play, as we have it, may safely be dated, 'about 1602.'

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The Source of the Plot. The story of Helena and Bertram was derived by Shakespeare from the *Decameron* through the medium of Paynter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The Novels of the Third Day of the *Decameron* tell of those lovers who have overcome insuperable obstacles; they are, in fact, stories of 'Love's Labours Won,' and if Shakespeare had turned to the Italian, the original title '*Love's Labour's Won*' may have been suggested by the words connecting the Novels of the Second and Third Days. The Ninth Novel of the Third Day narrates how 'Giletta, a physician's daughter of Narbon, healed the French King of a Fistula, for reward whereof she demanded Beltramo, Count of Rossiglione, to husband. The Count being married against his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by policy found means to be with her husband in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two sons; which known to her husband, he received her again, and afterwards he lived in great honour and felicity.'

The following are among the most noteworthy of Shakespeare's variations from his original:—(i.) the whole interest of the story is centred in the heroine—according to Coleridge, Shakespeare's 'loveliest creation'; to this character-study all else in the play is subordinated; the poor Helen of *All's Well,* unlike the wealthy Giletta of the Novel, derives 'no dignity or interest from place or circumstances,' and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections; (ii.) the moral character of Bertram, the Beltramo of the Novel, is darkened; his personal beauty and valour is emphasized; while (iii.) Shakespeare has embodied his evil genius in the character of the vile Parolles, of whom there is no hint in the original story; (iv.) similarly, generous old Lafeu, the Countess,—'like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have

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animated them when young'—the Steward, and the Clown, are entirely his own creations.

Duration of Action. The time of the play is eleven days, distributed over three months, arranged as follows by Mr. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79):—

Day 1, Act I. i. *Interval.* Bertram's journey to Court. *Day* 2, Act I. ii. and iii. *Interval.* Helena's journey. *Day* 3, Act II. i. and ii. *Interval.* Cure of the King's malady. *Day* 4, Act II. iii., iv. and v. *Interval.* Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence. *Day* 5, Act III. i. and ii. *Day* 6, Act III. iii. and iv. *Interval*—some two months. *Day* 7, Act III. v. *Day* 8, Act III. vi. and vii.; Act IV. i., ii. and iii. *Day* 9, Act IV. iv. *Interval.* Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles. *Day* 10, Act IV. v.; Act V. i. *Day* 11, Act V. ii. and iii.

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Upon the death of a celebrated physician, his daughter Helena is given a home with the Countess of Rousillon, and she there falls desperately in love with the Countess's son, Bertram. His mother discovers the attachment, but is not displeased at it, for Helena, though poor and unknown, is a woman of much worth. Bertram, however, pays no heed to Helena, all his thoughts being turned to active service with the King of France, under whose protection he places himself after the death of his father. The King is suffering at this time from a disease which has been pronounced incurable. Helena, hearing of the King's ailment, secures the Countess's permission to go and offer him a prescription left her by her father.

II. Helena obtains an audience with the King, and after much persuasion induces him to try her remedy, exacting only a royal promise that, in the event of his being cured, the monarch shall bestow upon her the hand of a gentleman of her choosing. The cure is effected, and Helena chooses Bertram. The young Count disdains the match, but is forced to consent to the nuptials, under peril of the King's displeasure. But no sooner is the ceremony performed than Bertram departs for the Florentine war, without so much as kissing his bride.

III. Helena is sent home to the Countess with a letter from Bertram to the effect that he will never recog-

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nize his wife until she can obtain possession of a ring, a family heirloom, from his finger, and become with child by him—to which conditions he subscribes a "never." He also renounces his family estates because of her, which so grieves the young woman that she departs, no one knows whither, in order not to keep him from his home. In Florence, the Duke has made Bertram general of his horse, and the Count distinguishes himself in battle. Helena arrives in the city disguised as a pilgrim, and learns from a widow that Bertram has been making dishonourable proposals to her daughter, Diana. Helena, seeing an opportunity, through Diana, to work out the seemingly impossible conditions imposed by her husband, prevails upon the widow to aid her project.

IV. In furtherance of Helena's plot, Diana obtains from Bertram the much-prized ring, and makes an assignation with him, at which, however, the woman he meets is not Diana, as he supposes, but Helena. Shortly afterwards he returns to his mother, the Countess, who has been mourning Helena as dead.

V. The King, at this time, is visiting at the Countess's palace in Rousillon. He becomes reconciled with Bertram, who had left the court surreptitiously, and is on the point of giving his consent to the young Count's marriage with another lady, when he detects a ring upon Bertram's finger that he himself had formerly given Helena, and which she had placed upon her husband's finger in Florence. Bertram cannot give a satisfactory explanation of its presence, and the King suspects him of having laid violent hands upon his wife, when the lost Helena appears upon the scene, tells the truth concerning the Florentine assignation, and assures her husband that both his conditions have been fufilled. The repentant Bertram gladly acknowledges her as his wife.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

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II.

Helena.

In the character of Juliet we have seen the passionate and the imaginative blended in an equal degree, and in the highest conceivable degree as combined with delicate female nature. In Helena we have a modification of character altogether distinct; allied, indeed, to Juliet as a picture of fervent, enthusiastic, self-forgetting love, but differing wholly from her in other respects; for Helena is the union of strength of passion with strength of character.

"To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immovable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity."

Such a character, almost as difficult to delineate in fiction as to find in real life, has Shakspeare given to us in Helena; touched with the most soul-subduing pathos, and developed with the most consummate skill.

Helena, as a woman, is more passionate than imaginative; and, as a character, she bears the same relation to Juliet that Isabel bears to Portia. There is equal unity of purpose and effect, with much less of the glow of imagery and the external colouring of poetry in the sentiments, language, and details. It is passion developed under its most profound and serious aspect; as in Isabella, we have the serious and the thoughtful, not the brilliant side of intellect. Both Helena and Isabel are distinguished by high mental powers, tinged with a melancholy sweetness; but in Isabella the serious and energetic part of the character is founded in religious principle, in Helena it is founded in deep passion.

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consu-

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ming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendour of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly; she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions apparently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakspeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helena is represented in the original story. She is the Giletta di Narbonna of Boccaccio. In the Italian tale, Giletta is the daughter of a celebrated physician attached to the court of Roussillon; she is represented as a rich heiress, who rejects many suitors of worth and rank, in consequence of her secret attachment to the young Bertram de Roussillon. She cures the King of France of a grievous distemper, by one of her father's prescriptions; and she asks and receives as her reward the young Count of Roussillon as her wedded husband. He forsakes her on their wedding day, and she retires, by his order, to his territory of Roussillon. There she is received with honour, takes state upon her in her husband's absence as the "lady of the land," administers justice, and rules her lord's dominions so wisely and so well, that she is uni-

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versally loved and reverenced by his subjects. In the mean time, the Count, instead of rejoining her, flies to Tuscany, and the rest of the story is closely followed in the drama. The beauty, wisdom, and royal demeanour of Gilètta are charmingly described, as well as her fervent love for Bertram. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is indeed represented to us as one

> "Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
> Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
> Humbly called mistress."

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness; she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance: it appears to have taken root in her being; to have grown with her years; and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favour in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away."

It may be said that Bertram, arrogant, wayward, and heartless, does not justify this ardent and deep devotion. But Helena does not behold him with our eyes; but as he is "sanctified in her idolatrous fancy." Dr. Johnson says he cannot reconcile himself to a man who marries Helena like a coward, and leaves her like a profligate. This is much too severe; in the first place, there is no necessity that we *should* reconcile ourselves

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to him. In this consists a part of the wonderful beauty of the character of Helena—a part of its womanly truth, which Johnson, who accuses Bertram, and those who so plausibly defend him, did not understand. If it never happened in real life, that a woman, richly endued with heaven's best gifts, loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength, a man unequal to or unworthy of her, and to whose faults herself alone was blind—I would give up the point; but if it be in nature, why should it not be in Shakspeare?

We are not to look into Bertram's character for the spring and source of Helena's love for him, but into her own. She loves Bertram—because she loves him!—a woman's reason, but here, and sometimes elsewhere, all-sufficient.

And although Helena tells herself that she loves in vain, a conviction stronger than reason tells her that she does not: her love is like a religion, pure, holy, and deep; the blessedness to which she has lifted her thoughts is forever before her; to despair would be a crime—it would be to cast herself away and die. The faith of her affection, combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It could say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hopes, "Be thou removed!" and it is removed. This is the solution of her behaviour in the marriage scene, where Bertram, with obvious reluctance and disdain, accepts her hand, which the King, his feudal lord and guardian, forces on him. Her maidenly feeling is at first shocked, and she shrinks back:—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
> Let the rest go."

But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine

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delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, "to blush out the remainder of her life," and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy with which Helena is portrayed. Pride is the only obstacle opposed to her. She is not despised and rejected as a woman, but as a poor physician's daughter; and this, to an understanding so clear, so strong, so just as Helena's, is not felt as an unpardonable insult. The mere pride of rank and birth is a prejudice of which she cannot comprehend the force, because her mind towers so immeasurably above it; and, compared to the infinite love which swells within her own bosom, it sinks into nothing. She cannot conceive that he, to whom she has devoted her heart and truth, her soul, her life, her service, must not one day love her in return; and, once her own beyond the reach of fate, that her cares, her caresses, her unwearied patient tenderness, will not at last "win her lord to look upon her":—

> . . . "For time will bring on summer,
> When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
> And be as sweet as sharp."

It is this fond faith which, hoping all things, enables her to endure all things; which hallows and dignifies the surrender of her woman's pride, making it a sacrifice on which virtue and love throw a mingled incense.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Bertram.

It undoubtedly lessens the interest of the play that Shakespeare should not have given Bertram some more estimable qualities along with the all too youthful and

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unchivalrous ones which he possesses. The Poet has here been guilty of a certain negligence, which shows that it was only to parts of the play that he gave his whole mind. Bertram is right enough in refusing to have a wife thrust upon him against his will, simply because the King has a debt of gratitude to pay. But this first motive for refusing gives place to one with which we have less sympathy: to wit, pride of rank, which makes him look down on Helena as being of inferior birth, though king, courtiers, and his own mother consider her fit to rank with the best. Even this, however, need not lower Bertram irretrievably in our esteem; but he adds to it traits of unmanliness, even of baseness. For instance, he enjoins Helena, through Parolles, to invent some explanation of his sudden departure which will make the King believe it to have been a necessity; and then he leaves her, not, as he falsely declares, for two days, but for ever. His readiness to marry a daughter of Lafeu the moment the report of Helena's death has reached him is a very extraordinary preparation for the reunion of the couple at the end of the play, and reminds us unpleasantly of the exactly similar incident in *Much Ado About Nothing*. But, worst of all, and an indisputable dramatic mistake, is his entangling himself, just before the final reconciliation, in a web of mean lies with reference to the Italian girl to whom he had laid siege in Tuscany.

It was to make Helena's position more secure, and to avoid any suspicion of the adventuress about her, that Shakespeare invented the character of the Countess, that motherly friend whose affection sets a seal on all her merits. In the same way Parolles was invented with the purpose of making Bertram less guilty. Bertram is to be considered as ensnared by this old "fool, notorious liar, and coward" (as Helena at once calls him), who figures in the play as his evil genius.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

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Even at the last, Bertram's attainment is but small; he is still no more than a potential piece of worthy manhood. We cannot suppose that Shakspere has represented him thus without a purpose. Does not the Poet wish us to feel that although much remains to be wrought in Bertram, his welfare is now assured? The courageous title of the play, *All's Well that Ends Well*, is like an utterance of the heart of Helena, who has strength and endurance to attain the end, and who will measure things, not by the pains and trials of the way, not by the dubious and difficult means, but by that end, by the accomplished issue. We need not, therefore, concern ourselves any longer about Bertram; he is safe in the hands of Helena; she will fashion him as he should be fashioned. Bertram is at length delivered from the snares and delusions which beset his years of haughty ignorance and dullness of the heart; he is doubly won by Helena; therefore he cannot wander far, therefore he cannot finally be lost.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Parolles.

Parolles is a counterfoil of Helena, inasmuch as like her he is ambitious of consorting with a higher rank, but unlike her is destitute of claims to honour of any kind. Lafeu characterizes him as an empty upstart, with a distinction worthy the admirer of Helena: "You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and (note the annexation) virtue gives you heraldry."

The mistake of Bertram, in his estimation of Parolles, is counterpart of his disregard and disdain for Helena, and one error promotes the other, as the vapouring scoundrel is chargeable with some part of the Count's misconduct by encouragement and suggestion. While one error lasts, the other has little chance of being

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recognized; and it is shrewdly remarked, in the conversation of the Lords, that the wronged wife would have a better chance of justice, when her husband should be taught, in the exposure of Parolles, to be mistrustful of his sagacity of character. "I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit."

But from another point of view Parolles is a counterfoil, if we should not rather say a counterpart, of Bertram himself. It almost seems as if the conception of the bescarfed poltroon were invented to follow up the contrast with Bertram, the handsome but false, whose "moral parts" are far from being, as the King would have them, in agreement with his prepossessing outside. The weak point of Parolles, in respect to personal courage, places him in contrast so distinct to the soldier-like Bertram, that the latter escapes some of the disgrace of correspondence on other points with his worthless protégé, who is not only "a most notable coward, but an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worth your Lordship's entertainment."

It is the completion of the humiliation of Bertram, that the follower he had exposed and laughed at is brought in as a witness against him, for misconduct we can hardly say less degrading; and Parolles with his petition to his arch-enemy Lafeu, "It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out," is really provocative of comparison with Bertram crying for pardon to Helena.

The name of Parolles is, of course, allusive to wordiness; it is played upon indeed in this sense, and he is called "the armipotent linguist." The command of tongue that justifies his name, is wonderfully reconciled with his being, though not solely as he is a coward, but "a great part," fool. It is very satisfactory to observe how Lafeu, the old courtier, who has all the principle,

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and experience, and consideration that the youthful Bertram lacks, is disgusted with Parolles, but tolerates, not to say enjoys with gusto, the gossiping pleasantry of the idle clown.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

V.

A Fine Contrast to Lady Capulet.

This old Countess of Roussillon is a charming sketch. She is like one of Titian's old women, who still, amid their wrinkles, remind us of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young. She is a fine contrast to Lady Capulet—benign, cheerful, and affectionate; she has a benevolent enthusiasm, which neither age nor sorrow nor pride can wear away. Thus, when she is brought to believe that Helena nourishes a secret attachment for her son, she observes:—

> "Even so it was with me when I was young!
> . . . . . This thorn
> Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,
> It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
> When love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

Her fond, maternal love for Helena, whom she has brought up, her pride in her good qualities, overpowering all her own prejudices of rank and birth, are most natural in such a mind; and her indignation against her son, however strongly expressed, never forgets the mother.

> "What angel shall
> Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive
> Unless *her* prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
> And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
> Of greatest justice.
> . . . . . Which of them both
> Is dearest to me—I have no skill in sense
> To make distinction."

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This is very skilfully, as well as delicately conceived. In rejecting those poetical and accidental advantages which Giletta possesses in the original story, Shakspeare has substituted the beautiful character of the Countess; and he has contrived, that, as the character of Helena should rest for its *internal* charm on the depth of her own affections, so it should depend for its *external* interest on the affection she inspires.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Almost everybody falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? or who, if he can resist her, will dare to own it? We can almost find in our heart to adore the beauty of youth; yet this blessed old creature is enough to persuade us that age may be more beautiful still. Her generous sensibility to native worth amply atones for her son's mean pride of birth; all her honours of rank and place she would gladly resign, to have been the mother of the poor orphan left in her care. Campbell says, " She redeems nobility by reverting to nature." Verplanck thinks, as well he may, that the Poet's special purpose in this play was to set forth the precedence of innate over circumstantial distinctions. Yet observe with what a catholic spirit he teaches this great lesson, recognizing the noble man in the nobleman, and telling us that none know so well how to prize the nobilities of nature, as those who, like the King and the Countess in this play, have experienced the nothingness of all other claims.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Composition and Rank.

The composition is not as successful as in most of his [Shakspeare's] later comedies; several of the charac-

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ters, such as the Countess and the Duke of Florence, Lafeu, and Parolles, Violenta, and Mariana, do indeed take some external, but no internal part in the action. The reason of this unalterable and chief defect of the whole lies, it seems to me, in the subject-matter of the piece, which is not exactly happily chosen; for it must necessarily be offensive to a fine sense of feeling when, in courtship, woman is the wooer, and especially when this unwomanly proceeding—however well motived and excusable it may appear—is not merely narrated (as in Boccaccio's novel) but represented to us in a vivid, dramatic, and palpable form. To overcome this difficulty, and more particularly to make the surprising conclusion—the heroine's attainment of her wish—appear natural, the poet had, as it were, to take into his service a number of figures simply as motives and to bring the action to a close. But the very choice of this subject, and his adhering to it, in spite of its obvious difficulties, shows us the youthful poet, the youthful pleasure in that which is unusual, the youthful inclination to venture upon a task the difficulties of which have not been sufficiently considered.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

All's Well that Ends Well is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. The interest is, however, more of a serious than of a comic nature. The character of Helena is one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife; yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune, was never so exquisitely expressed as

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in the reflections which she utters when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the King's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. The persevering gratitude of the French king to his benefactress, who cures him of a languishing distemper by a prescription hereditary in her family, the indulgent kindness of the Countess, whose pride of birth yields, almost without a struggle, to her affection for Helena, the honesty and uprightness of the good old lord Lafeu, make very interesting parts of the picture. The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are also very admirably described. The comic part of the play turns on the folly, boasting, and cowardice of Parolles, a parasite and hanger-on of Bertram's, the detection of whose false pretensions to bravery and honour forms a very amusing episode. He is first found out by the old lord Lafeu, who says, "The soul of this man is his clothes"; and it is proved afterwards that his heart is in his tongue, and that both are false and hollow. The adventure of "the bringing off of his drum" has become proverbial as a satire on all ridiculous and blustering undertakings which the person never means to perform.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakspear's Plays.*

The comic scenes, and the general graceful ease and fluency of its diction, give an air of lightness and variety

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to the play that are wanting in the novel. The mere story is not productive of more effect in one than in the other, and the drama makes no pretensions to rank in the first order of excellence. But a value is conferred upon Shakspeare's performance beyond its dramatic merit, by its being the repository of much sententious wisdom, and numerous passages of remarkable elegance. A single speech of the King may be referred to as an instance of both, and Helena's description of her hopeless passion may be selected as exquisitely beautiful.

SKOTTOWE: *Life of Shakspeare.*

Shakespeare departed widely from the story in its earlier form by the greater prominence given to the part of Helena and the singular sweetness and devotion which irradiate her whole course. Coleridge thought her Shakespeare's loveliest creation. The portraiture of her character is touched throughout with exquisite delicacy and skill. Helena suffers, however, from the atmosphere of the play, which is distinctly repellent; it is difficult to resist the feeling that, conceding all that the play demands in concentration of interest upon the single end to be achieved, Helena cheapens the love she finally wins by a sacrifice greater than love could ask or could afford to receive. And when the sacrifice is made and the end secured, the victory of love is purely external; there is no inward and deathless unity of passion between the lovers like that which united Posthumus and Imogen in life and Romeo and Juliet in death.

The play must be interpreted broadly in the light of Shakespeare's entire work; in this light it finds its place as the expression of a passing mood of deep and almost cynical distrust; it is full of that searching irony which from time to time finds utterance in the poet's work and was inevitable in a mind of such range of vision. It is well to remember, also, that in this play the poet,

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for the sake of throwing a single quality into the highest relief, secured entire concentration of attention by disregarding or ignoring other qualities and relations of equal importance and authority. This was what Browning did in his much misunderstood poem "The Statue and the Bust." It is always a perilous experiment, because it involves so much intelligent coöperation on the part of the reader. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's art that Helena's purity not only survives the dangers to which she exposes it, but takes on a kind of saintly whiteness in the corruption in which she plays her perilous part.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

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All's Well that Ends Well.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*
Steward, } *servants to the Countess*
LAVACHE, *a clown,* } *of Rousillon.*
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

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ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance. 10

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose 20

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skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon. 30

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon? 40

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears. 50

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her

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praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have—

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; 60
excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy 70
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged 80
in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

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Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit
of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's. 90
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw 100
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones 110
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

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Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him? 120

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier 130 be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't! 140

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most

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infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't; out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—[You 're for the Court;]
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,

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A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility, 180
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't, 190
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a
charitable star. 200

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

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Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That 's for advantage. 210

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankful- 220 ness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high; 230
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

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Scene II.

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom, 10
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; 20

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Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on, 30
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when 40
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb; 50
So in approof lives not his epitaph

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As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 60
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count, 70
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

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Scene III.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

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Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives. 30

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness. 40

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my 50 flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave? 60

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Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak. 70

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good, 80
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an 90

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earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.* 100

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did 110 communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; . . . queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she 120 delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my

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duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; 130 and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now. 141

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds 150

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A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: 160
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were,—
So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other, 170
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

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To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true; 180
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
The truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me! 190

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love: 200
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,

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I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore 210
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose; 220
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, 230
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

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Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen, 240
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified 250
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessings into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, 260
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords; 10
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny, 20
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

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King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*Exit.*
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and 'tis too early.'
Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.
First Lord. There 's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
First Lord. Farewell, captain.
Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. 40
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.
First Lord. We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?
Ber. Stay: the king. 50

Re-enter King.

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained your-

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self within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed; after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus; 70
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand, 80

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And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu, 90
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle, 100
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

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Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling, 110
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded 120
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

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Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure, 160
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

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Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property 190
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death 's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:

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Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 200
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time: for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest. 211
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his 10

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hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 20

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 30

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser 40 by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

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Clo. O Lord, sir! There 's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you. 50

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 60

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again,

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give
Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me? 70

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

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Scene III.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world. 20

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the

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brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the— 30

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king. 40

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense,
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive 50
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;

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Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!
Laf. I 'ld give bay Curtal and his furniture, 60
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 70
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We 'll ne'er come there again.'
King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial love, that God most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?
First Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw amesace for my life. 80
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies;
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

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Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'ld have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take; 90
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.
Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.
Laf. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father 100 drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.
Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.
King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use 109
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.
King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

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Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, 120
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone 130
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour 's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave 140
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

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Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I 'm glad:
Let the rest go. 150

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good: 160
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider 170
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

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A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony 180
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master! 190

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which 200 title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly

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dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt 210 scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy 220 of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or 230 rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace

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off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'ld beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives

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you Heraldry. You are not worth another word,
else I 'ld call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.* 270

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very
good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 280
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the im-
port is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy,
to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions:
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades; 290
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak; his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife

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To the dark house and the detested wife.
Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. 300
I 'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it. 'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king hath done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?
Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.
Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?
Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.
Hel. What two things?
Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send 10 her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!
Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

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Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 20

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir. 30

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love, 40
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

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Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.
Hel. What more commands he? 50
Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*] Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state 10 that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*To Bertram.*

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Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to Parolles.* 20

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings 30 with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence. 40

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.

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Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you
than you have or will to deserve at my hand;
but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.* 50

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, 60
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view 70
To you that know them not. This to my mother
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

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Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say? 80

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord: faith yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord. 90

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell!
[*Exit Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
Act 2, Scene 5

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ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Florence. The Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;

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When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

Count. [*reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come.

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If there be breadth enough in the world, I will
hold a long distance. My duty to you.
Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would. 40

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen, 50
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't: where is my son, I pray you?

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Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport.
[*reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, and show me 60
a child begotten of thy body that I am father to,
then call me husband: but in such a 'then' I
write a 'never.'
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply
which his heart was not consenting to. 80

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Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. 100
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I

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That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Florence. Before the Duke's palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence

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Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 10
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*reads*] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:

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He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 20
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction: provide this messenger: 40
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene V.

Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.

Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 10

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you 20

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are, though there were no further danger known
but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me. 30

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie
at my house; thither they send one another: I 'll
question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither
are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. [*A march afar.*] Hark you!
they come this way. 40
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one? 51

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

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Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him, 60
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean? 70
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:

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Drum and Côlours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow. 80
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well. 90

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid

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To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking 100
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise- 10 breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently under- 20 take to do.

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Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base 30 fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be 40 removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is 't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, 50 and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the com-

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mand of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now. 60

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall 70 both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me. 80

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

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Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he 90 knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto? 100

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night. 110

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

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First Lord. But you say she 's honest.
Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature. 120
Will you go see her?
First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, 10
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

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Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more, 30
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed 40
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night

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Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 10

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to

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another; so we seem to know, is to know straight 20
our purpose; choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; 30
and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such 40
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? 50

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Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 60

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,— [*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par carbo, cargo. 70

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.
[*They seize and blindfold him.*

First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at 80 thy bosom.

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Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show, 90
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that. 100

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene II.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got. 10
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that;
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn! 20
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

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What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50

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Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: 60
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

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Scene III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 10

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 20

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

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First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night? 30

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars? 40

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven. 50

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of 60

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her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses! 70

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where 's your master! 80

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

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Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 90

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 100

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: hath sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 110

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'? 120

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be

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read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarossa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: 130
if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that? 140

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You 're deceived, my lord: this is 150
Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that

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was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak 160 truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [*reads*] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that? 170

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off 180 their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. De-

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mand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing 190 sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 200

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor 210 officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we 'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is

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there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no. 220

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*reads*] Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,—

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour. 230

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [*reads*] When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; 240
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

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Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier. 250

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We 'll see what may be done, so you 260 confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for 270 he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

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Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat. 280

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war.

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him. 290

Ber. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart of d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold. What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me? 300

First Sold. What 's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon. 310

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First Sold. I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitor- 320
ously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles. 330

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'ld compel it of you: but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 340

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but

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women were that had received so much shame,
you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye
well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak
of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass 351
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

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And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: 30
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us:
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

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WIDOW: "Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome"

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL *Act* IV *Scene* 4

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Scene V.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady; we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

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Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a brave knave at his service, indeed. 30

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever 50 keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and

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I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks. 60

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 70

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 80

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together. 90

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Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a 100 cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

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Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

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Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I 'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from

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fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

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Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow. 50

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him, 10
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord

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Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill 21
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't. 31

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

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Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; 50
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have, 61
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

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The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]
By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought

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I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.

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Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here 's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, 140 he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, 150
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.

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I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman 's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

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Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price: 190
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name 's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

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Ber. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her, 210
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, 220
May justly diet it. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

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Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I

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know not what: yet I was in that credit with 260
them at that time, that I knew of their going to
bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-
riage, and things which would derive me ill-will
to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy
evidence; therefore stand aside.
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it. 270

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him. 280
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

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King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?

Dia. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; 290
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick: 300
So there 's my riddle,—One that 's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring 310
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done:

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Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: 320
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, 330
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

King. The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

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Glossary.

A = one; I. iii. 243.
About; "go not about," "do not beat about the bush"; I. iii. 193.
Accordingly, equally; II. v. 8.
Across; "break across," a term used in tilting; here used for a passage at arms of wit; II. i. 70.
Act, action; I. ii. 31.
Admiration, that which excites admiration; II. i. 91.
Adoptious; "a. christendoms" = "adopted christian names"; I. i. 183.
Advertisement, advice; IV. iii. 225.
Advice, discretion; III. iv. 19.
Alone; "alone must think," must only think; I. i. 194.
Ample, amply; III. v. 46.
Anatomised, laid open, shown up; IV. iii. 35.
Antiquity, old age; II. iii. 212.
Appeach'd = impeached, informed against (you); I. iii. 196.
Applications, attempts at healing; I. ii. 75.
Apprehensive, "ruled by imaginations and caprices," fantastic; I. ii. 61.
Approof; "so in a. lives not his epitaph as in your royal speech" = "his epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech"; I. ii. 52; "valiant a." = approved valour; II. v. 2.
Approved, proved; I. ii. 11.
Araise, raise from the dead; II. i. 79.
Armipotent, omnipotent; IV. iii. 250.
Artists; "relinquished of the artists," *i. e.* given up, despaired of by learned doctors; II. iii. 10.
Attempt, venture; I. iii. 259.
Attends, awaits; II. iii. 52.
Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. iii. 12.
Avails, advantage, promotion; III. i. 22.

Band = bond; IV. ii. 56.
Barber's chair; "like a b. c."; a proverbial expression (found in Ray's *Proverbs,* etc.); II. ii. 17.
Baring, shaving; IV. i. 54.
Barnes (the reading of Folio 1; the other Folios "bearns" or "barns"), children; I. iii. 28.
Bauble, the fool's rod, the badge of his office; IV. v. 32. (*Cp.* illustration on next page.)

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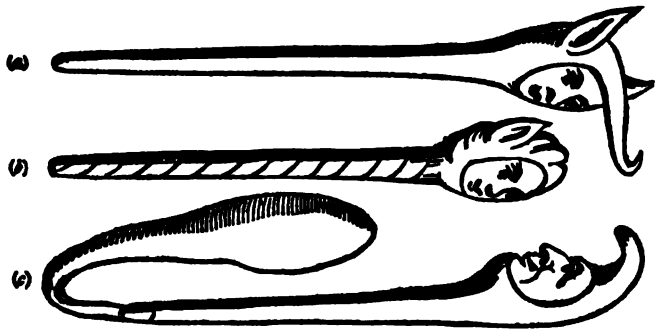

(a) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.
(b) and (c) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Be; "to be" = to be called; I. ii. 60.

Bestow, guard, treasure up; I. iii. 230.

Better = men your superior; III. i. 22.

Big, haughty; I. iii. 98.

Blaze (Theobald's conjecture for "blade" of the Folios), heat, fire; V. iii. 6.

Blood, nature, disposition; I. iii. 136; passion; III. vii. 21.

Boarded, wooed; V. iii. 211.

Bold, assured; V. i. 5.

Bond, duty, obligation; I. iii. 193.

Both; "both our mothers," the mother of us both; I. iii. 168.

Braid, deceitful; IV. ii. 73.

Braving, defiant; I. ii. 3.

Breaking, breaking up, disbanding; IV. iv. 11.

Breathe, take exercise; II. iii. 261.

Breathing, exercise, action; I. ii. 18.

Brief; "now-born br.," *i.e.* the contract recently made" (Warburton, "new-born"); II. iii. 181.

Bring = take; III. v. 96.

Broken; "my mouth no more were broken," had not lost its teeth; II. iii. 61.

Brokes, uses as a medium; III. v. 73.

Brought (?), "brought with him" (changed by Theobald to "bought"); II. i. 65.

Bunting, a bird resembling a lark in every particular, but with little or no song; II. v. 6.

Buttock; "pin b., quatch b., brawn b." = thin b., flat b., fleshy b.; II. ii. 18.

By, pass by (Warburton supposes a line to be lost after "*past*"); II. iii. 236.

Canary, "a quick and lively dance"; II. i. 77.

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"Can't no other," can it be no other way; I. iii. 170.

Capable of, apt to receive the impress of, susceptible; I. i. 102; I. i. 218.

Cap of the time; "they wear themselves in the c." = "they are the very ornaments of the time"; II. i. 55.

Capriccio, caprice, whim; II. iii. 299.

Captious, "recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it" (Malone); others suggest "cap'cious" or "capacious," or = Latin "captiosus," *i.e.* deceitful or fallacious; I. iii. 207.

Carbonadoed, cut across, like meat for broiling; IV. v. 105.

Case, flay, skin; strip off his disguise; III. vi. 107.

Catch'd, caught, perceived; I. iii. 175.

Cesse (the reading of Folio 1; Folio 2, *ceasse;* Folio 3, *ceass*), cease; V. iii. 72.

Champion, knight who fought for a person; IV. ii. 50.

Change, interchange; III. ii. 100.

Chape, "the metallic part at the end of the scabbard"; IV. iii. 154.

Charge, cost; II. iii. 116.

Choice; "most rich c.," choicest treasure; III. vii. 26.

Choughs' language, chattering; IV. i. 22.

Cites, proves; I. iii. 215.

Clew, a ball of thread; I. iii. 187.

Coil, ado, fuss; "kept a coil with," made a fuss about; II. i. 27.

Collateral, indirect; I. i. 95.

Colour; "holds not c.," is not in keeping; II. v. 61.

Commission, warrant; II. iii. 268.

Commoner, harlot; V. iii. 194.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); V. iii. 250.

Company, companion; IV. iii. 35.

Composition, compact; IV. iii. 20.

Compt, account; V. iii. 57.

Condition, character; IV. iii. 184.

Congied with, taken my leave of; IV. iii. 92.

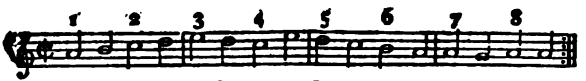
Consolate, console; III. ii. 131.

Convenience, propriety; III. ii. 75.

Conversation, intercourse; I. iii. 239.

Coragio, courage; II. v. 94.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; II. iii. 44.



Courante or Coranto

The movements are—
1, 2, simple gauche; 3, 4, simple droit; and 5-8, a "double à gauche."
From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

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Corrupt, misquote; I. iii. 83.
Count of, take c. of; IV. iii. 243.
County, Count; III. vii. 22.
"*Cox my passion,*" a corruption of "God's my passion!" V. ii. 41.
Credence, trust; III. iii. 2.
Cressid's uncle, i.e. Pandarus; III. i. 100.
Crown; "French c."; bald head; II. ii. 22.
Crown; "the fine's the c."; probably a translation of the Latin proverb, "*Finis coronat opus*"; IV. iv. 35.
Curd, curdle; I. iii. 154.
Curious, careful; I. ii. 21.
Curiously, carefully; IV. iii. 37.
Custard; "Like him that leaped into the custard," an allusion to the custom at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose; II. v. 38.
Customer, harlot; V. iii. 284.

Darkly, secretly; IV. iii. 11.
Deadly (used adverbially); V. iii. 117.
Death; "the white d.," the paleness of death; II. iii. 72.
Debate it, strive for the mastery; I. ii. 76.
Debosh'd = debauched, perverted; II. iii. 140.
Default, at need; II. iii. 232.
Deliverance = delivery; II. i. 85.
Delivers, tells; IV. iii. 164.
Dial, clock, watch; II. v. 5.
Diet, to prescribe a regimen or scanty diet (hence "to deny me the full rights of wife"); V. iii. 221; "he is dieted to his hour," *i.e.* "the hour of his appointment is fixed"; IV. iii. 32.
Digested, absorbed; V. iii. 74.
Dilated, prolonged, detailed; II. i. 59.
Dilemmas, perplexing situations; III. vi. 77.
Distinction; "confound d.," make it impossible to distinguish them one from the other; II. iii. 122.
Diurnal; "d. ring," daily circuit; II. i. 165.
Dole, portion, share; II. iii. 171.
Dolphin, possibly used with a quibbling allusion to Dolphin = Dauphin; but perhaps only "the sportive, lively fish" is alluded to; II. iii. 26.

From the *Hortus Sanitatis* (ed. 1536).

Ears, ploughs, cultivates; I. iii. 46.
Embossed, inclosed (like game in a wood); a term used in hunting; III. vi. 103.

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Embowell'd, exhausted; I. iii. 246.
Encounter, meeting; III. vii. 32.
Entertainment, service, pay; III. vi. 12; IV. i. 17.
Entrenched, cut; II. i. 45.
Estate, rank, social grade; III. vii. 4.
Estates, ranks, social status; I. iii. 116.
Esteem, high estimation, worth; V. iii. 1.
Estimate; "in thee hath e.," is enjoyed by thee; II. i. 183.
Even, act up to; I. iii. 3; "make it e.," grant it; II. i. 194; full; V. iii. 323.
Examined, questioned; III. v. 65.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; V. iii. 302.
Expedient, (?) expeditious, quick; II. iii. 181.
Expressive, open-hearted; II. i. 54.

Facinerious, Parolles' blunder for "facinorous"; II. iii. 30.
Faith, religious faith; IV. i. 80.
Falls, befalls; V. i. 37.
Fancy, liking, love; II. iii. 170.
Fated, fateful; I. i. 227.
Favour, face, figure, countenance; I. i. 90; V. iii. 49.
Fed; "highly fed," used quibblingly in double sense; (1) well fed, and (2) well bred; perhaps also with an allusion to the proverb "better fed than taught"; II. ii. 3.
Fee-simple, unconditional possession; IV. iii. 295.
Fetch off, rescue; III. vi. 19.
Fine; "in fine" = in short; III. vii. 33.
Fine, artful; V. iii. 266.
Fisnomy, the clown's corruption of "physiognomy"; IV. v. 41.
Fleshes, satiates; IV. iii. 17.
Fond; "fond done, done fond," done foolishly, done fondly; I. iii. 75; foolish; V. iii. 178.
Fondness, love; I. iii. 175.
For = because; III. v. 44.
Foregone, gone before, past; I. iii. 139.
Found = found out; II. iii. 208; II. iv. 31.
Frank, liberal, generous; I. ii. 21.

Gamester, harlot; V. iii. 188.
Garter; "g. up thy arms"; II. iii. 255. (*Cp.* the following illustration.)

From a painting (early XVIIth Cent.). The engraving represents a servant in attendance at table, whose sleeves are gartered up and tucked in his girdle out of the way.

Grace, favour; V. ii. 50.

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Gossips, stands gossip, *i.e.* sponsor for; I. i. 184.
Go under, pass for; III. v. 21.
Gross, palpable; I. iii. 177.

Haggish, ugly and wrinkled, like a hag; I. ii. 30.
Hand; "in any h.," in any case; III. vi. 44.
Haply, perhaps; III. ii. 79.
Happy; "in h. time," *i.e.* "in the nick of time"; V. i. 6.
Hawking, hawk-like; I. i. 101.
Helm = helmet; III. iii. 7.
Heraldry; "gives you h.," entitles you to; II. iii. 268.
Herb of grace, i.e. rue; IV. v. 18.
"*Hic jacet,*" the beginning of an epitaph meaning "here lies," die in the attempt; III. vi. 64.
High bent (a metaphor taken from the bending of a bow); V. iii. 10.
Higher, further up (into Italy); IV. iii. 45.
High-repented, deeply repented; V. iii. 36.
Hilding, a base wretch; III. vi. 3.
His, its; I. ii. 42.
Hold, maintain; I. i. 84.
Holding, blinding force; IV. ii. 27.
Home, thoroughly; V. iii. 4.
Honesty, chastity; III. v. 64.
Hoodman (an allusion to the game of "hood-man blind," or "Blindmanbuff"); IV. iii. 127.
Host, lodge; III. v. 96.
Housewife; "I play the noble h. with the time," spoken ironically; II. ii. 61.
Howsome'er (Folios 1 and 2, "howsomere"; Folio 3, "howsomeere"; Folio 4, "howsomere"), howsoever; I. iii. 56.

Idle, foolish, reckless; II. v. 51; III. vii. 26.
Important, importunate; III. vii. 21.
Importing, full of import; V. iii. 136.
Impositions, things imposed; commands; IV. iv. 29.
In, into; V. ii. 48.
——; "to in," to get in; I. iii. 47.
Inaidable, cureless, incurable; II. i. 122.
Inducement, instigation; III. ii. 91.
Instance, proof; IV. i. 45.
Intenible, incapable of holding or retaining; I. iii. 207.
Intents, intentions; III. iv. 21.
Into (so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, "unto"), upon; I. iii. 259.
Isbels, waiting women generally; III. ii. 13, 14.

Jack-an-apes, ape, monkey; used as a term of contempt; III. v. 87.
Joul, knock; I. iii. 57.
Justified, proved; IV. iii. 58.

Kicky-wicky, "a ludicrous term for a wife"; II. iii. 286.
Kind, nature; I. iii. 66; I. iii. 184.

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Knowingly, from experience; I. iii. 255.

Lack, want, need; III. iv. 19.
Languishings, lingering malady; I. iii. 234.
Last, last time; V. iii. 79.
Late, lately; I. iii. 109.
Leaguer, camp of besieging army; III. vi. 26.
Led, carried; "Has led the drum before the English tragedians"; alluding to the strolling players who were wont to announce their advent by a drum; IV. iii. 282. (See Notes.)
Left off, abandoned; I. iii. 246.
Leg; "make a leg," make a bow; II. ii. 10.
Lend it, give love; I. ii. 69.
Lie, lodge; III. v. 32.
Ling, a fish eaten during Lent; here used in the general sense of meagre food; III. ii. 14, 15.
Linsey-woolsey, literally a fabric of wool and linen; here a medley of words; IV. i. 13.
List, limit; II. i. 53.
Live, to live; II. i. 134.
Livelihood, liveliness, animation; I. i. 55.
'Longing (Folios correctly "longing"), belonging; IV. ii. 42.
Lordship, conjugal right and duty; V. iii. 156.
Lustig, lusty, sprightly; II. iii. 42.

Madding, maddening; V. iii. 213.
Make, look upon as; V. iii. 5.
Manifest, acknowledged, well-known; I. iii. 228.
Married...marr'd; pronounced much alike in Elizabethan English; hence used quibblingly; II. iii. 304.
Marseilles (trisyllabic; Folio 1 spells the name "Marcellae," IV. iv. 9; "Marcellus," IV. v. 85).
Maudlin, colloquial form of Magdalen; V. iii. 68.
Measure, dance; II. i. 58.
Medicine, physician; II. i. 75.
Mell, meddle; IV. iii. 242.
Mere, merely, nothing but; III. v. 57.
Merely, absolutely; IV. iii. 23.
Methinks 't, it seems to me; II. iii. 259.
Mile-end; alluding to the fact that the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled there; IV. iii. 286.
Misdoubt, mistrust; I. iii. 129.
Misprising, despising; III. ii. 33.
Misprision, contempt; II. iii. 154.
Modern, common; II. iii. 2.
—— ("modest" has been suggested as an emendation), modish, stylish (rather than "ordinary" "commonplace"); V. iii. 216.
Modest; "a m. one," *i.e.* "a moderately favourable one"; II. i. 131.
Module, pattern, model; IV. iii. 105.
Moiety, part, share; III. ii. 69.

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Monstrous, monstrously; II. i. 187.
Monumental, memorial; IV. iii. 18.
Morris, Morris-dance; II. ii. 24. (See Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music,* p. 205, and illustration at end of Notes.)
"*Mort du vinaigre*" (Folios "mor du vinager"), a meaningless oath used by Parolles; II. iii. 45.
Motive, instrument; IV. iv. 20.
Murk, murky; II. i. 166.
Muse, wonder, conjecture; II. v. 67.
Mute; "all the rest is mute," I have no more to say to you; II. iii. 78.
Mystery, professional skill; III. vi. 66.

Nature, temperament; III. i. 17; way; IV. iii. 163.
Naughty, good for nothing; V. iii. 252.
Necessitated to, in need of; V. iii. 85.
Next, nearest; I. iii. 62.
Nice, prudish; V. i. 15.
Note, mark of distinction, record; I. iii. 162.

Of, by; I. iii. 202; V. iii. 196; on; II. iii. 243; III. v. 102.
Officed all, performed all the duties or offices; III. ii. 129.
Of them, some of that kind; II. V. 47.
"*O Lord, sir!*" An exclamation much used in fashionable society in Shakespeare's time; II. ii. 43.
On, of; I. iii. 141.
Order, precautions, measures; IV. ii. 55.
Ordinaries, meals, repasts; II. iii. 203.
Out, over; I. ii. 59.
Outward, not in the secret, uninitiated; III. i. 11.
Overlooking, supervision; I. i. 42.
Owe, own, II. v. 81; owes, owns, II. i. 9; owed, owned, V. iii. 198.

Pace; "a certain and prescribed walk"; IV. v. 70.
Palmers, pilgrims; III. v. 36.

From a jet figure of St. Jaques in the Museum of Mr. C. Roach Smith. The saint is dressed as a pilgrim, with staff, book and gourd-bottle.

Particular, part; II. v. 63.
Parting; "present p." immediate departure; II. v. 58.
Passage, anything that passes, or occurs; an event; I. i. 20.
Passport, sentence to death; III. ii. 58.

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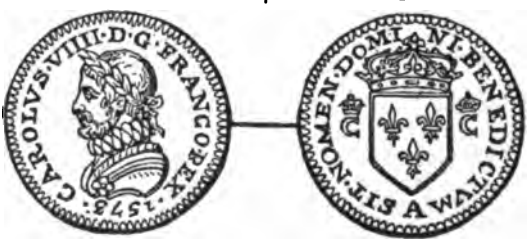
Patience; "ours be your p.," let your patient hearing be ours; Epil. 336.
Perspective, "a glass so cut as to produce an optical deception"; V. iii. 48.
Picking; "p. a kernel out of a pomegranate"; stealing the most trifling article; II. iii. 265.
Pilot's glass, hour glass; II. i. 168.
Place, precedence; I. i. 110.
Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. ii. 54.
Please it, if it please; III. v. 99.
Plutus (Rowe's correction of "Platus," the reading of the Folios), the god of wealth; V. iii. 101.
Poising us, adding the weight of our patronage; II. iii. 156.
Port, gate; III. v. 37.
Practiser, practitioner; II. i. 188.
Present, immediate; II. ii. 65.
Presently, immediately, at once; II. iii. 161.
Prime, flower of life; II. i. 185.
Probable need, apparently necessary; II. iv. 50.
Proceeds, results; IV. ii. 62.
Profession, that which she professes to be able to do; II. i. 86.
Proper, used to emphasize *own*; IV. ii. 49.
Proper, virtuous; IV. iii. 225.
Property, "that which is proper to," "particular quality"; II. i. 190.
Quart d'écu (the Folios "cardecue," V. ii. 35; Folio 1, "cardceu," Folios 2, 3, 4, "cardecue," IV. iii. 239; the Folio spellings represent the colloquial pronunciation of the word in English); the quarter of a "French crown" = fifteen pence; V. ii. 35.



From a specimen of the time of Charles IX. The large A beneath the shield denotes that the coin was minted at Paris.

Predominant, in the ascendant; I. i. 206.
Prejudicates, prejudices; I. ii. 9.
Questant, he who is on the quest, seeker; II. i. 16.
Quick, living; V. iii. 301.
Quit, acquit; V. iii. 297.

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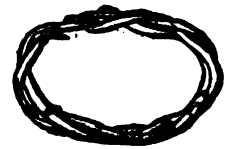
Rate, price; V. iii. 217.
Ravin, ravenous; III. ii. 120.
Reave, bereave, deprive; V. iii. 86.
Rebellion; "natural r.," rebellion of nature, V. iii. 6; "God delay our r.," *i.e.* "put off the day when our flesh shall rebel," IV. iii. 21.
Religious, a holy obligation; II. iii. 185.
Remainder (a legal term)= something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has; IV. iii. 297.
Removes, post-stages; V. iii. 131.
Repairs, restores, does me good; I. ii. 31.
Repeal'd, called back; II. iii. 50.
Repetition, remembrance; V. iii. 22.
Replete, full; II. iii. 178.
Resolvedly, satisfactorily; V. iii. 329.
Respects, reasons; II. v. 68.
Rest; "set up your r.," are resolved; II. i. 138.
Richest; "r. eyes," *i.e.* eyes having seen the most; V. iii. 17.
Ring-carrier, go-between, pandar; III. v. 94.
Rousillon, an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees; I. ii. 19.
Ruff, (?) the ruffle of the boot (that is, the part turned over the top); III. ii. 7.

From a French print, dated 1603.

Rush, rush ring; II. ii. 23.



From an engraving by Fairholt.

Ruttish, lustful; IV. iii. 228.
Sacrament; "take the s. on it," take my oath on it; IV. iii. 146.
Sadness; "in good s.," in all seriousness; IV. iii. 215.
Saffron; "villanous s.," alluding to the fashion of wearing yellow; IV. v. 2.
Sanctimony, sanctity; IV. iii. 53.
Satisfaction; "heavy s.," sorrowful acquiescence; V. iii. 100.
Scarfs and bannerets, silken ornaments hung upon various parts of the attire; II. iii. 205.
Schools, medical schools; I. iii. 245.
Season; "a day of s.," a seasonable day; V. iii. 32.

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Senoys, Sienese, inhabitants of Siena; I. ii. 1.
Sense, thought; I. i. 235.
Shall = will assuredly; III. ii. 24.
Shallow; "you're shallow in great friends," "you are a superficial judge of the character of great friends,"; I. iii. 44.
Shrewd, evil, bad; III. v. 70.
Shrewdly, highly, badly; III. v. 91.
Shrieve's fool, sheriff's (female) fool; IV. iii. 199.

From an old Flemish picture of drinking-party (1596).

Sick for, pining for; I. ii. 17.
Sinister, left; II. i. 44.
Sith (Folio 1 reads "sir"; emended by Dyce), since; V. iii. 155.
Sithence, since; I. iii. 123.
Smock; "the forehorse to a smock," as a squire of ladies; used contemptuously; II. i. 30.
Smoked, scented; III. vi. 111.
Snipt-taffeta fellow, a fellow dressed in silks and ribbons; IV. v. 1.
Solely, absolutely, altogether; I. i. 108.
Solemn, ceremonious; IV. iii. 82.
Sovereignty; "general s.," "sovereign remedies in various cases"; I. iii. 229.
Spark, fashionable young man; II. i. 25.
Spend, use, employ; V. i. 8.
Spirit (monosyllabic = sprite); II. i. 178.
Spoke, spoken; II. v. 57.
Sportive, pleasure-giving; III. ii. 109.
Sprat, a worthless fellow, used contemptuously; III. vi. 109.
Staggers, "perplexity, bewilderment"; II. iii. 165.
St. Jaques le Grand; probably St. James of Compostella in Spain, though probably Shakespeare had no particular shrine of St. James in mind; III. v. 36.
Stall, keep close conceal; I. iii. 130.
Star; "the most received s.," leader of fashion; II. i. 57.
Stead, help, aid; V. iii. 87.
Steely; "virtue's steely bones," = "steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue"; I. i. 115.
Stomach, inclination; III. vi. 67.
Straight, directly, straightway; IV. i. 21.

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Strangers, foreign troops; IV. i. 16.
Stronger, most important; IV. iii. 59.
Subscribed to, "acknowledged the state of"; V. iii. 96.
Success, issue; III. vi. 83.
——; "abstract of s.," successful summary proceeding; IV. iii. 91.
Succession, others from doing the same; III. v. 24.
Suggest, tempt; IV. v. 47.
Superfluous, having more than enough; I. i. 112.
Supposition; "beguile the s.," deceive the opinion; set at rest the doubt; IV. iii. 315.
Surprised, to be surprised; I. iii. 119.
Sword; "Spanish s." (swords of Toledo were famous); IV. i. 52.
Sworn counsel, pledge of secrecy; III. vii. 9.

Table, tablet; I. i. 102.
Tax, reproach; II. i. 173.
Tinct, tincture; V. iii. 102.
Title, want of rank; II. iii. 119.
To, for; II. iii. 296.
Toll (Folio 1 "toule"), probably = "pay a tax for the liberty of selling"; V. iii. 148.
Too much, excess; III. ii. 92.
Took = taken; II. i. 150.
Top, head; I. ii. 44.
Travails in, works for; II. iii. 160.
Triple, third; II. i. 111.
Tucket, a flourish on the trumpet; III. v. 7.

Undone, used quibblingly; IV. iii. 338.
Unhappy, mischievous; IV. v. 66.
Unseason'd, inexperienced; I. i. 76.
Use, custom; V. i. 24.
Used, treated; I. ii. 43.

Validity, value; V. iii. 192.

Waggon, carriage; IV. iv. 34. (See illustration.)

From the Loutterel Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Theoric, theory; IV. iii. 152.
Thitherward, on his way thither; III. ii. 55.
Those of mine, those kinsmen of mine; I. iii. 258.
Wanted, was lacking; I. i. 11.
Ward, guardianship; I. i. 5.
Was = had; III. ii. 46.
Wear, wear out; V. i. 4.

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Well-enter'd, being well-initiated; II. i. 6.

Well found, of known skill; II. i. 105.

Whence, from that place where; III. ii. 124.

Whereof, with which; I. iii. 234.

Which, which thing (*i.e.* danger, referring to the previous clause); II. iii. 152.

Whom, which (*i.e.* death); III. iv. 17.

Wing; "of a good w.," a term derived from falconry = strong in flight; I. i. 213.

Woman, make me weak as a woman; III. ii. 53.

Woodcock, a popular name for a brainless fellow, a fool; IV. i. 98.

Word, promise; *i.e.* thy word, or promise; II. i. 213.

World; "to go to the world," = to get married; I. iii. 19-20.

Worthy, well-deserved; IV. iii. 6.

Write, call myself, claim to be; II. iii. 200.

Yield, supply, tell; III. i. 10.

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Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 87, 88.

> '*These great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him;*'

i.e. "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than she actually shed for him."

I. i. 156. '*ten year . . . ten,*' Cambridge edition, based on Hanmer, '*ten years . . . ten*'; first Folio, '*ten yeare . . . two.*'

I. i. 169-173. These lines are struck out by some editors; the Cambridge editors rightly call them 'a blot on the play'; they were probably "an interpolation, 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings.'" The opening words of the speech which follows are obscure, and the enumeration of 'the loves' looks like 'the nonsense of some foolish conceited player.' Hanmer's conjectural reading has been inserted in the text between brackets. There is no stop after *yet* in the Folios.

I. ii. 47. '*praise he humbled*'; Staunton conjectures, '*praise be humbled*'; Williams, '*praise the humbler.*'

I. ii. 55. 'He scattereth not in ears, but grafted them'; *cp.* the Collect in the Liturgy: 'Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living,' etc.

I. ii. 57. '*this,*' so the Folio; Pope read '*Thus,*' possibly the right word here.

I. iii. 25. '*service is no heritage*'; the idea seems to be that, 'if service is no blessing, children are'; Psalm cxxvii. 3 has been appropriately cited in connection with this expresson:—"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

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I. iii. 55. *Young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist*; '*Charbon*' possibly for '*Chair-bonne,*' and '*Poysam*' for '*Poisson,*' alluding to the respective lenten fares of the Puritan and Papist (*cp.* the old French proverb, '*Jeune chair et viel poisson*' = *young* flesh and *old* fish are the best).

I. iii. 118. '. . . *queen of virgins*'; Theobald inserted '*Dian no*' before '*queen.*'

I. iii. 168. '*I care no more for than I do for heaven*'; Capell, '*I'd care no more for't,*' etc.

I. iii. 175. '*loneliness*'; Theobald's correction of Folios, '*loueliness.*'

II. i. 1, 2. '*lords*' . . . '*lords*'; probably the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the 'Florentines' or the 'Senoys' (*cp.* Note vi. Cambridge edition).

II. i. 12-15. '*let higher Italy,—Those bated,*' etc.; the passage is probably corrupt. '*Higher Italy*' has been variously interpreted to mean (1) Upper Italy; (2) the side of Italy next to the Adriatic (but both Florence and Sienna are on the other side); (3) Italy higher in rank and dignity than France; (4) the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians. Johnson paraphrased as follows:—'Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour,* see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement,* that is, to the disgrace and depression of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame,* and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.' Schmidt proposed '*high*' for '*higher*'; Coleridge '*hired*'; Hammer '*bastards*' for '*bated.*' Knight took '*bated*' to mean 'excepted,' Schmidt 'beaten down.'

II. i. 32-3. '*No sword worn but one to dance with*'; alluding to the light swords worn for dancing. (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)

II. i. 64. '*I'll fee*'; Theobald's emendation. Folios, '*Ile see.*'

II. i. 80-1. '*To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand*'; Charlemagne attempted late in life to learn to write.

II. i. 147. '*fits*'; Folios '*shifts,*' probably due to misreading of *ffits,* found in the margin of the Ellesmere First Folio, independently suggested by Theobald.

From an ornament on a pistol of Shakespeare's time, in the Meyrick collection.

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II. i. 176.

'ne worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended';

So Folio 1; the other folios read *'no'* for *'ne.'* Malone's *'nay'* for *'ne'* commends itself, though his explanation of *'extended'* as 'my body being extended on the rack' seems weak: it is probably used here simply in the sense of 'meted out to me,' or merely used for the purpose of emphasizing *'worse of worst.'* A mass of conjectural emendations are recorded in the Cambridge edition of the play.

II. ii. 23. *'Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger'*; 'Tib and Tom' were used like 'Jack and Jill'; Tib was a cant term for any low or vulgar woman. 'Rush rings' (see Glossary) were sometimes used at marriage ceremonies, especially where the marriages were somewhat doubtful (*cp.* Douce's *Illustrations,* p. 196).

II. iii. 1-41. Johnson changed the distribution of the speakers, so as to bring out 'the whole merriment of the scene,' which, according to him, 'consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not.' Johnson has been generally followed by modern editors. The Folio arrangement has been kept in the Cambridge text.

II. iii. 23. *'a showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor'*; the title of some pamphlet is evidently ridiculed in these words.

II. iii. 76. *'Imperial Love'*; Folio 1, *'imperiall loue'*; Folio 2, *'imperiall Iove'*; Folio 3, *'impartiall Jove.'*

II. iii. 80. *'ames-ace,' i.e.* two aces; the lowest throw at dice; one would expect it, from the context, to mean just the contrary, but Lafeu is probably making 'a comparison by contraries,'—'an ironical comparison,' used with humorous effect. "One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna," aptly observed Brinsley Nicholson, "says, I'd rather hear her than walk a hundred miles with peas in my boots."

II. iii. 298. *'detested,'* Rowe's emendation; Folios, *'detected.'*

II. v. 28. *'end'*; the Folios have *'And'*; the correction. from the Ellesmere copy of the First Folio, has been generally adopted.

II. v. 49. *'Have or will to deserve'*; Malone proposed *'have qualities or will,'* etc.; Singer, *'wit or will'*; the later Folios omit *'to,'* and read *'have, or will deserve'*; the reading in the text is that of Folio 1.

III. i. 12, 13.

'That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion';

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probably Clarke's explanation of these difficult lines is the best:—"The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord or independently." Others make '*that*' the subject of '*frames*,' explaining '*motion*' as 'mental sight,' or 'intuition.'

III. ii. 9. '*sold*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hold*'; Harness proposed '*holds a goodly manner for.*'

III. ii. 68. '*If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine*'; the omission of the relative is common in Shakespeare. Rowe unnecessarily altered the line to '*all the griefs as thine.*'

III. ii. 93. '*holds him much to have*'; so the Folios; Theobald conjectured '*soils him much to have*'; others suggested ''*hoves him not much to have*'; '*fouls him much to have,*' etc. Rolfe's view of the passage seems by far the most satisfactory:—"He has a deal of that too-much, *i.e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities."

III. ii. 113. '*still-peering air*'; so Folio 1; Folio 2, '*still-piercing*'; probably an error for '*still-piecing,*' *i.e.* 'still closing.' A passage in *The Wisdom of Solomon* (v. 12) has been appropriately compared, and may be the source of the thought:—"*As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.*"

III. v. 68. '*I write good creature,*' so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*I right*'; Rowe, '*Ah! right good creature!*' The Globe edition, '*I warrant, good creature*'; Kinnear,: '*I war'nt* (= warrant), *good creature*' (*cp. Hamlet*, I. ii. 243, Quarto 2, '*I warn't*').

III. v. 90. "*Lose our drum. Well!*" The drums of Parolles' day were decorated with the battalion colours. Hence to lose the drum was equivalent to losing the flag of the regiment.

From a woodcut by Hans Burgmair, c. 1517.

III. vi. 39. '*John Drum's Entertainment*'; 'to give a person John Drum's Entertainment' probably meant to give him such an entertainment as the drum gets; hence 'to give a person a drumming,' to turn him forcibly out of your company. Theobald quotes the following from Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*:—"His porter, or none other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his

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house, *Tom Drum his entertainment,* which is to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." In Marston's interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), Jack Drum is a servant who is constantly baffled in his knavish tricks.

IV. i. 47. '*Bajaset's mule*'; the allusion has not yet been explained; perhaps '*Bajaset*' is a blunder on the part of Parolles for '*Balaam's.*'

IV. ii. 25. '*Jove's*' probably substituted for the original God's, in obedience to the statute against profanity. Johnson conjectured '*Love's.*'

IV. ii. 36. '*Who then recover*'; the Folios read '*who then recovers,*' changed unnecessarily by Pope to 'which then *recover,*' but '*who*' is often used for 'an irrational antecedent personified,' though in this passage the antecedent may be '*of me*' implied in '*my*'; '*my sick desires*' = 'the sick desires of me'; in this latter case 'recovers' is the more common third person singular, instead of the first person after '*who.*'

IV. ii. 38. '*I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,*' the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folio 3, '*make ropes*'; Folio 4, '*make ropes . . . scar.*' This is one of the standing cruxes in the text of Shakespeare; some thirty emendations have been proposed for '*ropes*' and '*scarre,*' e.g. '*hopes . . . affairs*'; '*hopes . . . scenes*'; '*hopes . . . scare*'; '*slopes . . . scarre*'; other suggestions are, '*may cope's . . . sorte*'; '*may rope's . . . snarle*'; '*may rope's . . . snare,*' etc. The apostrophe in the First and Second Folios makes it almost certain that '*'s*' stands for '*us.*' Possibly '*make*' is used as an auxiliary; '*make rope's*' would then mean 'do constrain, or ensnare us.' Or is '*make rope*' a compound verb? '*scarre*' may be '*scare*' (*i.e.* 'fright'). The general sense seems to be, 'I see that men may reduce us to such a fright that we'll forsake ourselves.'

IV. iii. 202. '*His brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*' (See illustration.)

IV. iii. 265. '*He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister,*' *i.e.* 'anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.'

IV. iii. 282. '(*he*) *has led the drum before the English tragedians.*' (See illustration on page 146.)

IV. iii. 297. '*and a perpetual succession for it*'; some such verb as '*grant*' is to be supplied. Hanmer altered '*for it*' to '*in it*'; Kinnear conjectured '*free in perpetuity.*'

IV. iv. 34. '*revives*'; so the Folios; '*reviles,*' '*invites,*' '*re-*

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quires' have been variously proposed; it is doubtful whether any change is necessary: 'Time,' says Helena, 'gives us fresh courage.'

IV. v. 41. '*an English name*'; Folios 1, 2, '*maine*'; Folio 3, '*main*'; Folio 4, '*mean*'; Rowe first suggested '*name*'; the allusion is obviously to the Black Prince.

IV. v. 41. '*his fisnomy is more hotter*'; Hanmer's proposal '*honour'd*' for '*hotter*' seems to be a most plausible emendation.

V. i. 6. '*Enter a Gentleman*'; Folio 1 reads '*A gentle Astringer*'; Folio 2, '*A gentle Astranger*'; Folios 3, 4, '*A Gentleman a stranger.*' '*Astringer*' = a keeper of goshawks; the word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare. There seems, however, no very particular reason for its omission in modern editions, though it is true that in the Folio the speeches given to 'the Astringer' all have the prefix '*Gent.*'

From Whitney's *Emblems* (1586), in illustration of "a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them should first die. She who lost affected to laugh at the decrees of fate, when *a tile suddenly falling*, put an end to her existence" (Douce).

V. ii. 1. '*Good Monsieur Lavache*'; Folio 1, '*Lauatch*'; Folio 2, '*Lavatch*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Levatch*'; Tollet's conjecture, '*Lavache,*' has been generally adopted. Clarke suggests that 'it may have been intended for *Lavage*, which, in familiar French, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.' Something is to be said in favour of Jervis's proposed reading, '*Lapatch,*' *i.e.* 'patch' = clown, with the prefix '*la*' in imitation of '*Lafeu.*'

V. ii. 26. '*Similes of comfort*'; Theobald's certain emendation for the reading of the Folios, '*smiles of comfort.*'

V. iii. 65, 66.

> '*Our own love waking cries to see what's done,*
> *While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.*'

Johnson conjectured '*slept*' for '*sleeps,*' *i.e.* 'love cries to see

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what was done while hatred slept, and suffered mischief to be done.' Mason proposed '*old*' for '*own*.' W. G. Clarke ingeniously emended '*shameful hate*' into '*shame full late*,' but the emendation destroys the antithesis between '*love*' and '*hate*.' It is best to leave the lines as they stand, though the words '*our own love*' are somewhat doubtful: the general meaning is simple enough.

V. iii. 121. '*my fore-past proofs*,' etc.; *i.e.* "the proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than sought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson).

V. iii. 195. '*'tis hit*,' the reading of the Folios, which has been variously explained as an archaic form of 'it,' or as an error for '*'tis his*,' or '*is hit*.' Cambridge edition, '*'tis it*,' but it seems unnecessary to make any change; '*'tis hit*' can very well mean 'the blow has been well aimed, it has struck home,' '*it*' being used impersonally.

V. iii. 216. '*Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace*,' Walker's certain emendation of the Folio '*her insuite comming*';

"*He has led the drum before the English tragedians*" (IV. iii. 282).
From Kemp's *Nine Dates Wonder* (1600). The figures represent that actor, as a morris dancer, and his taborer, Thomas Slye.

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other suggestions have been made:—'*Her instant comity*' (Bubier); '*Her Jesuit cunning*' (Bulloch); '*Her own suit, coming*' (Perring).

Epil. 332. '*The King's a beggar*'; an allusion to the old story of 'The King and the Beggar' (*cp.* Percy's *Reliques*), often referred to by Shakespeare; *cp.* '*Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?*' (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 114); similarly *Richard II.*, V. iii. 80:—

> '*Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,*
> *And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."*'

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

5. *in ward*:—Under the old feudal law of England, and until comparatively recent times, the heirs of great fortunes were *wards* of the sovereign. The same was also the case in some parts of France, and Shakespeare but extends such a law over the whole nation.

19, 20. *O, that 'had'!* etc.:—Clarke says:—"The Countess's parenthetical exclamation concisely pictures all the calamitous circumstances involved in that one word *had*—the lost parent, the young girl's orphanhood, her own dead husband, her son's past dwelling with her at home, and his imminent departure."

47 *et seq. in her they are the better,* etc.:—"Her virtues," observes Johnson, "are the better for their simpleness; that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design." Johnson continues: "The learned commentator [Warburton] has well explained *virtues,* but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors,* and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler,* mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge that 'a young man who falls into their way is *betrayed* as much by his judgement as his passions.'" Clarke's explanation of the passage is: "We commend such ex-

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cellencies with regret that they should be so good in themselves, yet treacherous in their combination and effects; and then the Countess goes on to say that Helena's merits are the better for their pure source, since she derives her integrity of nature from her father, and achieves her excellence herself."

59. *I do affect,* etc.:—"In these, the first words she utters," as Clarke interprets, "Helena uses the veiled language which marks her diction throughout this opening Scene. She is brooding over her secret thoughts, letting them but so indistinctly be seen as to be undivined by those around her, and only so far perceived by the reader as to enable him to gather what the dramatist intends to indicate. The *sorrow* Helena *affects* is that for her father's death; the sorrow she says *I have* is for the inauspiciousness of her love, and for Bertram's approaching departure."

62, 63. *If the living,* etc.:—"This speech," says Hudson, "enigmatical enough at best, is rendered quite unintelligible, both in the original and in modern editions, by being put into the mouth of the Countess. We therefore concur with Tieck and Knight in assigning it to Helena. It is in the same style of significant obscurity as her preceding speech; and we can see no meaning in it apart from her state of mind, absorbed, as she is, with a feeling which she dare not show and cannot suppress. Of course she refers to Bertram, and means that the grief of her unrequited love for him *makes mortal,* that is, kills the grief she felt at her father's death. The speech is so mysterious that none but the quick, sagacious mind of Lafeu is arrested by it: he at once understands that he does not understand the speaker. Coleridge says, 'Bertram and Lafeu, I imagine, both speak together.' Whether this be the case or not, there can be no doubt that Lafeu's question refers to what Helena has just said." "Tieck," says Rolfe, "(followed by many editors) assigns this speech to Helena; and it must be admitted that it is in the veiled and enigmatical style she uses here. But, on the other hand, it seems a natural antithetical comment for any one to make on Lafeu's antithetical speech, and therefore may be left to the Countess, as in the Folio. We think there is also some force in White's objection that 'if this speech be assigned to Helena, Lafeu's question, excited by its quibbling nature, is not put until after Bertram has turned the attention of the audience by addressing another person, to wit, the Countess, whom he asks for her blessing; in which case Lafeu's query is presuming and discourteous, and the dramatic effect awkward. But if the Countess be the last speaker, this is avoided.'"

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80, 81. *The best wishes,* etc.:—That is, may you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.

104, 105. *my idolatrous fancy,* etc.:—Herford says: "Helen's passion for Bertram seems to spring, not from any flaw in her clear and penetrating mind, but from something fundamentally irrational in the nature of love itself. Christian idealism sees the peculiar glory of love in its power of transcending and ignoring distinctions of merit, and pouring itself forth on the mean and lowly. Modern Romanticism, from a kindred but distinct point of view, has delighted to picture the salvation of a worthless man by a woman's devoted love. But neither of these transcendent ways of looking at love is anywhere suggested in Shakespeare. Helen's love is an idolatry, and finds its highest expression in adoring self-subjection."

117. *Are you meditating on virginity?*—"It is very characteristic of the English renaissance," says Brandes, "and of the public which Shakespeare had in view in his early plays, that he should make this noble heroine take part with Parolles in the long and jocular conversation on the nature of virginity, which is one of the most indecorous passages in his works. This dialogue must certainly belong to the original version of the play. We must remember that Helena, in that version, was in all probability very different from the high-souled woman she became in the process of revision. She no doubt expressed herself freely, according to Shakespeare's youthful manner, in rhyming reveries on love and fate. Or else he made her pour forth multitudinous swarms of images, each treading on the other's heels, like those in which she forecasts Bertram's love adventures at the court of France." Some editors pronounce the whole conversation on virginity (118-173) spurious.

239. *and will not leave me*:—Clarke remarks: "The noble mixture of spirited firmness and womanly modesty, fine sense and true humility, clear sagacity and absence of conceit, passionate warmth and sensitive delicacy, generous love and self-diffidence, with which Shakespeare has endowed Helena, renders her in our eyes one of the most admirable of his female characters. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jameson have each eloquently contributed to do homage to the beauty of Helena's character—a beauty the more conspicuous from the difficulties of the story: which demanded the combination of the utmost ardour in passion with the utmost purity and delicacy, the utmost moral courage and intelligence of mind with the utmost modesty of nature,

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to complete the conformation of its heroine." "Shakespeare," says Brandes, "has worked out the figure of Helena with the tenderest partiality. Pity and admiration in concert seem to have guided his pen. We feel in his portraiture a deep compassion for the pangs of despised love—the compassion of one who himself has suffered—and over the whole figure of Helena he has shed a Raphael-like beauty. She wins all, charms all, wherever she goes —old and young, women and men—all except Bertram, the one in whom her life is bound up. The King and the old Lafeu are equally captivated by her, equally impressed by her excellences. Bertram's mother prizes her as if she were her daughter; more highly, indeed, than she prizes her own obstinate son. The Italian widow becomes so devoted to her that she follows her to a foreign country in order to vouch for her statement and win her back her husband."

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . Clown.*] The *Clown* in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone in *As You Like It*. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house. Cartwright, in one of the copies of verses prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, censures such dialogues as this, and that between Olivia and the Clown in *Twelfth Night*:—

> "Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
> I' th' *lady's* questions, and the *fool's* replies,
> Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
> In trunk-hose, which our fathers call'd the *clown*."

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species, the mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears that the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie,* has defined the characteristics: "A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:

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"Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool." Shakespeare's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise lie too deep for words.

57, 58. *joul horns,* etc.:—It used to be thought in Shakespeare's time that the Puritans and Papists stood so far apart as to meet round on the other side, as extremes are apt to do.

96 *et seq. Though honesty,* etc.:—The controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion and wearing the surplice was raging quite fiercely in Shakespeare's time; everybody was interested in it; so that the allusion in the text would be generally understood. The Puritans would have compelled every one to wear the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, conformed so far as to *wear the surplice over the gown,* because their conscience would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former. It is hard to conceive why they should have been so hot against these things, unless it were that the removing of them was only a pretence, while in reality they aimed at other things. And we learn from Jeremy Collier, that when Sir Francis Walsingham offered in the queen's name to concede so far, they replied, *"Ne ungulam esse relinquendam*; they would not leave so much as a hoof behind." How the war was kept up may be judged from what Jeremy Taylor wrote sixty years later: "But there are amongst us such tender stomachs that cannot endure milk, but can very well digest iron; consciences so tender, that a ceremony is greatly offensive, but rebellion is not; a *surplice drives them away* as a bird affrighted with a man of clouts: but their consciences can suffer them to despise government, and speak evil of dignities, and curse all that are not of their opinion, and disturb the peace of kingdoms, and commit sacrilege, and account schism the character of saints."

142 *et seq.* "The scene," says Mrs. Jameson, "in which the Countess extorts from Helena the confession of her love is perhaps the finest in the whole play, and brings out all the striking points of Helena's character. Though the acknowledgement is wrung from her with an agony which seems to convulse her whole being, yet when once she has given it solemn utterance, she re-

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covers her presence of mind, and asserts her native dignity. In her justification of her feelings and her conduct, there is neither sophistry nor self-deception nor presumption, but a noble simplicity, combined with the most impassioned earnestness; while the language naturally rises in its eloquent beauty, as the tide of feeling, now first let loose from the bursting heart, comes pouring forth in words. The whole scene is wonderfully beautiful."

156, 157. *That this distemper'd messenger,* etc.:—There is something exquisitely beautiful in this reference to the suffusion of colours which glimmers around the eye when wet with tears. The Poet has described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece,* 1586:—

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

37. *our parting,* etc.:—Our parting is as it were to dissever or dismember a body.

88. *Than I dare blame my weakness*:—Steevens explains this obscure expression thus: "To acknowledge how much she has astonished me would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do." Mason, in this manner: "Lafeu's meaning appears to be, that the amazement she excited in him was so great that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." Clarke interprets, "hath filled me with more well-grounded astonishment than with weak credulity deserving blame." Halliwell says: "My amazement is too great for me to accuse my weakness of creating it; I cannot impute my surprise to my credulity."

138. *Since you set up,* etc.:—That is, "Since you have *made up your mind* that there is no remedy."

141, 142. *So holy writ . . been babes*:—Perhaps an allusion to Matthew, xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." See also Daniel, i. 17-20.

142. *Great floods* perhaps alludes to the smiting of the rock in Horeb by Moses.

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143, 144. *great seas,* etc.:—This refers, apparently, to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.

Scene II.

43. *O Lord, sir!*—A satire on this silly expletive, then much in vogue at court and among the fashionable aristocracy. It was ridiculed by other writers. Thus, in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*: "You conceive me, sir?—O Lord, sir!" And Cleveland, in one of his songs: "Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk playbook oaths."

Scene III.

1 *et seq.* Coleridge has a characteristic remark upon this passage: "Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word *causeless* in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena,* that is, things natural, not of *noumena,* or things supernatural." Bacon, in his Essay, *Of Atheism,* has a remark apparently born of the same experience that dictated the passage in the text: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." The topic seems to have been often in the thoughts of that wonderful man: he has it again in his *Meditationes Sacræ,* and his *Advancement of Learning.*

100-102. This speech is usually printed as if the whole of it referred to Bertram; which seems to render the latter part of it unintelligible. To get over the difficulty, Theobald, and Hanmer and Warburton after him, broke it into three speeches, giving to Lafeu "There 's one grape yet," to Parolles "I am sure thy father drunk wine," and the rest to Lafeu. There is no authority for this; besides, taking the latter part of the speech as addressed to Parolles, all seems clear enough, and agrees well with what afterwards passes between them. Of course, during this part of the scene Lafeu and Parolles stand at some distance from the rest, where they can see what is done, but not hear what is said; therefore Lafeu has been speaking as if Helena were the refused, not the refuser.

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119 *et seq.* [*King.*] Herford remarks: "Shakespeare has rarely dwelt upon those class antagonisms of noble and bourgeois which enter so largely into modern fiction; as rarely the relation between mother and daughter. His Countess ignores the one and assumes the other—a silent tribute to Helena's distinction of character, as to her own. Lafeu is an aristocrat of the same genial type, who betrays only indignant wonder when the young nobles of the court appear to refuse the proffered hand of the poor physician's daughter. The king himself, instead of being 'very loath' at Helena's choice, accepts it with cordial alacrity, and checks Bertram's scorn by a frankly democratic speech which saps the basis of the whole fabric of social distinctions founded upon blood."

164. *Or I will throw thee from my care for ever*:—"Outspoken enough in his first refusal," observes Lloyd, "Bertram yields—not to the lecture on the nobility of merit as contrasted with that of blood, but to the king's threat of severe and instant displeasure in terms implying the privation of the chances of distinction he is so disposed to value. . . . Thus urged, the double weakness of his character appears—first in giving way to a threat, and then in the facile employment of a certain glozing glibness in the terms of his recantation, betraying a deep deficiency of innate truthfulness and hardy self-respect. The consent is a concession to immediate pressure, and on the first escape from this, his earlier project is embraced; and, with Parolles to aid and abet, he makes off from his neglected bride for the Tuscan wars. The Bertram of this Scene is evidently the same young nobleman who pursues with promises of unlimited profusion the honour of Diana Capulet, and who to extricate himself from a difficulty, invents and pours forth one lie after another with a volubility of tongue almost gratuitous, and with every charitable allowance for his embarrassment, sufficiently repulsive."

235-237. *for doing I am past,* etc.:—Lafeu means, "as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able"; and he immediately goes out: a quibble on *pass.*

Scene IV.

37. *and well fed*:—Perhaps the old saying, "better fed than taught," is alluded to here, as in II. ii. 3, where the Clown says, "I will show myself *highly fed* and lowly taught."

42-46. *puts it off,* etc.:—Puts it off *in obedience* to an *enforced* restraint; the passive, *compell'd,* for the active, *compelling.* The

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meaning of the passage appears to be, that the delay of the joys and the expectation of them, would make them more delightful when they come. The *curbed time* is the time of restraint. *Whose* want is the want *of which,* referring to *prerogative* and *rite.*

Scene V.

6. *bunting*:—The bunting nearly resembles the skylark in size, form, and feather, but has little or no song, which gives estimation to the skylark.

38, 39. *like him that leaped into the custard*:—Ben Jonson mentions this custom in *The Devil is an Ass,* I. i.:—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his *Almain leap into a custard,*
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

ACT THIRD.

Scene II.

78. *'Tis bitter*:—Referring to Helena's whole attitude to Bertram, Brandes says: "She ventures all that she may gain her well-beloved, and in the pursuit of her aim shows an inventive capacity not common among women. For the real object of her journey to cure the King is, as she frankly confesses, to be near Bertram. As in the tale, she obtains the King's promise that she may, if she is successful in curing him, choose herself a husband among the lords of his court; but in Boccaccio it is the King who, in answer to her question as to the reward, gives her this promise of his own accord; in the play it is she who first states her wish. So possessed is she by her passion for one who does not give her a thought or a look. But when he rejects her (unlike Giletta in the tale), she has no desire to attain her object by compulsion; she simply says to the King with noble resignation, 'That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad; let the rest go.' She offers no objection when Bertram, immediately after the wedding, announces his departure, alleging pretexts which she does not choose to see through; she suffers without a murmur when, at the moment of parting, he refuses her a kiss. When she has

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learnt the whole truth, she can at first utter nothing but short ejaculations: 'My lord is gone, for ever gone.' 'This is a dreadful sentence!' ''Tis bitter!'—and presently she leaves her home, that she may be no hindrance to his returning to it. Predisposed though she is to self-confidence and pride, no one could possibly love more tenderly and humbly"

100. In reply to the gentlemen's declaration that they are her servants, the Countess answers, not otherwise than as we return the same offices of civility.

124, 125. *Whence honour*, etc.:—The sense is, "From that place, where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself."

Scene IV.

4. *Saint Jaques' pilgrim*:—At Orleans was a church dedicated to Saint Jaques, to which pilgrims formerly used to resort to adore a part of the cross which they believed to be there.

Scene V.

53. *His face I know not*:—Touching this passage, Coleridge asks, "Shall we say here, that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's conscience?" Whatsoever may be the truth in this case, such, no doubt, is often the result of overstraining the rule against deceiving others; it puts people upon skulking behind subterfuges for the deceiving of themselves. We have often seen them use great art to speak the truth in such a way as to deceive, and then hug themselves in the conceit that they had not spoken falsely.

Scene VII.

45-48. *Is wicked meaning*, etc.:—The explanation of this riddle is, that Bertram was to do a lawful deed with a wicked intent; Helena, the same deed with a good intent; and that what was really to be on both sides a lawful meeting was to seem in them both a sinful act.

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ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

21, 22. *choughs' language,* etc.:—The sense of this passage appears to be: "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by each other; for, provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient." The *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

14. *my vows*:—His vows never to treat Helena as his wife.

21-29. *'Tis not the many oaths,* etc.:—Few passages in Shakespeare have been more belaboured than this. To understand it, we must bear in mind what Bertram has been doing and trying to do. He has been swearing love to Diana, and in the strength of that oath wants her to do that which would ruin her. This is what she justly calls *loving* her *ill,* because it is a love that would *injure* her. She therefore retorts upon him, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. As to the latter part of the passage, the lines have not been understood on account of the inversion. The first *him* refers to *Jove,* and *whom,* not to this, but to the second *him*; or rather *whom* and the latter *him* are correlative. The meaning, then, at once appears, if we render the sentence thus: "This has no holding, this will not hold, to swear by Heaven that I will work against him, or seek his hurt, whom I protest to love." What, therefore, does she conclude? why, that his *oaths* are no oaths, but mere *words* and *poor, unseal'd,* unratified *conditions.*

Scene III.

34-37. *I would gladly,* etc.:—This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how ill he has judged, will be less confident and more open to admonition.

239. *Half won,* etc.:—That is, a match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

Scene IV.

21-25. *But, O strange men,* etc.:—Clarke explains: "When, by permitting the beguiled imagination to rove forbiddenly, the dark-

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ness of night is made blacker"; and comments: "This wandering away of Helena's thoughts into reverie (for the whole of this sentence is spoken to herself, rather than to her hearers) even while she is commenting upon excursive fancies, is, to our thinking, intensely fine and true to human nature, particularly under these special circumstances."

35. *the fine's the crown*:—A translation of the common Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* Of course *fine* is used in its primitive sense, for *end.*

Scene V.

2-4. *whose villanous saffron,* etc.:—In *The Winter's Tale,* IV. iii. 47, the Clown says, "I must have *saffron* to colour the warden *pies.*" From which it appears that in Shakespeare's time *saffron* was used for colouring pastry. The phrase "*unbaked* and *doughy* youth" shows that the same custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, "the scarfs and the bannerets," which this strutting vacuum cuts his dashes in. *Yellow* was then the prevailing colour in the dress of such as Parolles, whose soul was in their clothes. Various passages might be cited in proof of this. Thus, Sir Philip Sidney has "*saffron*-coloured coat," and Ben Jonson in one of his songs speaks of "ribands, bells, and *saffrond* lynnen." The concluding part of Lafeu's description seems to identify *red* as the colour of a fantastical coxcomb's *hose,* or the allusion may be to his *scarfs.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

25. *All's well that ends well*:—Herford says: "Helena has been described as a kind of antithesis to Hamlet, in her clear purpose and resolute will; her quiet intensity and absence of humour associate her with Isabel, the device which restores her wedded rights, with Mariana. The marks of early date thus attach themselves to scenes which form the very framework of the plot."

Scene II.

56. *though you are a fool,* etc.:—"This is just one of Shakespeare's own touches," says Clarke. "It is not only true to his

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large spirit of toleration for human frailties, that the old nobleman should save the wretch from starving, notwithstanding his strong disgust for his character; but it is an ingenuity of dramatic art thus to provide that Parolles shall be at hand, when the final scene of the story takes place at Rousillon, to appear among the other personages of the play."

Scene III.

17. *richest eyes*:—So in *As You Like It*, IV. i. 23-25: "To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands." Those who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty."

21, 22. *kill all repetition*:—That is, the first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.

93-101. *In Florence*, etc.:—"Here," says Clarke, "is one of Count Bertram's ready falsehoods, which he, with the fluency of an expert liar, pours forth, with self-condemnatory ease. Though he did not know that the ring belonged to Helena, he knew that it was not given to him under the circumstances he describes with so much affected precision of detail; and that very throwing from a window, wrapping in paper, and nobleness of the thrower, by which he seeks to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his tale, serves to prove its untruth, and to convict himself of being altogether untrue." Johnson remarks that Bertram still has too little virtue to deserve Helena. He did not know it was Helena's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window.

313, 314. *If she, my liege*, etc.:—Herford thus dismisses Helena: "The triumph of her love is merely external. She has satisfied the conditions and her husband consents to take her home; but of the sequel we are left to form what ominous conjecture we may from the perfunctory declaration:—

> 'If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
> I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.'"

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Questions on

All's Well that Ends Well.

1. Was this play probably performed during the Poet's lifetime? When do we find the first theatrical notices published?

2. Comment on the divergencies of style and show what they indicate as to date of composition.

3. Indicate the differences between the story of Boccaccio, on which the play is founded, and the play itself. What characters are of Shakespeare's creation?

ACT FIRST.

4. In how many places in the play are there references to the father of Bertram? What influence upon the dispositions of people does his memory exert?

5. What relation does Bertram bear to the King?

6. How does the first view of Helena compare with that of Hamlet? Compare the words of Lafeu (i. 60, 61) with those of the King to Hamlet. How do the Countess and Lafeu mistake the sorrow of Helena?

7. Compare the Countess's blessing on Bertram (line 66 *et seq.*) with Polonius's on Laertes.

8. Characterize the poetic qualities of Helena's soliloquy in Sc. i.

9. How does Helena describe Parolles as to character and reputation?

10. In what spirit does Helena enter upon the discussion of virginity with Parolles? What is the dramatic purpose of this somewhat prolonged dialogue?

11. What qualities does Parolles demonstrate in himself as the discussion turns upon war?

12. What is the dominant quality of Helena's nature, and where in the first Scene does she exploit it?

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13. Show how the enveloping action of the drama is indicated in Sc. ii.

14. What is Shakespeare's comment on the character of the courtier? Comment on Shakespeare's independence of character, considering the fact that he was a playwright favoured at court.

15. Show the mixture of sweetness and cynicism in the King's speeches. How is the edge taken from the latter quality?

16. Compare the Clown with Touchstone in *As You Like It.* What impression does his wit make?

17. How is the Countess informed of Helena's love for Bertram? What impediment does Helena chiefly fear to her union with Bertram?

18. What does the Countess find in herself to quicken her sympathy with Helena? How does she wring the confession from Helena?

19. When did Helena determine to go to Paris? How far did her thoughts for the King bear a part in her motives?

20. Review the first Act and state the causes for the action that are here set forth.

ACT SECOND.

21. Does the King seem English or French in temper?

22. In what position is Bertram placed in regard to the wars?

23. How account for the bantering tone that Lafeu takes with the King?

24. Explain the Biblical allusions in Helena's speech, i. 137 *et seq.*

25. Compare lines 154, 155 of this Scene with Act I. Sc. i. 226, 227, and comment on the nature of the religious feeling evinced by Helena.

26. How is Helena willing to stake the chances of the success of her remedy with the King?

27. Is the sententious quality of the King's speech (line 178 *et seq.*) assisted by the rhyming couplets?

28. Explain the purpose of the Clown's frequent repetition (Sc. ii.) of the phrase, "O Lord, sir!"

29. What is Lafeu's reflection at the opening of Sc. iii.? Wherein resides the humour of Parolles in this dialogue?

30. How does Shakespeare manage the scene of Helena's choosing a husband so as to acquit her of immodesty? What was her motive for asking the First Lord?

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31. Is the motive Bertram alleges for denying her probably the true one? How would Ophelia or Viola have taken the rejection?

32. How does the King give to Helena "social promotion"? In the light of this play comment on Shakespeare's general aristocracy of feeling.

33. Does Bertram's sudden acquiescence in the King's demand bode ill? Does one feel that there is in Bertram a mental reservation?

34. What is the episodic purpose of the scene between Parolles and Lafeu? How does this scene develop the presentation of Parolles? How is he defined by Lafeu? Where is the undoing of Parolles foreshadowed?

35. What does Bertram determine upon after his marriage?

36. How do you account (Sc. iv.) for the presence of the Clown at Paris? What message does Parolles bring to Helena?

37. What is Helena's attitude towards Bertram now that she has won him in marriage?

38. What opinion of Parolles (Sc. v.) does Bertram give Lafeu? Indicate the dramatic purpose of the return of Parolles to the Scene.

39. What deceit does Bertram practise upon Helena? How might this Scene be marred in the hands of an artist less great than Shakespeare?

ACT THIRD.

40. Indicate the position of Sc. i. in the time scheme.

41. How is Bertram described by the Clown? Indicate the dramatic purpose of the Clown's forswearing of Isbel.

42. What were the contents of the letters to the Countess and to Helena?

43. What is the bearing of the Countess under the news brought in the letters?

44. Indicate the train of thought expressed by Helena. What does she determine upon doing?

45. In Sc. iii. what rise in the fortunes of Bertram is indicated?

46. What is the metrical form of Helena's letter? What report does she give out of her intentions?

47. What is the story of Diana?

48. Does Helena tell a lie to the Widow of Florence?

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49. What is the dramatic effect of the Widow's and Diana's pity for the wife of Bertram?

50. How is the drum episode foreshadowed?

51. For what purpose is the stratagem put upon Parolles?

52. How does Parolles answer to the suggestion that the drum be recovered? What leads him to an undertaking for which he has no stomach?

53. Can you find in your own observation any confirmation of the truth uttered in Sc. vi. 94 *et seq.*?

54. Is it to point Bertram's youth that he is made unable to see through Parolles?

55. What trait of Helena is manifest in Sc. vii.? How does she overcome the scruples of the Widow?

ACT FOURTH.

56. Explain *choughs' language*. Where did Shakespeare get his suggestion for this?

57. Does Parolles know himself to be a coward? Did Falstaff? Did the latter ever confess it to himself?

58. What is the Second Lord's comment on Parolles?

59. What things did Parolles meditate to say in accounting for himself on his return to camp? What does he promise after his capture?

60. In Sc. ii. Bertram for the first time takes the initiative. Define the importance of this Scene from a dramatic point of view.

61. How does Diana plead against Bertram's desires? Does Shakespeare allow her own individuality to assert itself? What is the implication in her name?

62. Give the dramatic significance of the rings. Sc. ii. has what episodic value?

63. What news did the letter of the Countess contain? When was it delivered to Bertram? What was its effect upon him?

64. Bearing in mind that this play deals with Frenchmen, with ideals unlike the Anglo-Saxon, what is the point of honour implied in the conversation of the two Lords at the opening of Sc. iii.?

65. What is the dramatic excuse for this conversation?

66. In what temper of mind does Bertram appear on his entrance into Sc. iii.? What judgement of Bertram is demanded

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of the spectator by the combined impressions derived from this Scene?

67. What is Bertram's fear when Parolles is brought in for examination?

68. Is the humour of this examination equal to that in *Measure for Measure,* where Lucio tells lies to his face about the *Duke of dark corners*?

69. On what terms is Parolles willing to accept life? What would have supported Falstaff in such an extremity as this of Parolles?

70. How does Sc. iv. advance the plot? In what temper of mind do we find Helena in this Scene?

71. Does the wit of the Clown improve in Sc. v.? What thoughts (line 49 *et seq.*) does he express similar to some of the Porter's in *Macbeth*?

72. Lafeu calls the Clown *unhappy*; why is he so? Consider the character of Lafeu as indicated by his likes and dislikes of people.

73. What further complication of the plot does the last Scene of Act IV. provide?

ACT FIFTH.

74. Does Helena ever seem to confess a feminine shrinking from her purposes, or to feel any fatigue that the accomplishment of them imposes?

75. How does Sc. ii. exhibit the degradation of Parolles? Explain the words to Lafeu, *you are the first that found me*?

76. Where had Lafeu *talk of* Parolles, as he says, *last night*? Has the Countess ever, earlier than in Sc. iii., when she pleads extenuation of Bertram's faults, shown a similar attitude towards him?

77. What kind of penitence does Bertram show? What does Bertram say of Lafeu's daughter, with whom a marriage is arranged for him?

78. By whom is the ring first noticed? Can you justify Bertram's account of the way he came into possession of it?

79. How does Bertram meet the accusations of Diana? What quality of his nature is shown in his protest against using the evidence of Parolles against him?

80. What impression is derived from Diana's quibbling with the King? Is this possibly a part of the earlier form of the play, or

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is her tortuous policy dramatically justified by the nature of the revelations to be made?

81. Does the conclusion of the play seem slighted by the dramatist. Is this abrupt ending contrary to his usual method?

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82. Comment on this view of Hudson: "The play is more apt to inspire an apologetic than an enthusiastic tone of mind."

83. Mention phrases, ideas, complexions of thought, that ally the play with *Hamlet*. Does it seem, from internal evidence, to have been written before or after *Hamlet*?

84. Herford has said that Helena's love for Bertram seems to spring from something fundamentally irrational in the nature of love itself; does this view account for her unusual conduct?

85. In how many of Shakespeare's plays do we find the pursuit by the woman of the man? Is this *motif* legitimatized by modern literature?

86. In depicting the character of Helena, how does Shakespeare compensate for the absence of many outward circumstances of which she has the advantage in the story of Boccaccio?

87. Herford further speaks of Helena's "clear and penetrating mind." With such qualities she could have been under no misapprehension of moral values. How did she meet and solve her problems?

88. Are the materials of this play essentially dramatic? Would they adapt themselves better to narrative treatment, and if so, why?

89. What is Shakespeare's attitude towards such young men as Bertram, Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and Claudio in *Measure for Measure*?

90. Swinburne calls Lafeu "one of the best old men in all the range of comic art." Show reasons for his view.

91. Show the evident dramatic purpose of Parolles and of the Countess. Is motherhood a favourite *motif* with Shakespeare?

92. What is Shakespeare's philosophic outlook upon life as evinced by this play?

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Twelfth Night.
Julia Marlowe as Viola.

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TWELFTH NIGHT;
Or, WHAT YOU WILL

Preface.

The First Edition. *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will,* was first printed in the First Folio, where it occupies pages 255-275 in the division of Comedies. There is no record of any earlier edition. The text is singularly free from misprints and corruptions. The list of 'Dramatis Personæ' was first given by Rowe, as in the case of many of the plays.

The Date of Composition. John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple from January 1601(-2) to April, 1603, entered in his Diary, preserved in the British Museum (MS. Harleian 5353),* the following statement:—

"Feb. 2, 1601(-2).—At our feast, we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfeiting as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad," etc. Seeing that *Twelfth Night* is not mentioned by Meres in 1598, and as the play contains fragments of the song '*Farewell, dear heart, since I must*

* *Cp. The Diary of John Manningham,* ed. by John Bruce (*Camden Society,* 1869).

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needs be gone,' from the Book of Ayres, by Robert Jones, first published in 1601, the date of composition may with some certainty be assigned to 1601-2.

Title of the Play. According to Halliwell-Phillipps, *Twelfth Night* was one of four plays acted by Shakespeare's Company, 'the Lord Chamberlain's servants,' before the Court at Whitehall during the Christmas of 1601-2: possibly it owed its name to the circumstance that it was first acted as the Twelfth-Night performance on that occasion. Others hold that the name of the play was suggested by 'its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth-Night sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment.' Its second name, '*Or What You Will,*' was perhaps given in something of the same spirit as '*As You Like It*'; it probably implies that the first title has no very special meaning. It has been suggested that the name expresses Shakespeare's indifference to his own production—that it was a sort of farewell to Comedy; in his subsequent plays the tragic element was to predominate. This far-fetched subtle view of the matter has certainly little to commend it.*

The Sources of the Plot. (i.) There are at least two Italian plays called *Gl'Inganni* (The Cheats), to which Manningham may have referred in his entry as containing incidents resembling those of *Twelfth Night*; one of these plays, by Nicolo Secchi, was printed in 1562; another by Curzio Gonzalo, was first published in 1592. In the latter play the sister, who dresses as a man, and is mistaken for her brother, gives herself the name of Cesare, and it seems likely that we have here the source of Shakespeare's 'Cesario.' (ii.) A third play, however, entitled *Gl'Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), translated by Peacock in 1862, bears a much stronger resemblance to *Twelfth Night;* in its poetical induction, *Il Sacrificio,* oc-

* Marston took the name *What You Will* for a play of his own in 1607.

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curs the name 'Malevolti,' which is at least suggestive of the name 'Malvolio.' (iii.) The ultimate source of the story is undoubtedly Bandello's *Novelle* (II. 36), whence it passed into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques* (Vol. IV. Hist. vii.); an English version of the story—probably Shakespeare's original for the general framework of his Comedy—found a place in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarye Profession* (1581), where it is styled '*The History of Apollonius and Silla*'; Rich, no doubt, derived it from Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*; Cinthio in his turn was indebted to Bandello. (Rich's *Apollonius and Silla* is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part 1, Vol. I.)

For the secondary plot, the story of 'Malvoglio, that cross-gartered gull,' no source exists; Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, and Maria, are wholly Shakespeare's.

Backward Links. *Twelfth Night*, probably the last of the joyous comedies, holding a middle place between *As You Like It* and *All's Well*, suggests noteworthy points of contact with earlier plays:—*e.g.* (1) the disguised Viola may well be compared with the disguised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*; (2) the story of the wreck recalls the similar episode in *The Comedy of Errors*; (3) the whole play is in fact a 'Comedy of Errors' arising from mistaken identity; (4) the sentiment of music breathes throughout, as in *The Merchant of Venice*,

> *'like the sweet sound*
> *That breathes upon a bank of violets,*
> *Stealing and giving odour';*

(5) alike, too, in both these plays the faithful friend is named Antonio; (6) in Viola's confession of her secret love (II. iv. 113-121) we have a fuller chord of the note struck in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii. 14-18); (7) finally, Sir Andre is a sort of elder brother of Cousin Slender; and Sir Toby Belch a near kinsman of Sir John Falstaff.

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Duration of Action. The Action of *Twelfth Night* occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days:—

Day 1, Act I. i. iii. Interval. *Day* 2, Act I. iv. and v.; Act II. i. iii. *Day* 3, Act II. iv. and v.; Acts III., IV., and V.

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Sebastian and Viola, twins, are separated by shipwreck and each believes the other lost. Viola is cast ashore on the coast of Illyria. She thereupon dons male attire and obtains service as page with the Duke Orsino, who has been vainly suing for the hand of Olivia, a native lady. The Duke is pleased with the appearance of his new page and sends Viola to pay court for him to Olivia, which she does with so much gracefulness and eloquence that the lady becomes enamoured of the supposed youth instead of the master.

II. Olivia sends favours and messages to Viola in which, naturally, the latter takes no interest. Viola, in turn, has conceived a passion for the Duke, which she is compelled to hide.

Olivia's steward, Malvolio, is so priggish and conceited that others of her household contrive a practical joke against him, sending him an anonymous love-letter which he is given to believe is from Olivia herself.

III. Malvolio follows instructions contained in the letter, and behaves so ridiculously that his mistress believes him demented. Meanwhile Olivia's love for Viola becomes so intense that she sues openly to the fictitious page, much to the latter's distress. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish suitor of Olivia's, is displeased at the favours shown the page, and in a spirit of bravado challenges Viola. Though both are eager to avoid the conflict, it is only averted by the arrival of officers.

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IV. Sebastian, Viola's brother, who was also cast up by the sea, comes to Illyria. He looks so much like his sister—especially since she is in men's garments—that Sir Andrew mistakes him for the page and renews the fight. This time he does not encounter a woman's shrinking spirit or weak arm, and he is soundly belaboured. Soon after, Olivia also meets Sebastian, supposes him to be Viola and reiterates her devotion. The delighted Sebastian returns love for love and they are secretly espoused before a priest.

V. Olivia encounters Viola in company with the Duke and greets her by the title of husband. The bewildered page disavows the title, but the priest who performed the ceremony vouches for it. The Duke is much disgruntled that his favourite page should so abuse his confidence. Viola is meeting with general disfavour, when her brother Sebastian arrives on the scene, and the two who had thought each other dead are reunited. Olivia discovers that she has espoused the brother, after having wooed the sister, while the Duke finds that his attachment for his page becomes love when Viola resumes her feminine attire.

The secret of Malvolio's dementia is revealed, and he is released from the confinement in which he has been held.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Viola.

As the innate dignity of Perdita pierces through her rustic disguise, so the exquisite refinement of Viola triumphs over her masculine attire. Viola is, perhaps, in a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring; she is "deep-learned in the lore of love"—at least theo-

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retically—and speaks as masterly on the subject as Perdita does of flowers.

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine) it is shortly this: She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria: she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady, having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother.

If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene) that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and, when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way de-

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tract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*"

Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies: but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

Viola then is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke, and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array," so in Viola, a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade:—

> "And on her cheek is ready with a blush
> Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
> The youthful Phœbus."

. . . The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire —her horror at the idea of drawing a sword, is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.

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Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page, takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment, that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one; she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants—but not like Portia, "queen o'er herself." She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion; yet she apologizes for herself:—

> "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
> And laid mine honour too unchary out;
> There's something in me that reproves my fault;
> But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
> That it but mocks reproof!"

And in the midst of her self-abandonment never allows us to contemn, even while we pity her:—

> "What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
> That honour, sav'd may upon asking give?"

The distance of rank which separates the Countess from the youthful page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing" with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest, not a subject of reproach. *Twelfth Night* is a genuine comedy—a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society men and women are divided into castes and classes, and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment and the broad-

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est effects of humour, the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity, in short, to bring before us in the same scene Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakspeare.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Malvolio.

Malvolio, the steward of Olivia's household, is prized by that lady for his grave and punctilious disposition. He discharges his office carefully and in a tone of some superiority, for his mind is above his estate. At some time in his life he has read cultivated books, knows the theory of Pythagoras concerning the transmigration of the soul, but thinks more nobly of the soul and no way approves that opinion. His gentility, though a little rusted and obsolete, is like a Sunday suit which nobody thinks of rallying. He wears it well, and his mistress cannot afford to treat him exactly as a servant; in fact, she has occasionally dropped good-natured phrases which he has interpreted into a special partiality; for Quixotic conceits can riot about inside of his stiff demeanor. This proneness to fantasy increases the touchiness of a man of reserve. He can never take a joke, and his climate is too inclement to shelter humor. Souls must be at blood-heat, and brains must expand with it like a blossom, before humor will fructify. He wonders how Olivia can tolerate the clown. "I protest," he says, "I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies." Olivia hits the difficulty when she replies, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite." Perhaps he thinks nobly of the soul because he so profoundly respects his own, and carries it upon stilts over the heads of the servants and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Imagine this saturnine and self-involved man obliged

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to consort daily with Sir Toby, who brings his hand to the buttery-bar before breakfast, and who hates going to bed "as an unfilled can," unless no more drink is forthcoming; an irascible fellow, too, and all the more tindery because continually dry. He has Sir Andrew Aguecheek for a boon companion, who says of himself that sometimes he has no more wit than a Christian, or than an ordinary man. . . .

But the play does not let Malvolio drop softly on his feet. There is a faint grudge provoked by the ill-tempered quality of his conceit, and Shakspeare indicates this trait of our nature. The Clown, who remembers how the steward used to twit Olivia's contentment at his sallies, and to deprecate it in a lofty way, now mimics his phrases and manner to sting him with a last fluttering dart. Malvolio's pride is already too deeply wounded, for he has indeed been "notoriously abused." There is no relenting in such a man on account of the fun, for that is a crime in the eyes of a Puritan, to be punished for God's sake. His temper acquires sombreness from his belief that total depravity is a good doctrine if you can only live up to it. But when this crime of fun is perpetrated against the anointed self-esteem of the Puritan himself, it is plain he will be revenged on the whole pack of them unless they proceed to make a sop of deference to touch his hurt with, and a pipe out of his own egotism for sounding a truce.

Shakspeare delighted to mark the transition of a virtue to a vice; that elusive moment, as of a point of passage from one species to another, discovered and put into a flash from the light of humor. Malvolio's grave and self-respecting temperament is an excellence. No decent man thinks meanly of himself, and the indecent ones cannot afford the disparagement. The pretence of it is a warning to us to expect mischief, a notice put up, "This is a private way; dangerous passing."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

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IV.

Feste, the Clown.

The Clown in this play, who, I am inclined to think, should bear his name all through by as good a right as Touchstone, is a remarkable creation, and very essential to the knitting and coherence of the general play. His musical talent is most diversified; he gives as readily and with equal effect the tender love song suited to the dreamy and poetical being of the Duke, or the noisy catch that shakes the rafters and calls up Malvolio at midnight. Thus catholic in his artistic range, he has a not less wide intellectual scope. He plumbs the depth accurately of his mistress's exhausted sorrow, penetrates the destiny of Maria and Sir Toby's weak *pia mater,* holds up a mirror to the opalescent humours of the Duke, and takes remarkably good care of his own economical resources, by asking on every occasion when he is safe to obtain—yet free from slyness withal, genial and enjoyable, as he is free of speech. Still, apart from a certain degree of loyalty to his mistress, he knows the world too well—this it is to be wise and to suffer for it, to remain very long in society of the same tone, or to feel much sympathy for anybody, or consequently to get much in return. With no great interest in the practical jests and bear-baitings that are rife around him, he does not refuse, however, to gratify his pique of profession, by lending a helping hand in duping the churlish steward.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

Of all Shakspeare's clowns, he is the best endowed with a many-sided mirth, as indeed he should be to pass lightly through the mingled romance and roystering of the play and favor all its moods. The sentiment of the Duke is as inebriated as the revelling which Malvolio rebukes. Olivia's protracted grief for her brother is carefully cos-

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seted by her, as if on purpose to give the Clown an opportunity.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?
Oliv. Good fool, for my brother's death.
Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.
Oliv. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.
Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

All the characters, noble and common, have some weakness which he intuitively rallies. The charm of the comedy lies in these unsubstantial moods of the chief personages which consort with the more substantial whims and appetites of the others. The only sobriety is vested in the Clown; for all his freaks have a consistent disposition. So the lovely poetry of the mock mourners alternates with the tipsy prose of the genuine fleshly fellows. Their hearty caterwauling penetrates to Olivia's fond seclusion, and breaks up her brooding. Feste is everywhere at home. When he plays the curate's part, Malvolio beseechingly cries, "Sir Topas, Sir Topas!" The Clown says aside, "Nay, I am for all waters"—that is, for topaz, diamond, gems of the first water, all many-colored facets, I'll reflect. And he does so in this conversation which he holds with Malvolio, who says, "I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question." Then Feste airs his learning: "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?" and makes his question lead up to a sharp retort, when Malvolio answers, "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird"; for then Feste says, "Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam." For it was a country notion that the woodcock was the foolishest of birds; so he translates Malvolio's grandam into one, and leaves him to inherit her absence of wits. And Malvolio was so devoured by mortification and anxiety that he

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does not notice when Feste cannot restrain his burlesquing knack, but makes the pretended curate say that Malvolio's cell "hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstores toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony."

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

V.

The Duke.

The Duke is treated without any disposition to accentuate the ludicrous aspect of his character and fortunes. He is among the figures which suggest that Shakespeare was attracted by the methods of Jonson. Luxurious emotions are the elements in which he lives; they run to seed in him like a "Humour." His opening words, "If music be the food of love, play on," incisively denote him. His love is not a master who subdues all his faculties and energies to its service, but an exquisite companion whom he dotes on and dallies with. He has no doubt a choice and graceful mind, and this saves him from ridicule, though hardly from contempt; but it serves rather to extract and formulate the finest essence of each passing moment than to draw obvious practical conclusions from facts. Hence the Clown—no inapt observer—admirably prescribes for him a doublet of changeable taffeta, "for thy mind is a very opal"; his speech flushes with the warmth and brilliance of each passing mood. He is sick of self-love, and his persistent courtship of Olivia rests upon a fatuous faith in his own prevailing fascination; but his egoism is amiable and effusive, and he enters easily into tender relations with his subordinates. Apolonius, in Rich's tale, has no kindness for his serving-man; but the charm of Cesario has conquered the sensitive Duke long before the climax, and the discovery of his sex transforms it without effort into love. This change might seem to involve a modifi-

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cation of the climax of Rich's story, where Apolonius vows his man's death to avenge his lady's honour (Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, i. 408). In Shakespeare's hands, however, the incident adds a piquant trait to the Duke's character. His tenderness for the lad he dooms converts the act into a sacrifice, and invests it with a tragic significance full of relish to his artistic sense.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Olivia.

The Countess Olivia forms a pendant to the Duke; she, like him, is full of yearning melancholy. With an ostentatious exaggeration of sisterly love, she has vowed to pass seven whole years veiled like a nun, consecrating her whole life to sorrow for her dead brother. Yet we find in her speeches no trace of this devouring sorrow; she jests with her household, and rules it ably and well, until, at the first sight of the disguised Viola, she flames out into passion, and, careless of the traditional reserve of her sex, takes the most daring steps to win the supposed youth. She is conceived as an unbalanced character, who passes at a bound from exaggerated hatred for all worldly things to total forgetfulness of her never-to-be-forgotten sorrow. Yet she is not comic like Phebe; for Shakespeare has indicated that it is the Sebastian type, foreshadowed in the disguised Viola, which is irresistible to her; and Sebastian, we see, at once requites the love which his sister had to reject. Her utterance of her passion, moreover, is always poetically beautiful.

Yet while she is sighing in vain for Viola, she necessarily appears as though seized with a mild erotic madness, similar to that of the Duke: and the folly of each is parodied in a witty and delightful fashion by Malvolio's entirely ludicrous love for his mistress, and vain

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confidence that she returns it. Olivia feels and says this herself, where she exclaims (iii. 4)—

> "Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he
> If sad and merry madness equal be."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VII.

Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Of Sir Toby himself—that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion—it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels"; and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the aspiring, lackadaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him, he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

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VIII.

The Characters Contrasted.

Viola is in so far the heroine of the piece, as the whole play originates with and is kept in motion by her and her disguise. And yet her character is given in light touches and delicate colours, and is composed of but a few simple elements. It consists, so to say, only in the apparent contradiction between a tender, gentle, sensitive, longing heart, which, being " deeply skilled in the science of love," retires in maidenly shyness within itself, and a bold, witty and imaginative mind that whispers to her all kinds of mischievous ideas, which she involuntarily follows from her innate pleasure in romance and in what is fantastic. She thereby falls into situations which cause her anxiety and embarrassment, because, on the other hand, she has not the courage or the practical cleverness possessed by Portia (in *The Merchant of Venice*), whose mind is somewhat akin to her own. To solve harmoniously this apparent contradiction, which places the two elements of the comic—fancy and intrigue—in close juxtaposition, and to form a true and life-like character out of these heterogeneous elements, is a task that Shakspeare leaves to the talent of the actors. In pieces like this and similar ones, he cannot well do otherwise; he has to content himself with giving mere hints of the characters, he has, so to say, but to touch the light pollen of the characterisation; a deeper development and deeper motives would obstruct and retard the rapid, easy, graceful movement of the action.

The other characters, the musical and dreamy Duke, who suns himself in his own love, and spends his time in brooding over his own sorrows;—Olivia, in her girlish self-will, hard to please yet so easy to win over, so serious, strict, and yet so graceful, who is so cold, so shy, so virtuously reserved before she is in love, and so inconsiderate in her desires, so devoted after her love is

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aroused by contradiction, and has burst forth into a bright flame;—Antonio, with his fantastic friendship for Sebastian, and Sebastian with his healthy, vigorous, youthful nature, taking with one snatch that which the Duke has in vain endeavoured to obtain by entreaties, lamentations and sighs;—the roguish, ingenious Maria, and her clever helper's help Fabian—all these characters are sketched in such fine outlines, the transparent colours and delicate lights and shades of which are so harmoniously blended with one another that, only in this manner, and in no other, could they be the agents of such a light, airy, hazy and yet deeply significant composition. The most carefully worked out contrast is that between the Fool by profession and the involuntary fools, Malvolio, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby. While the latter, in their own conceit and foolishness, unconsciously draw the cap and bells over their own ears, the former, in his self-adopted mental garb of motley colours, moves with inimitable adroitness, and pins the lappets of his wit to the back of all the other characters. The meaning of the poem is, so to say, centred in him. He alone, in full consciousness, contemplates life as a merry Twelfth Night, in which every one has, in fact, only to play his allotted part to the greatest possible amusement of himself and others.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

Charms of this Comedy.

Of all Shakespeare's comedies, perhaps *Twelfth Night* is the most richly woven with various hues of love, serious and mock-heroic. The amorous threads take warmer shifting colours from their neighbourhood to the unmitigated remorseless merry-making of the harum-scarum old wag Sir Toby and his sparkling captain

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in mischief, the "most excellent devil of wit," Maria. Beside their loud conviviality and pitiless fun the languishing sentiment of the cultivated love-lorn Duke stands out seven times refined, and goes with exquisite touch to the innermost sensibilities.

MINTO: *Characteristics of English Poets.*

Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the Clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives,* there's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatened with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It,* "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It.* No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love.

The self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and Clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it's not till we look past them that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

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Comments

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespear's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Maria, and, above all, Viola, as they live in the comedy are Shakespearian to the heart. The framework of the play is essentially serious, a beautiful vein of poetic feeling runs through it, and, intermingled with these, the most unforced and uproarious fun. In inventiveness in the comic type and in freedom in handling it, as well as in grouping of diverse materials and fusing them into a harmonious and captivating whole, this comedy was never surpassed by the dramatist. He parted with the muse of comedy at the very moment when he had mastered the art of touching the weaknesses, follies, and minor sins of men with a touch which was keen with the wisdom of a great knowledge of the world, and gentle with the kindness of one who loved his kind for what they had lost rather than for what they had won.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

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Twelfth Night;
or, What You Will.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, *friend to Viola.*
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, FESTE, *a clown,* } *servants to Olivia*

OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*

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Twelfth Night;

Or, What You Will.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,

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Methought she purged the air of pestilence! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now? what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

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Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

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Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this Duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit; 60
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. 10

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

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Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and 30 but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my 40 throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost. 50

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

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Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'? 60

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring 70 your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when 81 did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. 90

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Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature. 100

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match 110 above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man. 120

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

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Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence,

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that you call in question the continuance of his
love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;

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And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best 40
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.' 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long ab-

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sent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. 20

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.* 30

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest. 40

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue

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that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the

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better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be 80
sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass
his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a
barren rascal: I saw him put down the other
day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain
than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his
guard already; unless you laugh and minister
occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take
these wise men, that crow so at these set kind 90
of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste
with a distempered appetite. To be generous,
guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those
things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bul-
lets: there is no slander in an allowed fool,
though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in
a known discreet man, though he do nothing but
reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for 100
thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle-
man much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man,
and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing

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but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it. 110

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? 120

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he? 130

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

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Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall 140
look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. 150

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he? 160

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

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Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. 170
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no 180 scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very 190 fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your

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praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. 200

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. 210

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter. 220

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria, and Attendants.*]

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Now, sir, what is your text? 230

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face. 240

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, 250
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud; 260
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

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My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant; 270
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love 280
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;

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I cannot love him: let him send no more; 290
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: 300
I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, 310
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find

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Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe; 320
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere 10
extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would 20
we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for

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some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, 30 sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of 40 my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

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Scene II.

A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, 10 unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much, 20
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

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Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false 30
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

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Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 20

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 30

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

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Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good.
Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure: 50
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that? 60
Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'
Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins. 'Hold thy peace.' 70
Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio

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and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 80 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December',—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do 90 ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and 100 your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

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Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.' 110

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 120

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when 130 a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

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Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it. 140

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough. 150

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? 160

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

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Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him. 170

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. 180 [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 190

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene IV.

The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends,
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

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Vio. A little, by your favour.
Duke. What kind of woman is 't?
Vio. Of your complexion.
Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?
Vio. About your years, my lord.
Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him, 30
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50
Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

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SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then. 70

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.* 80

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CLOWN : "Come away, come away, death"
TWELFTH NIGHT *Act* II *Scene* 4

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Duke. Let all the rest give place.
[*Curio and Attendants retire.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must. 90
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,— 100
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

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My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, 110
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love. 120

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

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Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew? 10

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.* 20

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't? 30

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

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Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace! 40
Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!
Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.
Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—
Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, 50 where I have left Olivia sleeping,—
Sir To. Fire and brimstone!
Fab. O, peace, peace!
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—
Sir To. Bolts and shackles!
Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, 60 make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?
Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

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Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then. 70

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'— 80

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I know 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand; these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand. 90

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

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Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*] Jove knows I love:
But who? 100
Lips do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*] I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life. 110

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,— 120 what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, —Softly! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

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Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does. 130

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 140

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, 150 160

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

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Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

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Sir And. Or o' mine either?
Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or I either?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.
Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife. 200
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent 210 devil of wit!
Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman!

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Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 10

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man? 20

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing. 30

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly:

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TWELFTH NIGHT
Act 3, Scene 1

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she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 40

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 50

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady 60 is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

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And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice 70
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her. 80
Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.
But we are prevented. 90

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours'; well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

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Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed':
I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and* 100
Maria.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, 110
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse 120
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you
think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake

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And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love. 130

Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man; 140
Their lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? 150
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

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A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide,
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 160
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move 170
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

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Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you. 10

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; 20 and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; 30 for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew. 40

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Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou 'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

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Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings. 70

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour. 80

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,

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Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

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Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.
Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave? 10
Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

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Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio!
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.
Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the 30 sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?
Mar. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness 40 before my lady?
Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness': 'twas well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

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Mal. 'Some are born great,'—
Oli. Ha!
Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—
Oli. What sayest thou?
Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'— 50
Oli. Thy yellow stockings!
Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'
Oli. Cross-gartered!
Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so';—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure. 60
Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.
[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*
Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites 70

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me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's 80 doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance —What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 90

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays 100 you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

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Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! 110

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 120

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. 130

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow

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things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man. 140

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: 150 at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow. 160

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

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Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for. 170

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy 180 upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon 190 as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

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Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

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And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that 230
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy 240 preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can 250 furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in

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private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire 260
some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark 270
naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even 280
to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the

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most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. 290

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They 300 say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a 310 good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

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Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he 320 finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman 330 and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will. 340

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

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Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 350

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; 360
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? 370
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man

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As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! 380

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us! The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind; 390
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: 400
we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

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Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 410

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. 420
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know

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you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, 20
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er 30
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way

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to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, 50
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian.*

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 60
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

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Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is'; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

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Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson. 30

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south 40 north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad 50 than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

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Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 60

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. 70

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,— 80

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

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Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? 90

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy 100 vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any 110 man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set

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down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. 120

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath, 130
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,

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That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't 20
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow? 10
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives 20 make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.
Duke. Why, this is excellent.

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Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel. 30

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this 40
throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; 50
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,

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For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful gapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board, 61
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, 70
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint, 80
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:

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Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use 90
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have, 100
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord. 110

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

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To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars,
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, 120
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. 130

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? 140
Call forth the holy father.

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Duke. Come, away!
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, 150
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: 160
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?

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Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear. 170

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil 180 incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody 190 coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

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Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?
Sir To. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.
Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures 200 pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.
Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?
Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.
Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.
[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood, 210
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee! 220
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?

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An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me? 230
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, 240
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire, 250
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

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I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that. 260
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul 270
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract. 280

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

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How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it. 290

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear. 300

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. 310

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

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Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.
[*Exit Fabian.*
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. 320
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter. 330
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

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Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 340
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed 350
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here, 360
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd

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That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged': and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges. 370

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: 380
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 390
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

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But when I came, alas! to wive,
  With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
  For the rain, &c. 400

But when I came unto my beds,
  With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
  For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
  With hey, ho, &c.
But that 's all one, our play is done,
  And we 'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

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Glossary.

Abuse, deceive; III. i. 120.
Accosted, addressed; III. ii. 20.
A degree, one step; III. i. 130.
Adheres, accords; III. iv. 84.
Admire, wonder; III. iv. 162.
Adverse, hostile; V. i. 83.
Advise you, take care; IV. ii. 98.
Affectioned, affected; II. iii. 153.
Agone, ago; V. i. 198.
Allowed, licensed; I. v. 96.
Allow me, make me acknowledged; I. ii. 59.
Alone, pre-eminently; I. i. 15.
An = one; II. i. 19.
Anatomy, body; used contemptuously; III. ii. 65.
And; used redundantly, as in the old ballads; V. i. 389.
Antique, quaint; II. iv. 3.
Apt, ready; V. i. 320.
Arbitrement, decision; III. iv. 281.
Argument, proof; III. ii. 10.
As yet, still; V. i. 265.
Attends, awaits: III. iv. 239.

Back-trick, a caper backwards; I. iii. 124.
Baffled, treated with contempt; V. i. 369.
Barful, full of impediments; (Pope, "O baneful"; Daniel. "a woeful"); I. iv. 41.
Barren, dull; I. v. 85.
Barricadoes, fortifications made in haste, obstructions; IV. ii. 39.
Bawbling, insignificant, trifling; V. i. 53.
Bawcock, a term of endearment; always used in masculine sense; III. iv. 123.
Beagle, a small dog; II. iii. 185.
Before me, by my soul; II. iii. 184.
Belike, I suppose; III. iii. 29.
Bent, tension; II. iv. 38.
Beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; IV. i. 61.
Besides, out of; IV. ii. 90.
Bespake you fair, spoke kindly to you; V. i. 188.
Bias, originally the weighted side of a bowl; V. i. 260.
Bibble babble, idle talk; IV. ii. 101.
Biddy, "a call to allure chickens"; III. iv. 126.
Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows; I. v. 95.
Blason, "coat-of-arms"; I. v. 303.
Blent = blended; I. v. 248.
Bloody, bloodthirsty; III. iv. 239.
Blows, inflates, puffs up; II. v. 45.

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Bosom, the folds of the dress covering the breast, stomacher; III. i. 128.
Botcher, mender of old clothes; I. v. 46.
Bottle-ale, bottled ale; II. iii. 29.
Bottom, ship, vessel: V. i. 56.
Brabble, brawl, broil: V. i. 64.
Branched, "adorned with needle-work, representing flowers and twigs"; II. v. 49.
Breach, surf; II. i. 22.
Breast, voice; II. iii. 20.
Bred, begotten; I. ii. 22.
Brock, badger, a term of contempt; II. v. 106.
Brownist, a member of a Puritan sect; III. ii. 31.
Bum-baily, bailiff; III. iv. 190.
But = than; I. iv. 13.
Buttery-bar; buttery, place where drink and food were kept; *bar*, place where they were served out; I. iii. 71.

Buttery-bar, Christ Church, Oxford.

By the duello, by the laws of duelling; III. iv. 329.
Canary, wine from the Canary Isles; I. iii. 81.
Cantons = cantos; I. v. 280.
Case, body, skin; V. i. 164.
Castiliano vulgo; "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making," perhaps it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming": I. iii. 44.
Cataian, Chinese; used here as a term of reproach; II. iii. 77.
Catch, "a song sung in succession"; II. iii. 18.
Chain, the chain of office which stewards were accustomed to wear; II. iii. 124.
Chantry, a private chapel; IV. iii. 24.
Checks; "to check" is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; II. v. 116; III. i. 69.
Cherry-pit, "a game consisting in pitching cherry-stones into a small hole"; III. iv. 127.
Cheveril, roe-buck leather; symbol of flexibility; III. i. 13.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment; III. iv. 124.
Civil, polite, well-mannered; III. iv. 5.
Clodpole, blockhead; III. iv. 208.
Cloistress, inhabitant of a cloister, nun; I. i. 28.
Cloyment, surfeit; II. iv. 101.

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Cockatrice, an imaginary creature, supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, and to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look; III. iv. 211.

Collier; "the devil was called so because of his blackness"; *cp.* the proverb: "*like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier*"; III. iv. 128.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy; I. v. 6.

Comfortable, comforting; I. v. 232.

Commerce, conversation; III. iv. 187.

Compare, comparison; II. iv. 103.

Competitors, confederates; IV. ii. 12.

Complexion, external appearance; II. iv. 26.

Comptible, sensitive; I. v. 181.

Conceited, has formed an idea; III. iv. 316.

Conclusions to be as kisses, i.e. "as in a syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss" (Cambridge edition); v. i. 20.

Conduct, guard, escort; III. iv. 260.

Consequently, subsequently; III. iv. 77.

Consideration; "on carpet c." = "a mere carpet knight"; III. iv. 254.

Constant, consistent, logical; IV. ii. 51.

Convents, is convenient; V. i. 382.

Coranto, a quick, lively dance; I. iii. 130.

Couplet, couple; III. iv. 401.

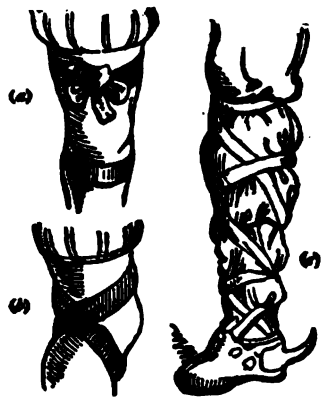
Coxcomb, head; V. i. 175.

Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; I. iii. 41.

Coziers, botchers, cobblers; II. iii. 92.

Credit, intelligence; IV. iii. 6.

Cross-gartered; alluding to the custom of wearing the garters crossed in various styles; II. v. 156.



Specimens of cross-gartering.
(*a*) and (*b*) Front and back views of a gentleman's knee, from an early XVIth century tapestry.
(*c*) Tartar cross-gartering. From a book on costume, published at Antwerp, 1582.

Crowner, coroner; I. v. 137.

Cruelty, cruel one; II. iv. 82.

Cubiculo (one of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words), apartment; III. ii. 54.

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"Cucullus non facit monachum" = a cowl does not make a monk; I. v. 57.
Cunning, skilful; I. v. 249.
Curst, sharp, shrewish; III. ii. 43.
Cut, a docked horse; II. iii. 193.
Cypress; probably "a coffin of cypresswood"; (others explain it as a shroud of *cypress*; Cotgrave mentions *white cipres*); II. iv. 53.
Cypress, crape (*v.* Note); III. i. 128.

Dally, play, trifle; III. i. 16.
Day-bed, couch, sofa; II. v. 50.
Deadly, death-like; I. v. 275.
Dear, heartfelt; V. i. 70.
Deceivable, delusive; IV. iii. 21.
Dedication, devotedness; V. i. 81.
Deliver'd, set at liberty; V. i. 315.
Denay, denial; II. iv. 126.
Deny, refuse; IV. i. 61.
Desperate, hopeless; II. ii. 8; reckless; V. i. 63.
Despite, malice; III. iv. 239.
Determinate, fixed; II. i. 10.
Dexteriously, dexterously; I. v. 61.
Diluculo surgere (saluberrimum est), to rise early is most healthful; II. iii. 2.
Dimension, bodily shape; I. v. 271; V. i. 237.
Discourse, reasoning; IV. iii. 12.
Dismount, draw from the scabbard; III. iv. 240.
Disorders, misconduct; II. iii. 100.
Dissemble, disguise; IV. ii. 5.
Distemper, make ill-humoured; II. i. 5.
Distempered, diseased; I. v. 93.
Dry, insipid; I. v. 44.

Egyptian thief; an allusion to Thyamis, a robber chief in the Greek Romance of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* (trans. into English before 1587); the thief attempted to kill Chariclea, whom he loved, rather than lose her; by mistake he slew another person; V. i. 117.
Element, sky and air, I. i. 26; sphere, III. i. 63. *The four elements, i.e.* fire, air, water, earth, II. iii. 10. (See illustration.)

From the *Myrrour and Dyscrypcyon of the Worlde, with many Mervaylles* (c. 1525).

Elephant, the name of an inn; III. iii. 39.

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Enchantment, love-charm; III. i. 119.
Encounter, go towards; used affectedly; III. i. 79.
Endeavour thyself, try; IV. ii. 100.
Enlarge, release; V. i. 278.
Entertainment, treatment; I. v. 225.
Estimable wonder, admiring judgment; II. i. 27.
Except, before excepted, alluding to the common law-phrase; I. iii. 7.
Expenses, a tip, douceur; III. i. 48.
Expressure, expression; II. iii. 164.
Extent, conduct, behaviour; IV. i. 56.
Extracting (later Folios "exacting"), "drawing other thoughts from my mind"; V. i. 281.
Extravagancy, vagrancy; II. i. 11.

Fadge, prosper; II. ii. 34.
Fall, strain, cadence; I. i. 4.
Fancy, love; I. i. 14; V. i. 388.
Fantastical, fanciful, creative; I. i. 15.
'*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs begone,*' etc.; altered from *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis* (Percy's *Reliques*); II. iii. 105.
Favour, face, form; II. iv. 24; III. iv. 352.
Feature, external form, body; III. iv. 389.
Feelingly, exactly; II. iii. 165.
Fellow, companion; III. iv. 82.
Firago, corruption of virago; III. iv. 296.
Fire-new, brand-new; III. ii. 21.
Fit, becoming, suitable; III. i. 72.
Flatter with, encourage with hopes; I. v. 313.
Fleshed, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only"; IV. i. 43.
Fond, dote; II. ii. 35.
Forgive, excuse; I. v. 200.
For that, because; III. i. 161.
Fourteen years' purchase, i.e. "at a high rate," the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase; IV. i. 24.
Fraught, freight; V. i. 60.
Free, careless (or perhaps graceful, comely; *cp.* "fair and free"); II. iv. 46.
Fresh in murmur, begun to be rumoured; I. ii. 32.
Fright, affright; V. i. 236.
From; "f. Candy," *i.e.* "on her voyage from Candy"; V. i. 60.
Fulsome, gross, distasteful; V. i. 108.

Galliard, a lively French dance; I. iii. 121.
Gaskins, a kind of loose breeches; I. v. 25.
Geck, dupe; V. i. 343.
Gentleness, kindness, goodwill; II. i. 44.
Giddily, negligently; II. iv. 86.
Gin, snare; II. v. 85.

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Ginger, a favourite spice in Shakespeare's time, especially with old people; frequently referred to by Shakespeare; II. iii. 121.

Goes even, agrees, tallies; V. i. 239.

Good life, jollity, with a play upon the literal meaning of the word, "virtuous living"; II. iii. 37-39.

Goodman, (Folios "good man"), a familiar appellation, sometimes used contemptuously; IV. ii. 135.

Grace, virtue; V. i. 31.

Gracious, full of graces; I. v. 272.

Grain; "in grain," natural; I. v. 247.

Gratillity; clown's blunder for "gratuity"; II. iii. 27.

Greek; "foolish Greek," *i.e.* jester, merrymaker (*cp.* "Matthew Merrygreek" in *Ralph Roister Doister*); "the Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); IV. i. 19.

Grize, step, degree; III. i. 131.

Grizzle, a tinge of grey (perhaps a grisly beard); V. i. 164.

Gust = gusto, enjoyment; I. iii. 32.

Haggard, a wild untrained hawk; III. i. 69.

Hale, draw; III. ii. 62.

Haply, perhaps; IV. ii. 54.

Having, possessions; III. iv. 368.

Heat, course; I. i. 26.

"*Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*" etc., an old ballad (to be found in the *Reliques,* Percy); IV. ii. 76-7.

High = highly; I. i. 15.

Hob nob, "have or have not, hit or miss, at random"; III. iv. 258.

"*Hold thy peace, thou knave,*" and old three-part catch, so arranged that each singer calls the other "knave" in turn; II. iii. 66.

Honesty, "decency, love of what is becoming"; II. iii. 89.

Horrible, horribly; III. iv. 192.

Hull, float; I. v. 212.

Humour of state, "capricious insolence of authority"; II. v. 54.

Idleness, frivolousness; I. v. 65.

Impeticos, to impocket or impetticoat; one of the clown's nonsense words; II. iii. 27.

Importance, importunity; V. i. 363.

Impressure, impression; II. v. 95.

Incensement, exasperation; III. iv. 256.

Incredulous, incredible: III. iv. 86.

Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 76.

Interchangement, interchange, V. i. 158.

Into, unto; V. i. 83.

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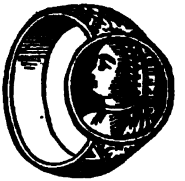
Jealousy, apprehension; III. iii. 8.
Jets, struts; II. v. 34.
Jewel, a piece of jewelry; III. iv. 224.
Jezebel, used vaguely as a term of reproach; II. v. 43.
Joinder, joining; V. i. 156.
Jump, tally; V. i. 252.

Kickshawses = kickshaws; I. iii. 117.
Kindness, tenderness; II. i. 40.

Lapsed, surprised; III. iii. 36.
Late, lately; I. ii. 30; III. i. 41.
Leasing, lying; I. v. 100.
Leman, lover, sweetheart; II. iii. 26.
Lenten, scanty, poor; I. v. 9.
Lets, hinders; V. i. 249.
Lies, dwells; III. i. 8.
Lighter, inferior in position; V. i. 339.
Limed, caught with bird-lime, ensnared; III. iv. 80.
List, boundary, limit; III. i. 83.
Little, a little; V. i. 170.
Liver, popularly supposed to be the seat of the emotions; II. iv. 100; III. ii. 20.
Love-broker, agent between lovers; III. ii. 37.
Lowly, mean, base; III. i. 106.
Lucrece; "her L.," *i.e.* her seal; *cp.* the following illustration with head of Lucrece; II. v. 96.
Lullaby, "good night"; V. i. 44.
Maidenhead = maidenhood; I. v. 226.



An antique ring, of Niello work, with the head of Lucrece. From an engraving by F. W. Fairholt.

Malapert, saucy, forward; IV. i. 47.
Malignancy, malevolence; II. i. 4.
Maugre, in spite of; III. i. 158.
Meddle, fight; III. iv. 271.
Metal (Folio 1, "mettle"; Folio 2, "nettle"); "metal of India"; = "my golden girl, my jewel"; (others explain "nettle of India" as the *Urtica marina,* a plant of itching properties); II. v. 15.
Minion, favourite, darling; V. i. 124.
Minx, a pert woman; III. iv. 131.
Miscarry, be lost, die; III. iv. 68.
Misprison, misapprehension; I. v. 56.
Mistress Mall; possibly "a mere personification," like "my lady's eldest son" in *Much Ado;* I. iii. 128.
Mollification; "some m. for your giant," *i.e.* "something to pacify your gigantic (!) waiting-maid"; I. v. 213.
Monster, unnatural creature; II. ii. 35.

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Mistress Mall's picture.
From the title-page of Middleton and Decker's comedy. *The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-purse* (1611).

Mortal, deadly; III. iv. 281.
Mouse, a term of endearment; I. v. 64.

Nayword, by-word; II. iii. 141.
Newly, lately; V. i. 154.
Nicely, sophistically, subtilely; III. i. 16.
Non-regardance, disregard; V. i. 120.
Not, used pleonastically after "forbid"; II. ii. 19.
Note; "come to note," *i.e.* "become known"; IV. iii. 29.
Notorious, notable; V. i. 329.
Numbers, measure of the verses; II. v. 104.
Nuncio, messenger; I. iv. 28.
Of = on; III. iv. 2; for the sake of; V. i. 230.
On = at; II. ii. 3.
Opal, a precious stone supposed to change its colours; II. iv. 76.
Open, openly; III. iii. 37.
Opposite, opponent; III. ii. 66. III. iv. 249.
Opposite, hostile; II. v. 150.
Orb, earth; III. i. 42.
Orbed continent, the sun; V. i. 271.
Other gates, in another way; V. i. 194.
"*O, the twelfth day of December,*" the opening of some old ballad now lost; II. iii. 86.
Over-swear, repeat, swear over again; V. i. 269.
Owe = own; I. v. 320.

Parish-top; alluding to the large top kept in every village, for the peasants to whip in frosty weather, for the purpose of keeping themselves warm and out of mischief; I. iii. 43.
Part, in part, partly; III. iv. 366.
Passages, acts; III. ii. 75.
Pass upon (literally, to thrust), to make a push in fencing; make sallies of wit; III. i. 47.
Pedant, schoolmaster; III. ii. 78.
Peevish, silly, wilful; I. v. 310.
"*Peg-a-Ramsay,*" the name of an old ballad now unknown; II. iii. 78.
Penthesilea, the queen of the Amazons; II. iii. 183.

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Perchance, by chance; I. ii. 6.
Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; IV. ii. 79.
Perpend, attend, listen; V. i. 299.
Personage, personal appearance; I. v. 160.
Perspective, deception; V. i. 217.
Pilchard, a fish strongly resembling the herring; III. i. 38.
Pipe, voice; I. iv. 32.
"*Please one, and please all.*" The title of an old ballad (entered on the Stationers' Registers in Jan. 18, 1591-92; printed in Staunton's Shakespeare); III. iv. 25.
Pluck on, excite; V. i. 366.
Point-devise, exactly; II. v. 165.
Points, suspenders; I. v. 23.

From a MS. (6076 Paris National Library of *The Four Sons of Aymon.* The figure (of a man partially stripped for execution) shows how the "points" secured the hose to the upper garment.

Possess us, put us in possession, tell us; II. iii. 144.
Post, messenger; I. v. 294.
Practice, plot; V. i. 352.
Praise = appraise; (perhaps (?) with a play upon the two senses of *praise*); I. v. 259.
Pranks, adorns; II. iv. 88.
Pregnant, clever, expert; II. ii. 29; III. i. 97.
Present, i.e. present wealth; III. iv. 369.
Presently, immediately; III. iv. 213.
Prevented, anticipated; III. i. 90.
Private, privacy; III. iv. 97.
Probation, examination; II. v. 131.
Proof; "vulgar p." common experience; III. i. 131.
Proper, handsome; III. i. 140; own; V. i. 319.
Proper-false, "well-looking and deceitful"; II. ii. 30.
Propertied, taken possession of; IV. ii. 95.
Propriety, individuality, thyself; V. i. 146.
Pure, purely; V. i. 82.

Question; "in contempt of q." past question; II. v. 90.
Quick, living, lively; I. i. 9.
Quinapalus, an imaginary philosopher; I. v. 35.
Quirk, humour, caprice; III. iv. 264.

Receiving, understanding, quick wit; III. i. 127.
Recollected, variously interpreted to mean (1) studied; (2) refined; (3) trivial; "recollected terms" perhaps

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popular refrains (? "terms" ="turns" or "tunes"); II. iv. 5.

Record, memory; V. i. 246.

Recover, win; II. iii. 190.

Regard, look, glance; V. i. 212.

Reins, is governed by the bridle; III. iv. 347.

Reliques, memorials; III. iii. 19.

Renown, make famous; III. iii. 24.

Reverberate, reverberating, echoing; I. v. 282.

Round, plain; II. iii. 97.

Rub with crums, to clean; II. iii. 123.

Rubious, red, rosy; I. iv. 32.

Rudesby, blusterer; IV. i. 54.

Rute, behaviour; II. iii. 127.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 196.

Sad, serious; III. iv. 5.

Saint Bennet, probably St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire; V. i. 38.

Scab, a term of reproach or disgust; II. v. 77.

Scout, watch; III. iv. 189.

Self, self-same (perhaps with the force of "exclusive," "absolute"); I. i. 39.

Semblative, seeming, like; I. iv. 34.

"*Shake your ears,*" an expression of contempt, "grumble at your pleasure"; II. iii. 129.

She, woman; I. v. 250.

Sheep-biter, a cant term for a thief; II. v. 5.

Shent, chidden; IV. ii. 108.

Sheriff's post; alluding to the custom of sheriffs setting up posts at their doors, upon which to place notices and proclamations; I. v. 152.

Shrewishly, pertly; I. v. 166.

Silly sooth, simple truth; II. iv. 47.

Sir, gentleman, lord; III. iv. 79; title formerly applied to the inferior clergy; IV. ii. 2.

Skilless, inexperienced; III. iii. 9.

Skills, matters; V. i. 288.

Skipping, wild, mad; I. v. 210.

'Slid, a corruption of "by God's lid"; III. iv. 415.

'Slight, a corruption of "God's light"; II. v. 35; III. ii. 12.

Sheriff's Post. From a specimen preserved at Norwich.

Sneck up, an exclamation of contempt; go and be hanged; II. iii. 96.

Sophy, Shah of Persia; II. v. 184; III. iv. 301.

Sound, clear; I. iv. 33.

Sowter, name of a hound; II. v. 125.

Spinsters, female spinners; II. iv. 45.

Spoke, said; I. iv. 20.

Squash, an immature peascod; I. v. 162.

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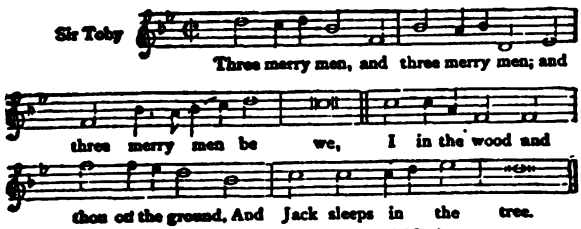
Stable, steady; IV. iii. 19.
Standing water, between the ebb and flood of the tide; I. v. 164.
Staniel (Folios, "stallion," corrected by Hanmer), a kind of hawk; II. v. 116.
State=condition, fortune; I. v. 288; V. i. 63.
State, chair of State; II. v. 47.
Stitches, a sharp pain; III. ii. 71.
Stock, stocking; I. iii. 138.
Stone-bow, "a cross-bow, from which stones or bullets were shot"; II. v. 48.
Stoup, a drinking vessel; II. iii. 124.
Strange, stout, reserved and proud; II. v. 173.
Strange, estranged; V. i. 212.
Strangeness, reserve; IV. i. 16.
Strangle, suppress; V. i. 146.
Stuck, stoccato, a thrust in fencing; III. iv. 297.
Substractors; Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors"; I. iii. 36.
Suited, clad; V. i. 234.
Supportance, upholding; III. iv. 322.
Swabber, one who scrubs the ship's deck; I. v. 212.
Swarths, swaths; II. iii. 155.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; II. iii. 43.

Tabor, an instrument used by professional clowns; III. i. 2.
Taffeta, a fine smooth stuff of silk; II. iv. 75.
Tainting of, bringing discredit upon; V. i. 137.
Take up, acknowledge; V. i. 147.
Tall, used ironically; I. iii. 20.
Tang, twang; II. v. 152.
Tartar, Tartarus; II. v. 210.
Taste, put to use, try; III. i. 84.
Taxation, tax, demand; I. v. 219.
Tender, hold dear; V. i. 125.
Terms, words, "recollected terms," *vide*; II. iv. 5.
Testril, sixpence; II. iii. 34.
"*There dwelt a man in Babylon,*" a line from the old ballad of *Susanna* (*cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 151); II. iii. 81.
"*Three merry men be we,*" a fragment of an old song;



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

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frequently quoted by the dramatists (*cp.* Chappell's *Popular Music*); II. iii. 78.

Throw, a throw with the dice, hence "cast, or venture"; V. i. 41.

Tillyvally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iii. 80.

Time-pleaser, timeserver, flatterer; II. iii. 153.

Tinkers, menders of old brass; "proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians"; II. iii. 90.

Trade, business; III. i. 80.

Travel of regard, looking about; II. v. 55.

Tray-trip, a game like backgammon; II. v. 193.

Trouble; "your tr." the trouble I have caused you; II. i. 34.

Trunks, alluding to the elaborately carved chests in use in Shakespeare's time; III. iv. 393.

Tuck, rapier; III. iv. 240.

Unprizable, invaluable; V. i. 54.

Unprofited, profitless; I. iv. 22.

Upon, because of, in consequence of; V. i. 361.

Use, usury; III. i. 55.

Validity, value; I. i. 12.

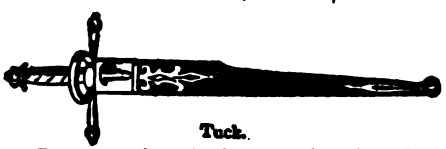
Venerable, worthy of veneration; III. iv. 386.

Vice, the buffoon of the old morality plays; IV. ii. 128.

Viol-de-gamboys; Sir Toby's blunder for *viol da gamba,* a bass-viol or violoncello, a fashionable instrument of that time; I. iii. 25.

Vouchsafed, vouchsafing; III. i. 96.

Wainropes, waggon-ropes; III. ii. 62.



Tuck.
From a specimen in the possession of Lord Londesborough.

Viol-de-gamboys.
From the alchemial MS. in the Harleian collection.

Unauspicious, inauspicious; V. i. 112.

Unchary, heedlessly; III. iv. 218.

Ungird, relax; IV. i. 16.

Unhatched, "unhacked, not blunted by blows"; III. iv. 253.

Ware; "Bed of Ware"; a huge bed, capable of holding twelve persons; formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and now at the Rye-House; III. ii. 49. (See illustration.)

Was, had been; IV. iii. 6.

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Waters; "I am for all waters," *i.e.* "I can turn my hand to anything: like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters"; IV. ii. 66.

Weaver; alluding perhaps to the psalm-singing propensities of the weavers; II. iii. 60.

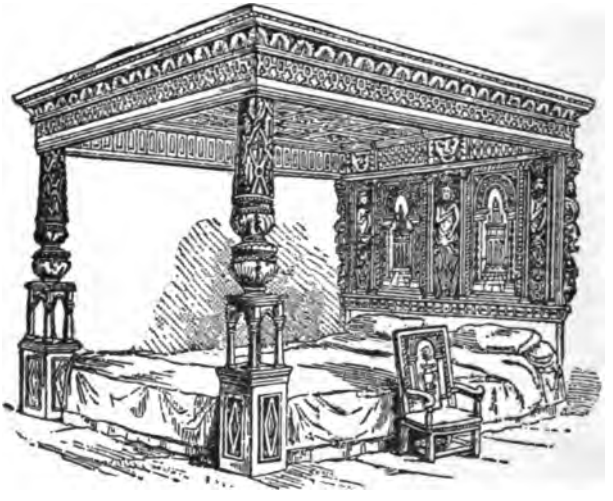
Weeds, garments; V. i. 255.

"*Westward-ho!*" an exclamation often used by the boatmen on the Thames; III. i. 141.

What, at which; IV. iii. 30.

What's she = who is she; I. ii. 35.

Whiles = while; III. iii. 41; until; IV. iii. 29.



The Great Bed, at Ware.

Welkin, sky; II. iii. 58; III. i. 63.

Well-a-day, an exclamation expressive of grief; "welaway," alas! IV. ii. 112.

Were best, had better; III. iv. 12.

Were better, had better; II. ii. 27.

Whipstock, whip-handle; II. iii. 28.

Windy, safe; III. iv. 177.

With, by; I. v. 86.

Wits; "five wits," viz., "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory"; IV. ii. 90.

Woodcock, a bird popularly

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supposed to have no brains, hence the word was commonly used for a fool; II. v. 85; IV. ii. 61.

Worth, substance, wealth; III. iii. 17.

Yare, ready, active; III. iv. 240.

'Yeoman of the wardrobe,' a regular title of office in Shakespeare's time; II. v. 42.

Zanies; "subordinate buffoons whose office was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clown"; I. v. 91.

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Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. '*sound*'; so the Folios; Pope changed it to '*south*', and editors have generally accepted this emendation, but it seems unnecessary: Grant White appropriately asks, "Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute?"

I. i. 22. '*like fell and cruel hounds*'; referring to the story of Actæon.

I. i. 38. '*all supplied, and fill'd*'; the comma after 'supplied' is not in the Folio: its insertion simplifies the lines. Others leave the Folio reading, but bracket '*her sweet perfections*' in the next line; making them appositional to '*thrones*.'

I. i. 15. '*Arion on the dolphin's back*'; the Folios misprint

Arion on the dolphin's back.
From B. Küchler's *Repræsentatio der Fürstlichen Auffzug. . . . Herren Joh. Friedrich Hertzogen zu Württenberg* (1609).

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'*Orion*' for '*Arion.*' *Cp.* the famous passage—"Oberon's Vision"—in *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

I. iii. 70-71. '*bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink*'; "a proverbial phrase among Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Kenrick).

I. iii. 96. '*Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair*'; Sir Toby evidently plays upon 'tongues' and 'tongs' (i. e. curling-tongs).

I. iii. 120. '*an old man*'; Theobald proposed to read '*a noble man,*' taking the allusion to be to Orsino. Clarke explains '*an old man*' as 'a man of experience'; "the word *old,*" he adds, "gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."

I. iii. 141. '*That's sides and heart*'; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong in the parts assigned to Taurus in the old astrological figures of the human body. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.

I. iv. 3. '*three days*'; Mr. Daniel points out in his 'Time Analysis' that this statement is inconsistent with the Duke's words in V. i. 102, '*Three months this youth hath tended upon me.*'

II. i. 17. '*Messaline*'; possibly an error for Mitylene, as Capell conjectured.

II. iii. 17. '*the picture of "we three"*'; "a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited with this inscription under it, '*We three loggerheads be,*' the spectator being supposed to make the third" (Malone).

II. iii. 23-25. '*Pigrogromitus . . . of Queubus,*' etc. Mr. Swinburne sees in these 'freaks of nomenclature' the direct influence of Rabelais (*cp. A Study of Shakespeare,* pp. 155, 156).

II. iii. 40. '*O mistress mine,*' etc.; "this tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons,* 1599 and 1611. It is also found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, '*O mistress mine,*' was an old song, introduced into the play" (Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*).

II. iii. 117. '*Out o' tune, sir: ye lie*'; Theobald proposed '*time, sir?*' which has been very generally adopted. The reading of the Folios may well stand without change. Sir Toby says to

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the Clown that he is out of tune and lies in declaring '*no, no, no, you dare not*' (*i.e.* dare not bid Malvolio go). Hence next words '*Art any more than a steward,*' addressed to Malvolio.

II. v. 41. '*the lady of the Strachy*'; this is one of the unsettled problems in Shakespeare. Hunter ingeniously suggested that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the Clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio (IV. ii.), the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596-99), and that the difficult *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the Starchy affair. Others suggest '*Strozzi,*' '*Stracci,*' '*Stratarch.*' Halliwell refers to a Russian word meaning lawyer or judge. The incident of a lady of high rank marrying her steward is the subject of Webster's *Duchess of Malfy.*

II. v. 65, 66. '*with cars*'; so Folio 1; the later Folios, '*with cares*'; Johnson, '*with carts*'; many emendations have been proposed. Clarke defends the original reading, and compares '*A team of horse shall not pluck that from me*' (*Two Gentlemen,* III. i. 265); Hanmer's suggestion '*by th' ears*' has been generally adopted.

II. v. 155. '*yellow stockings*'; these were much worn in Shakespeare's time, and have still survived to our own day in the yellow stockings worn by the 'Blue Coat boys.'

III. i. 54. '*these,*' *i.e.* these coins which Viola has given him.

III. i. 60. '*Cressida was a beggar*'; 'according to the story Cressida finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.'

III. i. 69. '*And, like the haggard, check at every feather*'; so the Folios; Johnson proposed '*not*' for '*and,*' and this reading has reasonably been adopted by most editors; '*to check*' is "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight"; the meaning therefore of the Folio reading would be 'that he must catch at every opportunity,' but this does not suit the context: the wise Clown must be discriminative; hence Johnson's '*not.*'

III. i. 73. '*wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit*'; Folio 1, '*wisemens folly falne*'; Hanmer and Warburton, '*wise men's folly shown*'; the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted

III. i. 128. '*a cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart*'; the force of these words has, it would seem, been missed; the point of the '*cypress*' is not its blackness but its transparency. *Cp.* '*The Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John*':—

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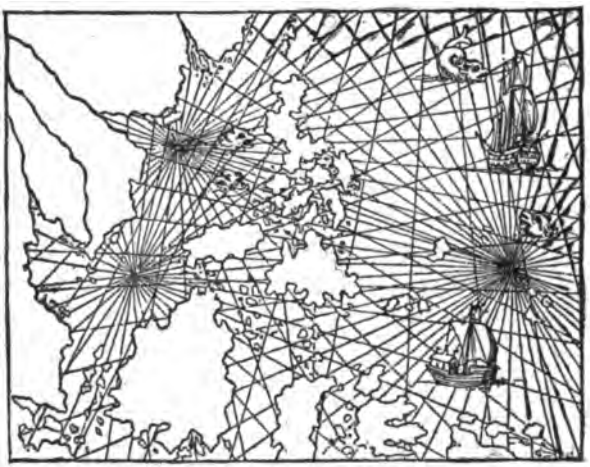
"Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
All in a comely grace."

'*Bosom*' must, I think, be used in this passage in the sense of 'the bosom of the dress' which conceals the body. Olivia says, 'you can see my heart; a thin gauze as it were hides it, not a stomacher.'

III. ii. 26. '*sailed into the north,*' etc.; perhaps this is a reference to the discovery of Northern Nova Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596. (*Cp.* C. H. Coote's paper on '*the new map,*' I. 83. *New Shakespeare Society Publications,* 1878).

III. ii. 68. '*youngest wren of nine*'; Folio, '*mine,*' emended by Theobald. The wren is said to lay nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched nestling is usually the smallest of the whole brood.

III. ii. 83. '*the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*'; no doubt a reference to the map which Hallam, in his *Literature of Europe,* calls 'the best map of the 16th century': it is found in the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589), but as it records discoveries made at least seven years later, it was in all probability a



Part (showing Borneo, Celebes, etc.) of a map of the Indies in Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages into the E. and W. Indies* (1598).

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separate map, well known at the time, and made so as to be inserted in Hakluyt: the author was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe. It is noteworthy that the map shows a marked development of the geography of India proper, etc. (*Cp. Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79).

III. iii. 15. *'And thanks; and ever [thanks, and] oft good turns.'* The Cambridge editors indicate by dots that some word has dropped out between *'ever'* and *'oft.'* Many emendations have been proposed. Theobald's suggestion has been adopted; the Old Spelling Shakespeare reads

'And thanks; and, ever oft, good turns . . . '

'ever oft' in the sense of 'with perpetual frequency.'

IV. i. 14-15. *'I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney'*; so the Folios; the lines evidently mean "I am afraid affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson); it has been proposed to change *'world'* into *'word'* (*i.e.* with reference to 'vent'): others read *'this great lubberly world'*; Knight explains that the words are spoken aside, and mean, 'I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney.' This seems very strained, and probably the simplest reading of the passage is the best.

IV. ii. 14. *'the old hermit of Prague'*; Douce points out that the allusion is "not to the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany."

IV. ii. 40. *'clearstories'*; Folio 1, *'cleere storcs'*; Folio 2, *'cleare stones'*; the reading adopted is Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell: *'clerestory'* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

IV. ii. 135. *'goodman devil'*; Folio 1, 'good *man diuell'*; Rowe's *'goodman Drivel,'* seems the most plausible emendation, if any is necessary; Folio 2 reads *'good man Direll.'*

V. i. 113. *'My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out'*; the Folios *'haue,'* corrected by Capell, but probably Shakespeare's own reading; the plural for the singular, owing to the plural object (*'faithfull'st offerings'*) preceding the verb.

V. i. 200-1. *'a passy measures pavin'*; Folio 1, *'panyn'*; Folio 2, *'Pavin';* various emendations have been suggested, but there is little doubt that the reading in the text is the correct one. *'Passy measures'* is a corruption of the Italian *'passamezzo,'* which

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word Florio explains as 'a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace'; it was a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking. '*Pavin*' was a grave Spanish dance. *Cp.* Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, 201 ff. According to Halliwell, the *passy measures pavin* is described as follows in an early MS. list of dances:—

Passo-e-mezzo. Pavana.
From *Il Ballarino di M. Fabritio Caroso da Sermoneta* (Venice, 1581).

"*The passinge measure Pavyon*—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprince back." Sir Toby means, therefore, that 'the surgeon is a rogue and a grave solemn coxcomb.'

V. i. 362. '*against.*' Tyrwhitt's conjecture '*in*' has a good deal in its favour; '*against*' may have been caught from line 360.

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Duke.*] Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich, from which," he says, "a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out," further remarks: "A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus, the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople, she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers, and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust."

5-7. *like the sweet sound,* etc.:—Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:—

> "Now gentle gales,
> Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
> Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
> Those balmy spoils."

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22, 23. *like fell and cruel hounds,* etc.:—Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Bacon's, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients,* supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had seen and here recalled Daniel's 5th Sonnet:—

> "Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
> And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
> All unawares a goddesse chaste I finde,
> (Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
> . . . . . .
> My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death," etc.

Daniel in turn may have drawn upon Whitney's *Emblems,* 1586:—

> "those whoe do pursue
> Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
> Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
> And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
> And as his howndes, so theire affections base
> Shall them devoure, and all theire deedes deface."

Whitney may have recurred to Adlington's dedication to his translation of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "For by the fable of Actæon, . . . may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."

30. *season*:—The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet,* II. iii. 69-72:—

> "Jesu Maria, what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!"

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Scene II.

15. *Arion*:—Rolfe says: "The allusion is to the classical story of the minstrel Arion, who, when the sailors were about to murder him for his money, asked leave to play a 'swan-song' before he died, after which he threw himself into the sea, and was borne safely to land by one of the dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his music." Halliwell observes that the simile was familiar to the Poet and his audience, both from the classical story and from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day.

28, 29. *I have heard*, etc.:—"One of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art," says Clarke. "By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word *bachelor* we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest."

56. *as an eunuch*:—This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*.

Scene V.

166. *shrewishly*:—"It is worthy of note," says Clarke, "not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct."

213. *Some mollification for your giant*:—Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant; an ironical allusion to Maria's smallness of stature.

270. *In voices well divulged*:—Perhaps well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time; or the meaning may be well *voiced* or spoken of by others.

304. *Unless the master were the man*:—Malone interprets this passage as follows: "Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far and disgrace

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myself." Steevens says she may mean, "this is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man." Clarke explains it: "Unless the master's love for me were felt by the man."

319. *Mine eye,* etc.:—She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she may not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

321. *be this so*:—Hudson in his "abstract of the tale as told by Barnaby Rich," thus continues the argument: "At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself; nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying, 'Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.'"

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

35. *murder me*:—It may be that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce, the pedler, says to him, "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests

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in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors."

Scene II.

13. *She took the ring*:—Clarke says that "Viola, perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself."

21. *her eyes had lost her tongue*:—That is, says Hudson, "her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgement."

Scene III.

10-12. *the four elements*, etc.:—In ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:—

> "Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
> And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

52. *Sweet and twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

58. *make the welkin dance*:—That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

59, 60. *draw three souls*, etc.:—Shakespeare represents weavers much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a tumid way of saying that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man. Warburton deemed this passage an allusion to the three souls of the Peripatetic philosophy. This inspired Coleridge to

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remark: "O genuine and inimitable (at least I hope so) Warburton! This note of thine, if but one in five millions, would be half a one too much."

86. *O, the twelfth day,* etc.:—With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in *2 Henry IV.*, where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O, the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon,* which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner. Peg-a-Ramsay,* or *Peggy Ramsay,* was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

Scene IV.

26-39. *What kind of woman,* etc.:—In common with others, Brandes sees in this passage a revelation of the Poet's unhappiness consequent upon his own marriage. Says Brandes: "Ordinary knowledge of the world is sufficient to suggest that his association with a village girl eight years older than himself could not satisfy him or fill his life. The study of his works confirms this conjecture. It would, of course, be unreasonable to attribute conscious and deliberate autobiographical import to speeches torn from their context in different plays; but there are none the less several passages in his dramas which may fairly be taken as indicating that he regarded his marriage in the light of a youthful folly." Whereupon Brandes quotes this passage. And Elze, agreeing with this view, asks: "Is it possible not to recognize this to be the Poet's grief at his own unfortunate marriage?" He adds: "It is obviously wisdom that has sprung from sorrow." Mabie, however, like Halliwell and others, views the matter differently. "The tradition that he was an unhappy husband is based entirely on the assumption that, while his family remained in Stratford, for twelve years he was almost continuously absent in London, and that he seems to speak with deep feeling about the disastrous effects of too great intimacy before marriage, and of the importance of a woman's marrying a man older than herself.

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This is, however," continues Mabie, "pure inference, and it is perilous to draw inferences of this kind from phrases which a dramatist puts into the mouths of men and women who are interpreting, not their author's convictions and feelings, but a phase of character, a profound human experience, or the play of that irony which every playwright from Æschylus to Ibsen has felt deeply. The dramatist reveals his personality as distinctly as does the lyric poet, but not in the same way. Shakespeare's view of life, his conception of human destiny, his attitude toward society, his ideals of character, are to be found, not in detached passages framed and coloured by dramatic necessities, but in the large and consistent conception of life which underlies the entire body of his work."

Scene V.

72. *Saying,* etc.:—"Malvolio the count," says Lloyd, "promises unbecoming reminiscence of Malvolio the steward; and Olivia, 'left in a day-bed sleeping,' is forgotten for the enjoyment of the branched gown, the state, the rich jewel, and the opportunity of being surly with servants, and snubbing his old enemy, and now his kinsman, Toby."

82. *'One Sir Andrew'*:—It may be worthy of remark that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state,* bear a strong resemblance to those of Alnaschar in *The Arabian Nights.* Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of *The Arabian Nights* had appeared. In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized,* printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

161. *The Fortunate-Unhappy*:—Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and "most excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our

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merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanced plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

23, 24. *words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them*:—This is believed to be an allusion to the order of the Privy Council in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside,* or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex," the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This, of course, was little short of entire suppression of the playhouses. Words were disgraced by bonds inasmuch as imprisonment was the penalty for violation of the order.

Scene II.

46. *if thou thou'st him*:—This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to

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thou Sir Walter, unless there were some preëxisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was may be seen by the following passage from *The Rule of St. Bridget*: "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me*!"

Scene III.

[*Enter Sebastian and Antonio.*] We find the twin-brother Sebastian to have conciliated as unconsciously as effectually the affectionate friendship of the generous nature of Antonio. This Scene interests us in Sebastian on his own account, but even more by indicating the sympathy of his nature with that of Viola—it prepares us to witness and take pleasure in his accidental succession to her favour with Olivia.

Scene IV.

59. *midsummer madness*:—"'Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

254. *on carpet consideration*:—The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

397. *so do not I*:—That is, "I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."

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ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

20. *There's money for thee*:—Lloyd notes this parallel: "Viola in the first Scene, her shipwreck notwithstanding, and from funds which we do not impeach poetical omnipotence by inquiring into, pays the Captain bounteously for cheering hopes, 'for saying so there's gold.' The incident has its use in removing from her from the first the unpleasant associations of necessity, and leaving us at ease in the freedom of her actions and inclinations; but it also enables us to recognize in the 'open hand' of Sebastian, when he gives money to the troublesome Clown, the expression of twin disposition with his sister."

Scene II.

24, 25. *Malvolio the lunatic*:—"The Malvolio of the madhouse," says Herford, "is a figure some degrees less comic than the Malvolio of the garden-scene, and his indignant yet tempered protest, when released, insensibly excites in the modern reader a sympathy which removes him for the moment from the region of comedy altogether."

61. *woodcock*:—The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

98. *the minister is here*:—The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.

128. *vice*:—The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and carried a dagger or lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines which close this Scene are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of that ancient theatrical personification, the *vice*.

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Scene III.

1. Hudson thus continues his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

20. *conclusions to be as kisses*:—Warburton thought this should read, "conclusion to be asked, is"; upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

158. *interchangement of your rings*:—In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

164. *on thy case?*—The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

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269-272. *And all those sayings,* etc.:—It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia; complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

326. *Your master's mistress*:—Hudson concludes his "abstract" of Barnaby Rich: "The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom."

362. *Maria writ the letter,* etc.:—"Now Maria writ the letter," says Daniel, "at the 'importance' of her own love of mischief; the plot originated entirely with her, though Sir Toby and the rest eagerly joined in it. And when could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to."

389-408. *When that I,* etc.:—"It is to be regretted, perhaps," says Staunton, "that this 'nonsensical ditty,' as Steevens terms it, has not long since been degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden, or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which the performer indulged in hideous grimace and a grotesque sort of 'Jump Jim Crow' dance." Weiss, however, finds it somewhat of more significance: "When the play is over, the

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Duke plighted to his page, Olivia rightly married to the wrong man, and the whole romantic ravel of sentiment begins to be attached to the serious conditions of life, Feste is left alone upon the stage. Then he sings a song which conveys to us his feeling of the world's impartiality: all things proceed according to law; nobody is humoured; people must abide the consequences of their actions, 'for the rain it raineth every day.' A 'little tiny boy' may have his toy; but a man must guard against knavery and thieving: marriage itself cannot be sweetened by swaggering; whoso drinks with 'toss-pots' will get a 'drunken head': it is a very old world, and began so long ago that no change in its habits can be looked for. The grave insinuation of this song is touched with the vague, soft bloom of the play. As the noises of the land come over sea well-tempered to the ears of islanders, so the world's fierce, implacable roar reaches us in the song, sifted through an air that hangs full of the Duke's dreams, of Viola's pensive love, of the hours which music flattered. The note is hardly more presageful than the cricket's stir in the late silence of a summer. How gracious hath Shakespeare been to mankind in this play! He could not do otherwise than leave Feste all alone to pronounce its benediction; for his heart was a nest of songs whence they rose to whistle with the air of wisdom. Alas for the poor fool in *Lear* who sang to drown the cries from a violated nest!"

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Questions on Twelfth Night.

1. What position in the time-scheme of Shakespeare's comedies does this one occupy?

2. Give the meaning of the play.

3. What characters of this play and what parts of the action were original with Shakespeare?

4. What resemblances in parts does this comedy bear to earlier ones of Shakespeare?

ACT FIRST.

5. In what way does the opening passage indicate the theme and the atmosphere of the play?

6. Indicate your impression of the Duke, derived from his opening speech. In what sense does Shakespeare here and elsewhere use the word *fancy*?

7. To what kind of a life had Olivia devoted herself previous to the opening of the play?

8. Is such word-play as *Illyria-Elysium* common in Shakespeare?

9. How is Sebastian introduced into the play, and what feeling is conveyed as to his fate? What is indicated by the degree of attention given to him?

10. What two facts does Viola furnish about Orsino? How do these facts assist the moral credibility of the plot?

11. What design has Viola evidently formed as indicated in Sc. ii. 42 *et seq.*?

12. Does the question of means of maintenance enter into Viola's thought of her future?

13. Do Sir Toby and Maria declare themselves as lovers in Sc. iii.? How is Sir Andrew's part in the action made clear to the spectator?

14. What mental qualities does Sir Andrew exhibit in his scene with Sir Toby and Maria?

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15. Why did the Duke not woo for himself? What directions concerning her mission does he give Viola?

16. What manner of life does the Duke affect?

17. Interpret (Sc. v.) *God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.*

18. In what danger of his position does the Clown stand at the opening of the comedy? How does he reëstablish himself in Olivia's favour? What is his comment on her mourning?

19. What is Malvolio's opinion of Feste? Account for his spleen.

20. How does Olivia retort upon Malvolio?

21. What parleying occurs before Viola is introduced to Olivia? How was the scene between Olivia and Sir Toby foreshadowed?

22. Consider Malvolio's way of reporting the persistence of the Duke's messenger in the light of his opinion of professional fools. Does he here make himself one of the *fools' zanies*?

23. What touch of humour does Viola give to her reply when asked if she is a comedian?

24. In her interview with Olivia, how does Viola in effect say all that the Duke would have her say, and yet avoid the banality of repeating his love-speech?

25. Compare the situations in *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It* of a woman falling in love with a disguised woman; from the point of view of Olivia and Phebe what was there in the situation to interest Shakespeare?

26. Review the causes for the action that the first Act has laid down.

ACT SECOND.

27. What element of the plot was not introduced in the first Act?

28. What tribute to Viola does Sebastian offer that would disprove any possible theory that Viola used artifice in attracting Olivia's attention, and thus assisting her own case with the Duke?

29. Explain the friendship of Antonio and Sebastian.

30. How does Viola discover that Olivia has fallen in love with her? In her review of the facts what conclusion does she reach? Imagine Helena so placed; how would she have decided?

31. Compare Sir Andrew's and Malvolio's attitude towards the Clown. What traits are put to Sir Andrew's advantage? How does Sir Andrew compare his own and Sir Toby's fooling?

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32. In selecting the song for the Clown to sing, why was the choice made of a love-song?

33. How is the antagonism of Malvolio foreshadowed? How is Malvolio's lack of imagination indicated by Sir Toby?

34. Was Malvolio a Puritan? What was the reason for Maria's special animus against him?

35. What attitude as lovers do the men of the under plot take in common?

36. What conviction does the Duke hold of his own constancy? How does Feste comment on the fact of it later?

37. What is the Duke's comment on marriage? How has it been interpreted as a personal confession of the Poet? In holding the view that Shakespeare embodied a personal opinion, is there any antagonism to the canon of dramatic art that demands objectivity?

38. Does the situation and veiled confession of Viola controvert the assertion of Orsino (iv. 95 *et seq.*) as to woman's love?

39. Is there a noticeable increase in intensity of passion in the Duke as he dismisses Viola on the second quest?

40. Why is Fabian made the *third* auditor, instead of the fool, as Maria had promised? What grievance had Fabian against Malvolio?

41. How does this scene resemble the one in *All's Well that Ends Well* when Parolles is put to his questions?

42. What are Malvolio's ambitions? What had evidently been Olivia's attitude towards him previously?

43. Who of the listeners takes the most unalloyed joy in the absurd exhibition of Malvolio? Is there any purpose in bringing one in to see the thing from the motive of pure love of fun?

44. What quality does Malvolio chiefly lack? Where is this shown ironically?

ACT THIRD.

45. What are Viola's comments on the office of the fool? Does the passage between Viola and the Clown contribute anything to the progress of the plot?

46. How is the device of the ring that Olivia sent after Viola disposed of?

47. To what artifice does Olivia resort for securing the continued visits of Viola? Contrast the intellectual sincerity of the

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two women, having in view the increased difficulties of Viola's position.

48. What is the reason of Sir Andrew's discouragement over his wooing of Olivia? How is this motive made to furnish one of the comic episodes of the play? How is assurance made that the episode will be comic?

49. How is postponement effected to bring on the Malvolio episode previously prepared for?

50. How is expectation as a dramatic effect wrought to a high pitch?

51. What is the purpose of the stay in the action that gives place to Sc. iii.?

52. What elements of this Scene contribute to the complication?

53. How is the occasion for the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew provided?

54. What dramatic necessity requires that the scene of Malvolio's fatuousness before Olivia be played during the absence of the knights?

55. What subtle analysis of Malvolio's infatuation does Sir Toby make? How is the practical joke continued?

56. Show how the complication of the drama is completed at the duel scene. Without providential interference, could Viola have extricated herself from the situation?

57. What is the dramatic purpose of Antonio's mistake in supposing Viola to be Sebastian?

58. What is foreshadowed in Sir Andrew's sudden revival of valour?

ACT FOURTH.

59. Does the Clown seem merely avaricious, or is there some apprehensiveness and provision for the future in his thought?

60. What purpose do you see in Shakespeare's not bringing the fool into the comic scenes of the third Act?

61. Do the mystifications of Sebastian partake of the nature of elements in the resolution?

62. Why does Feste dress the part of the parson, since Malvolio, whom he is to deceive, is out of sight?

63. What satire is intended in the dialogue between Malvolio and Feste disguised as Sir Topas?

64. In what way is the practical joke upon Malvolio brought to an end?

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65. Does Shakespeare, in the soliloquy that Sebastian utters in Sc. iii., covertly insinuate that love is a kind of madness, even though the particular acts that bear such a stamp in the eyes of Sebastian are understood by the spectators to be within reason? What interpretation do you put upon Sebastian's readiness to plight troth with Olivia?

ACT FIFTH.

66. What is the effect of the two accusations put upon Viola by Antonio and by Olivia, and of her rejection by the Duke?

67. Do not Malvolio's words in the second Act, *'Tis but fortune; all is fortune,* furnish the key to the resolutions in this play?

68. What is effected by the comic interlude where the two knights appear with broken heads?

69. Is the scene of recognition convincing, considering that the brother and sister had been separated but three months?

70. Why is it that the resolution of many of Shakespeare's comedies presents situations of little interest?

71. Does Malvolio end his dramatic life without conversion?

72. Comment on the suitability of the concluding song to the temper of the play.

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73. Are any of Shakespeare's other masquerading maidens involved in such funny consequential situations as Viola?

74. Comment on the sense of humour which helps her out in her encounters with the women of the play.

75. Describe the three kinds of lovers that beset Olivia. Why does Sir Andrew never come into audience with her?

76. Indicate some points of Sir Toby's character. What fitness was there in the match between him and Maria? Comment on Maria's intellectual qualities.

77. What kinship exists between Sir Andrew, Shallow, and Slender?

78. What was Shakespeare's purpose in dividing the fun-making function between Fabian and the Clown? What is Fabian's dominant trait?

79. Comment on some of the following points in the Clown's character: his knowledge of the world and insight into the true characters of those about him; his refinement; his love of fun;

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his prudence; his melancholy. What of his personal detachment from the action of the play?

80. Malvolio presents what Puritan qualities of the time? How is the Puritan prohibition of bear-baiting dealt with through him? As a lover, what makes him absurd? How near to him do lovers of the type of Benedick approach?

81. What view of love and marriage is subsumed in this play?

82. Hazlitt, in his essay on this play, distinguishes three kinds of comedy; namely, comedy of artificial life, comedy of sentiment, and comedy of nature. To which of these would you assign *Twelfth Night*?

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